

# CORONET

JULY

25c



## WHY NOT DEAL CONGRESS IN?

by Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg

The Senator from Michigan makes a startling proposal

# CORONET

## CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1943



AP2  
C 767

*Publisher:* DAVID A. SMART

*Editors:* OSCAR DYSTEL  
(ON LEAVE)  
BERNARD GEIS  
HARRIS SHEVELSON

*Associate Editor:* BARBARA BRANDT

*Editorial Associates:*

DOROTHY SELBY  
SUNLINE SAMPSON  
YVONNE WESTRATE  
RUTH GOLDMAN  
LAURA BERGQUIST  
MILDRED BARISH  
MARTHA LUPTON  
OLGA ROBINSON

*Managing Editor:* ARNOLD GINGRICH

### Articles

Why Not Deal Congress In? . . . . .	SENATOR VANDENBERG	3
Boys Behind the Daylight Bombers . . . . .	CHARLES J. ROLO	8
Letter to a Russian Private . . . . .	PVT. IRWIN SHAW	13
B.B.R.: Home Rule for Boys . . . . .	EARL SELBY	19
Fireworks Go to War . . . . .	SIGMUND SAMETH	24
Tap Your Hidden Energy . . . . .	DORON K. ANTRIM	32
With Tommy on the Jump . . . . .	ALBIN DEARING	37
Diet for Today . . . . .	WILLIAM ATLAS	42
National Heckle Hour . . . . .	PRISCILLA JAQUITH	46
Rubber's Promised Land . . . . .	SIDNEY CARROLL	51
London Letter . . . . .	MICHAEL EVANS	71
I Get a New Pair of Eyes . . . . .	BARNE CHRISTENSEN	73
She Prevented 9000 Murders . . . . .	WILLIAM McDERMOTT	79
"Six Subs in Twelve Hours" . . . . .	ALAN HYND	89
Are Censors Human? . . . . .	RUTH MOORE	117
Mirror for Nazi Morale . . . . .	ALBERT PARRY	122
How To Spot Hot Checks . . . . .	FRANK W. BROCK	126
Mystery Man of the Short Waves . . . . .	MURRAY MORGAN	130
The Odyssey of Harley Olson . . . . .	BERIL BECKER	135
Wee Johnny Gee . . . . .	LLOYD SHEARER	152

### Features

The Best I Know . . . . .	12
The Pepper Pot . . . . .	17
A Note on "Sinking Sun" . . . . .	31
Accidentally Ours . . . . .	36
Not of Our Species . . . . .	50
All for One, One for All: <i>Picture Story</i> E. R. STETTINIUS	55
On the V-Shift . . . . .	77
Dictators of the Baton: <i>Five Personalities</i> . . . . .	83
The Gallery of Photographs . . . . .	95
Carroll's Corner . . . . .	121
You and Tomorrow: Cities in Crisis	
Curing the Ailing City . . . . .	WALTER BLUCHER
Rurbana: <i>Gatefold Map in Color</i> . . . . .	CHAS. BLESSING
Cities of Tomorrow . . . . .	HUGH POMEROY
Your Other Life . . . . .	154
Coronet Game Book Section . . . . .	155
Headhunting in the Solomon Islands:	
<i>Coronet Bookette</i> . . . . .	CAROLINE MYTINGER
Coronet Round Table . . . . .	DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
	179



**Cover Girl** The cameraman caught pretty Elyse Knox in a moment of gravity as she stands against a gallant background of the American flag. Veteran of several motion pictures, Miss Knox was recently elevated to featured screen billing by Universal Studios. She began her career as a model. Photograph by Paul Garrison.

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1943, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.

G 3  
O 8  
W 13  
Y 19  
H 24  
M 32  
G 37  
S 42  
H 46  
L 51  
S 71  
N 73  
TT 79  
D 89  
E 117  
Y 122  
K 126  
N 130  
R 135  
R 152

. 12  
. 17  
R 31  
R 36  
. 50  
S 55  
N 77  
N 83  
. 95  
. 121

R  
G  
Y  
. 154  
. 155

x 161  
s 179

Elyse  
a gal-  
several  
ed to  
egan  
rison.

NO. 81  
e, Inc.,  
oils, on  
the  
Inter-  
43, by  
litorial  
request.

3  
8  
3  
9  
4  
2  
7  
2  
6  
1  
1  
3  
9  
9  
7  
2  
6  
0  
5  
2

2  
7  
1  
6  
0  
5  
7  
3  
5  
1

4  
5  
61  
79

sc  
al  
al  
to  
in  
n.  
—  
81  
c.,  
on  
ia,  
er-  
by  
al  
st.

Coronet asked Senator Vandenberg to recommend how Congress could best guide the country's war effort. His answer is a steering committee that's in the know



## Why Not Deal Congress In?

by SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

YOU CAN'T BE EXPECTED to play a poker hand if you aren't allowed to see the cards. Translated into the sterner lexicon of war this means that Congress cannot co-operate effectively if it is denied the total war information which wise decisions require. Today there is no adequate war liaison between the executive and the legislative branches of the government. Even the Senate Foreign Relations Committee often has to get its information from the newspapers. The executive and the legislative functions are not in intimate gear. That is why I wrote the President one week after Pearl Harbor asking him how he would react to the creation of a Joint Committee on War Co-operation. And that is why Senator Maloney of Connecticut has proposed Senate Concurrent Resolution Number One. Democracy cannot function in a vacuum.

The actual conduct of a war is

necessarily an executive function, and no one wants to interfere with these presidential prerogatives. But sooner or later, Congress inevitably enters the equation. The President can go his own way up to the point of declaring war; but only Congress can declare it. The President, in his constitutional role as Commander-In-Chief, runs the war; but only Congress can provide him with the implements. The President can negotiate a peace; but only the Senate can make it valid. It is an inextricable partnership from beginning to end.

Then, why aren't both partners working together in total, mutual confidence to best further the war effort? The reason is that there is no medium of constant contact to put the executive and the legislative gears of war in mesh.

It is not enough that military and naval leaders are constantly testifying

to the House and Senate Military Affairs Committees regarding their immediate needs. Behind these mechanics lie the great, deep, basic questions of war policy, war strategy and peace aims. The task of controlling them is assigned to the President. But except as Congress knows the pattern, it cannot intelligently co-operate in implementing it; and except as the President knows the congressional mind in respect to his pattern, he may head for needless trouble—and the country with him.

OF COURSE, THE strategy of a global war cannot be conducted in a show window. The White House cannot very well discharge its war function in a town meeting of 531 senators and congressmen. There would be too many leaks in a crowd of that size. But these handicaps simply emphasize the need for the creation of a small, select committee to act as the constant agent of Congress in intimate contact with the Chief Executive. All information available to the President should be instantly available to them.

The function would necessarily be highly confidential. This Committee could not even openly report to Congress—unless so grave a dissent to presidential policy should arise as to make the committee willing to take the appalling responsibility of laying the controversy bare. Yet, here would be a safety valve, made up of trusted representatives of the Congress, who would always be available to advise their colleagues on the most helpful legislative attitudes. Americans as a

whole might well be better satisfied to feel that total war information being withheld from them was by no means solely lodged in an air-tight White House compartment.

During the Civil War, Congress created a "Committee on the Conduct of the War," which tangled Lincoln in so much red tape that it is always now pointed to as the horrible example we should avoid at all costs. The trouble was that the Committee literally tried to *conduct*, a function which must remain in executive hands. Yet even the historians who criticize it the most bitterly concede that the mere fact of the Committee's existence probably prodded the Union war effort into victory in much faster order. And today's proposed Committee on War Co-operation would deliberately profit from this record and refrain from interfering with the war functions of the Executive. It would simply add effective functioning for the legislature—and thus be a boon to the common welfare.

It is no reflection on a man's eyesight to say that he can't see in a dark room. And it is no reflection on Congressional wisdom to say that it cannot act without knowledge. Let me give you a striking example. On January 3, 1943, the State Department issued its famous White Paper outlining, for the first public time, the story of our relations with Japan preceding Pearl Harbor. Mark you, this was 13 months *after* Pearl Harbor. Even the Senate Committee On Foreign Relations did not know that our Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Grew, had notified our

government on January 27, 1941 that "there were reports from many sources that Japanese military forces planned a surprise attack at Pearl Harbor in case of trouble with the United States."

Nor did we know that when the new Jap Ambassador, Nomura, arrived on March 8, 1941, the "President well realized the probability that Japan had already gone so far in a policy of conquest that *it would be impossible to persuade her to stop.*" We did not know that on May 11, 1941, Secretary of State Hull told Nomura that "we propose to resist (Hitler) when and where such resistance would be most effective, whether within our own boundaries, on the high seas, or in aid of such countries as Great Britain."

We had generalized information. But we did not *know* what Churchill told his Parliament following the Atlantic Conference; namely, "that the United States even if not herself attacked would (probably) come into the war in the Far East and thus make the final victory assured." Throughout that desperately vital year of preparation—from January to December, 1941—the Congress had to *guess* at its share of impending responsibility.

We knew, generally, that the Japs submitted a proposal on May 12th. We did not know it demanded that we desert Chiang Kai-shek if he would not make a separate peace with Japan. We knew, generally, about the American proposal of June 21st. We did not know that the Jap invasion of Indo-China, which our diplomatic spokesman bitterly opposed, caused

our State Department to decide it "could see no basis for pursuing further the conversations in which (they) had been engaged." We did *not* know that this created "a situation in which the risk of war became so great that the United States . . . was confronted no longer with the question of avoiding such risk (the encirclement of the Philippines), but from now on with the problem of preventing a complete undermining of our security."

On August 6th, the Japs counter-proposed again. Two days later their proposal was again denied. We most certainly did not know that on August 17th the President handed the Jap Ambassador a statement to the effect that if Japan persisted in pursuing her policy of military domination by force we would be compelled to take any and all steps to safeguard the rights of American nationals and insure the security of the United States.

TO MAKE A long story short, this diplomatic interchange continued. Prime Minister Konoye proposed a personal conference with Mr. Roosevelt. The idea was rejected without some sort of preliminary assurance of a different Nippon attitude. By November 3, 1941, Ambassador Grew again "warned of the possibility of Japan's adopting measures with dangerous suddenness which might make inevitable a war with the United States." Even the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had to wait until January 3, 1943, to find that out.

Then came the prize hellion from Tokyo—Special Envoy Kurusu—bent

on more "peace" talk. On November 20th, we learned 14 months later, Secretary Hull gave our final reply and Kurusu said "it was the end." Meanwhile, Knox and Welles had been commissioned by the Cabinet to make some speeches "to prepare the people for such developments." On November 28th, Hull again warned the Cabinet that the Japanese "might make the element of surprise a central point in their strategy." On November 29th, Hull told the British Ambassador—not Congress—that "the diplomatic part of our relations with Japan was virtually over and that the matter will now go to the officials of the Army and the Navy." Nine days later, Japan struck out of a clear sky on a peaceful Sunday morning and the war was on.

Now, do not mistake me. The American record is consistently aboveboard throughout this distraught year. I do not even remotely imply any criticism of it. The negotiations with the treacherous Japanese could not have been conducted on a klieg-lighted movie lot.

Yet it is not impossible, under equivalent war circumstances, for Congress, acting through a responsible liaison committee, to have its responsible war leadership wholly informed of all such developments so that the resultant information, though still highly confidential, shall permit of intelligent Congressional guidance. I wonder whether Pearl Harbor would have been so completely "surprised" on the morning of December 7th, if the repeated warnings against such surprise had previously been a matter

of discussion between the Executive Departments and a Joint Committee on War Co-operation!

IN THE MATTER of post-war planning, we again question how Congress can act wisely if it has no connecting link with executive commitments and policies regarding the attitudes of our Allies. For instance, the very morning that Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau was telling some of us about his plans for post-war "international stabilization" as a great secret, *our* plans were told to the world in London! Is it right that the American people should get their information about our foreign policy in press dispatches from London? This is a point never to be forgotten—when you "deal Congress in," you come that much closer to dealing in the people. After all, it *is* their country.

Here's just one counter sample of the utility of candor between the Executive and Congress. The morning after General Eisenhower landed in North Africa, General Marshall called some 20 members of Congress to a confidential room in the Pentagon. He frankly told us of the tremendous advantage of Eisenhower's co-operation with Admiral Darlan—an advantage reflected in saving thousands of American casualties otherwise expected, in saving at least two months precious time in our offensive, in saving at least half of the French fleet, in saving Dakar without the loss of a single life. Marshall begged that nothing should be said or done to upset the Darlan relationship. What

was the result? The disclosures remained absolutely confidential, but somehow they *totally* stopped any Congressional criticism. The whole truth was invincible. It was invaluable to the President, to Congress, to General Eisenhower, to the war effort. It was just a little preview of the possibilities of a Joint Congressional Committee on War Co-operation.

Well, that's the whole story. Answering my letter of December 15, 1941, the President said he would welcome such a Committee if Congress should choose to create it. But he adroitly suggested that there might

be considerable Congressional opposition to any plan which would thus concentrate the war liaison in a comparatively few Congressional hands. He was quite right. But the tremendous necessity persists. The plan will not work, unless it is wholeheartedly embraced by all concerned. But upon that basis, a Joint Congressional Committee on War Co-operation can do much to integrate and unify the American war effort, to reinforce our dedication to total victory, and to democratize the process by which we win the war and then the peace. Yes, it is past time to "deal Congress in."

### \$1,000.00 in Prizes

For the best letter commenting on this article, of any length from 50 to 1,000 words, Coronet will pay \$500.00. For the 50 letters deemed next best, Coronet will pay \$10.00 each. The judges will be the editors of Coronet, and their decision will be final. Commentaries submitted in connection with this offer should be addressed to:

Congress Commentary Editor  
c/o Coronet Magazine  
919 North Michigan Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

All letters become the property of Coronet and, although they cannot be returned, all letters will receive the most careful consideration. Entries must be postmarked no later than August 1st.

*Situated "somewhere in England," this hidden community is doubling its overtime to speed United States bombers on their way*



## **Boys Behind the Daylight Bombers**

by CHARLES J. ROLO

**T**HREE IS a secluded corner of England that will one day show up in the records of this war as the Grand Central of the United States bomber offensive. It is a sprawling, one-thousand-acre community, with great runways streaking out through the surrounding fields. From these runways a procession of bombers roar skywards—bombers that a few days before had arrived in crates from an American port or had limped in from a raid over Europe.

It was here that most of the planes in Jimmy Doolittle's 12th Air Force in North Africa were assembled and equipped for battle. Here, too, land four-engined Fortresses and Liberators, gently bouncing to earth after a swift trans-Atlantic flight. This depot is the last link between the assembly line and the front line.

As soon as a flight of bombers lands, Sergeant Ball of Boston appears. Ser-

geant Ball is in charge of the depot's requisitions on British supplies. Thanks to the pooling of Allied resources effected by Lend-Lease and reverse Lend-Lease, no precious shipping space is used up transporting to the U. S. Forces in Britain equipment available on the spot. Sergeant Ball picks up a telephone, and puts in a call to the nearest RAF maintenance depot. "Nine Fortresses just in. We need flame dampers, blackout curtain, Mae Wests (parachutes equipped with inflatable rubber dinghies) and extra protective armor." A British voice at the other end of the wire promises delivery within 24 hours. For routine requisitions of this kind it's as simple as that—no red tape, no book-keeping. "Our biggest job," quips Sergeant Ball, "is translating American into English and vice-versa."

The depot is a veteran of the blitz. One night in Summer 1940, a British

destroyer intercepted a large Vichy-French freighter seeking to slip through the blockade with a large cargo of bombers and airplane parts bound for Casablanca. Very fortunately, those bombers never reached their destination. This prize cargo was the first consignment handled by the new depot. The crated parts were assembled and flung into the Battle of Britain.

AS THE HUB of Britain's machinery for assembling American Lend-Lease bombers and fighters and renewing the life of crashed aircraft, the depot helped keep the RAF flying throughout the blitz. Today it is America's for the duration, with all of its trained workers and their British civilian chiefs. The RAF has moved out, and the USAAF has moved in. An American, Lt. Colonel H. C. Short, has supreme command of the unit. He sits just across the corridor from H. G. Gregory, the British civilian manager of the depot, and several thousand technicians from the States have joined Gregory's men to help handle the colossal requirements of Major General Ira C. Eaker's bombing offensive. The transfer of the depot was effected without cash payment through the machinery of reciprocal aid. The British government continues to meet all the maintenance costs and the salaries of the British personnel now in the employ of the U.S. Air Force.

Let's take a look at how the depot works. Badly shot up over Germany, a giant bomber—we'll call it the "Jersey Bounce"—has come limping home, piloted to safety only by a miracle of

skill and endurance. The repair men begin at once to size up the damage. In this case the port engine has been hit, the longitudinal metal ribs pierced, a shell has gone through the port tail fin and there are 12 holes in the starboard fin. That isn't all. There's a large hole in the jointing of the front spar which carries the wing; the main bomb doors are severely damaged; the fuselage and wings are riddled by shell fragments.

For a job of this kind a crane is needed to remove some of the damaged parts, so the bomber is moved into one of the hangars. Here the port engine is changed, a new starboard aileron installed, and a completely new bracket made for the bomb suspension support. The leading edge of the starboard fin has to come off to be patched; plates for the patches are made on the spot and riveted into place as fast as they are turned out.

The clangor hangar is a picture of Anglo-American teamwork that should make Herr Goering feel very sick. Three years of British experience in stripping and repairing crippled aircraft at high speed have been combined with the latest American assembly line techniques. British and American heads bend over ticklish operations, side by side. Elsie Astley, a 20-year-old North of England girl—29 per cent of the British personnel are women—is working on the bomber's broken crank case with Jason C. Hurd of San Antonio, Texas. "We used to get a bit mixed up on the tools," Jason admits. "Elsie here calls a 'wrench' a 'spanner' . . . she seems to

have a different name from us for just about everything." Elsie breaks in: "Now we get along fine. We can repair 14 types of American engines."

The "Jersey Bounce," which had crawled in almost a wreck, was U/S—unserviceable—for exactly 48 hours. Elsie and Jason and 23 others like them stayed on the job with very little sleep and meals eaten at their benches, until the bomber was ready for action again. Twenty-four hours later it had dropped another load of bombs on enemy targets. This is the sort of cooperation that is constantly renewing the life of damaged bombers and throwing them back into the skies over Europe.

For the kind of repair job done on the "Jersey Bounce" the depot has to keep large stocks of every one of the 15 thousand items that go into the making of a bomber. These stocks—most of them supplied by the RAF as reciprocal aid—are housed in a score of buildings scattered over the depot and cunningly hidden in woods or camouflaged into the scenery. One big building is crammed with machine-gun turrets and spare guns. Another holds spare engines and engine parts. Others house radio and elec-

rical equipment, precision instruments, photographic equipment and sheet metal and armor plating. Every item is so classified and indexed that it can be in the hands of the repair crew a few minutes after a call for it is put through.

The depot's American technicians, a large number of whom are Texans, live under military discipline, and for quarters have taken over the hostel originally rushed up for British women working in the near-by factories. This invasion of High Street, England, by the lads of Main Street, U.S.A. has brought to the still bewildered neighborhood ten gallon hats, jitterbugging, and real live movie stars. The ten gallon hats are reserved for holidays—by order of the U.S. authorities. When the Texans first put in an appearance, their hats and high-heeled boots caused such a stir that the boys were told to save them for special occasions.

Movie stars from the United States show up periodically in the depot's auditorium under the auspices of the USO. On one occasion, Mitzi Mayfair, Carole Landis, Kay Francis and Martha Raye brought an eyeful of Hollywood to a hugely appreciative audience of homesick Americans and slightly amazed Britishers.

The hostel in which the Americans are quartered is a collection of large one-story buildings, so widely dispersed that the Nazis would have to use up a tremendous weight of bombs to put the unit out of commission. One large brick building houses a U.S. Army Post Office, public telephone booths, the Post Exchange and

---

*Charles J. Rolo is well qualified to write on subjects pertaining to England and America, for he has lived in both countries. He is now in New York, where he is a member of the British Information Service. The facts for this article, he says, were gathered on the spot and cabled from London.*



the office of the American camp supervisor, Captain G. M. Sebree. A dozen others have been converted into barracks for Sebree's men.

Jason Hurd and his mates live under model conditions—two to a room, steam heat and hot water at all hours. The big kitchen in the main building is equipped with a giant steam cooker, made in Birmingham (England), which can at a moment's notice turn out a hot meal for a 25-man repair crew, any time of the day or night.

Once breakfast is over the American technicians pile into U.S. Air Force trucks to ride over to the hangars, and there merge with the British.

At present the depot is working under terrific pressure to assemble and equip bombers for the round-the-clock raids on the continent. But in spite of the rush, all hands are willing to put in hundreds of hours of overtime without asking the why or wherefore. Ask any-

one on the place how the depot works and the answer is always the same. "Works fine," says H. G. Gregory, manager of the British personnel. Colonel Short, the American commander of the whole unit, puts in a word: "Actually we've hardly changed the set-up at all. The British workers know American aircraft, and the hangars were in perfect running order."

Anyone who has seen this corner of the Allied war effort comes away certain of one thing: these Britons and Americans are doing a magnificent job of translating their countries' joint resources into the war against Hitler. They're giving a new meaning to the old slogan: "Keep 'em flying."

—Suggestions for further reading:

BOMBER PILOT by L. Cheshire	\$2.00
AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST GERMANY by A. A. Michie	\$2.00

Henry Holt and Company, Inc., New York

### Luckless Oversight

¶ A SUBURBAN bookstore ordered *The Encyclopedia of Sexual Knowledge* from a jobber. Two days later it was returned with notation, "Customer couldn't wait." —BENNETT CERF in *Saturday Review of Literature*

¶ THE STORY IS TOLD of Franz Werfel meeting a fellow refugee whom he hadn't seen since he left Paris. Werfel asked his friend how he was getting along in America.

"Oh, all right, I guess," replied the refugee, "selling pencils, shoelaces, and things. You know how it is." Then, "But tell me, how do you like America? What are you doing, Franz?"

The author of *The Song of Bernadette* replied, "Oh, all right, I guess. Writing books and plays and movies and things. You know how it is."

"Is it profitable?" asked his friend.

"Rather," said Werfel.

The other man looked at him admiringly. "You know," he said, "I wish I had thought of that!" —FROM *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

## The Best I Know



IT WAS A phony adventurer-soldier who was talking. "This war," he said, "is nothing compared to the one I fought against the Zulus. One of them threw a spear at me, and for three days I was pinned to the ground."

"Didn't it hurt?" he was asked.

"Only when I laughed."

—EDDIE CANTOR  
IN *Variety*

IN THE DEAD of winter a famed Russian cellist arrived for a concert in a western city. He found the committee in deep gloom.

"Sorry," said the chairman, "I'm afraid the concert is off. There's a fuel shortage and the auditorium can't be heated."

"Nitchevo," said the virtuoso. "Is nothing! In Russia is also very cold the winter. I am learning to play the cello with mittens. The concert is on!"

So that night the artist donned a pair of loose red mittens and confronted an audience whose steaming breath filled the hall with a gently shimmering haze. The concert went along very well for a few numbers. Then, suddenly, the great musician threw down his bow and stalked from the stage in high indignation. The perturbed chairman hurried to halt him in the wings.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter!" yelled the artist. He dragged the chairman to the stage

and pointed at a man in the third row. "Tovarich, look at that customer. I don't mind putting on mittens to play the cello, but why he's putting on ear muffs to listen!" —JOE WESP  
Clarence, N. Y.

SOME HUNDRED men were hard at work on the excavation for a new munition factory. It was a rush job, and the foreman rarely let them forget it. When all was in readiness to lay the foundation, a man clad in overalls with a ladder on his shoulder stopped for a moment to watch the proceedings.

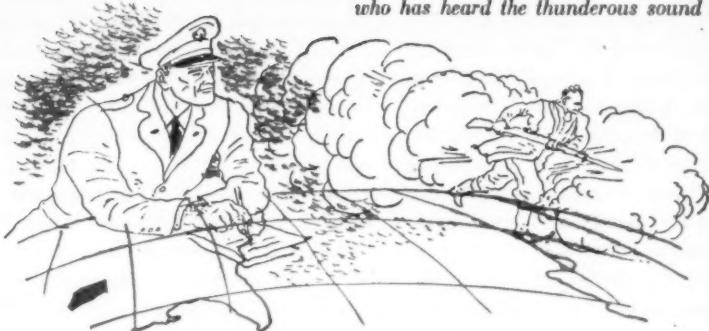
The foreman saw him and roared out to his men, "Now then, lads, get a move on! Don't keep the window cleaner waiting!" —H. PEARSON  
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

A RUSTIC visitor to the city made a desperate run for the ferry boat as it was leaving the slip. With a mighty leap he covered the intervening space, then fell sprawling to the deck where he lay stunned for about five minutes. At last, he sat up feebly and stared dazedly over the wide expanse of water between boat and shore. His eyes widened in uncomprehending amazement.

"Holy smoke," he exclaimed in a tone of profound awe, "what a jump!"

—RICHARD KORN  
American Conductor

*Completely articulate is this letter from an American soldier to his Russian ally who has heard the thunderous sound of battle*



## **Letter to a Russian Private**

by PRIVATE IRWIN SHAW

**D**EAR RUSSIAN PRIVATE:

This is a hard letter to write. What can an American soldier who has not yet heard the sound of battle say to a Russian soldier face-to-face with the enemy six thousand miles away? Spring is here and the winter is over in Russia and America, the heroic winter of Stalingrad and Leningrad and Rostov.

What shall a private in the Army of the United States say? "Thank you, friend, in the name of the common soldiers of my country, for Stalingrad. Thank you in the name of American arms and history for Rostov. Thank you in the name of the human race for your dead and your agony and your nobility"?

I say those things gladly and from my deepest heart. But those are large sentiments for a private and perhaps you are weary of thanks, weary of large sentiments. Perhaps you are

weary of garlands and listen only for the great thanks of American voices and American guns on the sprawling coasts of Europe.

In our Army, as in yours, private soldiers are not taken into the confidence of the General Staff, and so I do not know when we will arrive on the coast of Europe, although I am certain it will be soon and that we shall behave well when we get there.

So I shall leave the large sentiments and the military speculation to the statesmen and the generals, with which both you and I are generously supplied, and write to you as I write to my best friend, who is a corporal in the Marines somewhere in the South Pacific, and to my brother, who is a sergeant in the Air Force in North Africa. I write them often and when I write try to tell them how things are going here.

Private soldier of the Soviet, I'll

try to tell *you* how things are going here in America.

Spring is here and soon the dogwood will burst into bloom along the country roads. I am in New York City now, waiting to leave for overseas and the war in a day or two, and I look at my native city with a new love and new hunger. The girls walk along the broad avenues in new bright colors, with their skirts whipping around them in the soft winds singing among the piled shining buildings that border the streets.

The skies are bluer than winter now, and at sunset, seen through the rich stone valleys across the Hudson River, the final blues and russets in the west remind you in your blood that summertime is ahead. At lunchtime, the clerks take the sun and read in the parks or stare at the first tight buds on the shabby city trees. The streets are full of strollers and on the faces of young people here and there for a moment you catch a glimpse of the bitter and delicious confusion of the season.

There are hundreds of uniforms and on every corner the headlines tell of victory and defeat, but war somehow on these springtime streets seems unlikely, the invention of tailors and journalists.

In this spring many good things are happening in America, and many bad things. In the editorial columns of some newspapers, loud and evil men warn us against the designs of the British and the Russians, but in the newsreel theatres plain people, the fathers and mothers of American

soldiers, cheer wildly at the sight of English troops and weep like bereft parents at the sight of Russian dead.

Here and there businessmen and workingmen fight their endless battle for power and money with a kind of lunatic ignorance of the fact of war—but Henry Kaiser swiftly makes a ship a day and the factories work steadily in Pittsburgh and Detroit, and the steel comes out and the airplanes are welded and the bullets are slipped into the cartridge belts, with the gigantic overflowing energy and abundance that has always been my country's great hallmark.

THINGS ARE GOOD and things are bad, and some few ladies still rise at eleven to shop for hats, but other ladies, and more of them, are working at lathes and nursing the wounded and living out of helmets in Africa. There are voices that cry "This is a Jew's war or a Red's war," but there is the deep chorus of all the best artists and dearest writers who cry "This is the war for the human race!"

There are the doom-criers and the weak-of-heart who say, "We have muddled the last 25 years, we have armed Hitler and killed Spain, and alienated Russia; we shall undoubtedly muddle the next 25 years as well, and in the long run, what profit is there in fighting for Europe?"

But there is the statue of Lincoln, who lived in a similar time and also heard, "What profit is there in fighting for slaves?" and who went his way, and dead and alive put a better shape to the world that came after

him. There are the experts who predicted that Russian resistance would collapse in three weeks, and there is my friend, the Marine corporal, who grinned and told me that he was finally sure the Russians would win, now that the experts' had spoken.

Things are good and things are bad in this greening, freshening, busy Springtime country, and there are the voices that say Americans are soft and cannot stand up against the veterans of the assaults on France and Norway and Poland and Russia and Egypt . . . and there is the Army itself, large, serious, capable, heavily armed. There is no one surface to the American picture, no one simple wholesome answer to the question, "How're things going?"

OF COURSE IT WOULD BE easier for me to write you: "There is not an American who does not love the Soviet Union like a mother, and there is not an American who is not working 20 hours a day for the defeat of Hitler, and there is a new halo around the head of Father Coughlin, and John L. Lewis is demonstrating anew how farsighted and generous labor can be, and the National Association of Manufacturers has foresworn profits in the interest of victory, and the peace to come will be a feast of love as far as we're concerned, untouched by any base or selfish attitude."

It would be easier to write, perhaps, but it wouldn't be the truth, and it wouldn't lead to any free or healthy association between our two nations after victory has been won.

The truth about America is complex, but it is *not* of necessity evil.

The truth about America is that it is more than the additions and subtractions of the facts. The truth about America is that it is finally (and often grudgingly) as good as its best men, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and never as bad as its worst men.

The truth about America has always been that one way or another, despite periods of cheapness and cynicism and corruption, the people of America have been willing ultimately to follow great ideals.

In the Army, of course, except in the communications of generals, no one talks of great ideals. The men wait on line for chow and they make the long marches down the dusty roads and they talk about the misery of a top-sergeant and the legs on the blonde they met at a USO dance, of the possibilities of a three-day pass, and the new crop Pa is putting in on the north field.

At night, outside the barracks, after lights-out, as the last cigarette is smoked under the mild spring moon, they talk of the new tooth the kid is having trouble with and what the kitchen at home looks like and what they said when they asked the wife to marry them. They talk of Brooklyn's chances this season in the National League, and the cousin who was killed on Guadalcanal and what they'd like to do when the war is over, and they are again at home.

They don't talk about it, but what they'd like to do is live in an honorable, peaceful world, in which a man

has a right to work and a right to get paid well for it, a right to own a home and have kids who would not have to fight in any more wars.

They don't talk about it, but they want to live in a world where they can go to church or go fishing on Sunday, and shoot their mouths off when they feel something's wrong. They want to live in a world in which they can visit Bagdad or London or Moscow if they strike it rich, and they want to honestly like the people

there and be honestly liked in return.

• They don't talk about these things, but they go off willingly and resolutely to fight and die for them!

In this common poetry, in this wordless and decent dream of the good people<sup>\*</sup> of America smoking their night-time cigarette after light-out on the barrack steps, I think we can join, Private Soldier of the Soviet, in hope and labor.

Yours for the Soldier's Victory and the Civilian's Peace.

### **"Better Mouse Traps"**

DELPHINE BINGER's bright idea struck her at the Sunday dinner table, the day she netted the chicken wishbone. For some time she'd been looking for an out-of-the-way remembrance for a shut-in friend. "That's it," she thought, her eyes on the denuded bone, "I'll write a cheer-up message on a wishbone!"

It wasn't easy. At first the ink seeped through the fibers, and coating the bone with chemicals didn't seem to help. But at last she hit upon a special curing process that turned the trick. Next she perfected a tiny needle-pointed writing instrument in time to send wishbone congratulations to Franklin D. Roosevelt on his first nomination for the Presidency.

The denouement of this success story is, of course, that Delphine Binger's hobby turned into a paying proposition. Today, with a stock of 100 thousand wishbones culled from hotel kitchens and farmer friends, she conducts a thriving trade. For one buck or more, depending on the size of the bone and the elaborateness of the trim, she'll dispatch an eight-word message in any language to anyone in the United States or Canada.

THE HORATIO ALGER story of Dan Yoder stemmed from an auto accident which left him bed-ridden and bored. A kitten for company relieved the monotony but was hard on the furnishings. Claw marks were everywhere. Necessity inspired Yoder to invent a special scratching post, designed to lure the kitten with a sprig of catnip away from his best upholstery. It worked so well he decided to give other cat-fanciers the benefit of his brainchild. With proceeds from the success of the patented scratching post, Yoder set himself up in the business of making cat contraptions.

—DORA ALBERT



### A Summer Salad

"Steep thyself in a bowl of summertime."

Virgil said that, before Christ was born. He knew the healing peace of long evenings and slanted golden mornings. He knew how the richness of the earth can soothe jangled spirits, just as herbs and oils in a bowl can blend a dozen warring flavors.

Yes, let us steep our tired souls in the bowl of summertime. We'll make a salad to nourish our own hearts . . .

### Cutting Capers

Capers are good, both the kind you cut and the kind you eat. It's still possible to cut a few, but when a recipe calls for the other kind, you can only shrug . . . until you've read this.

The trouble is that the queer little dark buds came from wild plants along the Mediterranean. They had to be picked just before sunrise . . . and now men have other things to do on those shores at that once-quiet hour.

But summer is here, with nasturtiums growing sturdily in even the soberest Victory garden. And here's a recipe for capers that is perhaps better than capers. It's an old recipe, so it really should be called a receipt.

*Take green tender nasturtium seeds after the flower has fallen off. Lay in weak brine for five or six days, changing once. Drain, pack in bottles, and*

*cover with a scalding vinegar seasoned with peppercorns, mace, bay, tarragon, a little brown sugar, according to taste. Seal them and set the bottles away two months before using.*

And vinegar—have you ever filled a wide-mouthed jar with the fresh leaves, dried gently in the oven, and then covered with a decent vinegar?

You stand the jar in the hot summer sun for about seven hours, strain the liquid through a cloth, bottle and cork it tightly . . . and you have something for green-garden salads that will delight the weariest palate.

It has been said that "In England there are 60 different religions, and only one sauce." But on the contrary, I know of at least two British sauces!

One is made with mint, of course, and the other with nasturtiums. Here is what you use:

1 quart bruised nasturtium flowers  
a little soy or Worcestershire sauce  
8 shallots or green onions, chopped with stems  
8 whole cloves  
2 teaspoonsful salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful Cayenne pepper  
1 quart vinegar

Simmer vinegar and shallots and onions ten minutes, then pour over nasturtiums. Cover closely for two months. Strain, add soy or Worcester-shire, and cork securely.

You see? Flowers gay along a path . . . chopped lightly in a salad, bruised in a pot with vinegar; the green leaves, too; the little wrinkled seeds,

like tiny carvings, both aromatic and pungent . . .

They make us forget the sad shores of the Mediterranean, where capers still abundantly grow, but nobody knows how or why . . .

#### ***Meal of the Month***

In the 1860's, on the hot mid-western plains, babies died oftener than they lived, from what the old wives called "summer complaint." I know of one, born among all the other children and women hiding in the County Courthouse while the men fought the Black Hawks. Its mother had hidden there six weeks or more, with her silver cream pitcher in one hand and the layette made of her wedding petticoats in the other.

Summer came quickly, and the old wives shook their heads while the baby wasted. But one day an old trapper rode into the settlement over the low Iowa hills. He brought a strange gift shyly.

"Jest take this here chop-bone," he said. "It's from a fresh-killed kid. You brown it real brown, and don't make no mind if there's charred ashes on it. Then give it to the young one. It can't hurt none . . ."

So the young mother put the curving brown bone into the baby's thin hand, and he seized it hungrily, knowingly. For two days and nights

he held the bone, and when finally he laid it down, he was well.

He lived for a long, long time, and turned into a fine subtle man who loved good food and travel and the company of beautiful women, and was my oldest uncle.

But I am sure that the best meal he ever ate was that kid's chop-bone, in his first hot summer on the plains.

#### ***Can You Remember***

The days of "ladies' lunches," maybe fifty years ago?

There were Parma violets at each place, looped from the chandelier to the purple and lace tablecloth with satin ribbons. The blinds were drawn, and purple candles flickered elegantly among all the little nut-dishes filled with almonds and sweetmeats.

Lavender bows cluttered the tall stems of the wine glasses . . . which most of the ladies either toyed with, or daintily stuffed with one of their kid gloves as a sign, worldly but spiritual, that not even a light Moselle should dim their feminine sparkle.

The rolls wore stomachers of mauve ribbon, and the ice cream which came at the end of a rich succession of elaborate dishes was lavender, too . . .

And by that time so were some of the ladies, as well. Those were the days . . . *then*, thank goodness!

—M. F. K. FISHER

#### ***Comedowns***

**W**HEN Washington assumed command of the Continental Army he wrote that he "abhorred the idea of independence for the American Colonies" . . . Francis Scott Key didn't call his song *The Star Spangled Banner*. He called it *The Defense of Fort McHenry*.

*A practical answer to the juvenile crime problem is provided by the B.B.R., where the boys make the laws—and enforce them*



## B.B.R.: Home Rule for Boys

by EARL SELBY

MAX WAS what the social service workers call an incorrigible. He had been in court a dozen or more times. From an orphanage he had graduated into a parental school and then into a reformatory. Terms behind the fence of a boys' prison had only served to make him boast he was a tough guy and that the law would never crack him.

Eventually the law did, but it wasn't the law made by adults.

It was the law of his own generation; the law, really of his own gang.

Max, a symbol of the nation's wartime juvenile delinquency problem, cracked while on trial before the Boys Brotherhood Republic, a Chicago-born organization believing we're all prisoners as long as there is a boy in jail. Accused of letting a friend use his citizenship card to see a boxing show intended for Republic members only, Max pleaded the loyalty of

friendship as a defense. A six-boy jury termed the reason insufficient and returned a verdict of guilty.

Max didn't say anything. He sat down and cried.

It wasn't the punishment that made Max cry. It was the knowledge that he had been found guilty of violating his own gang's code. He knew then that he was forever prohibited from holding the elective office of mayor in the B.B.R.

As an example of how delinquency can be routed, the case of Max is significant. Released to the B.B.R. on probation from a reformatory, Max has never since been in trouble with the law. He was reclaimed from a life of crime because the boys' Republic gave him a sense of responsibility and convinced him he was not an inferior boy or hopeless social problem.

For 30 years the Boys Brotherhood Republic has been reclaiming the

Maxes of this world. Founded on the principle that "there are no bad boys," the Republic allows the delinquent, or potentially delinquent, boys from 14 to 19 years to join a self-governing club with a representative form of political administration modeled after a city government. "It's like this," Max once said to another boy on parole, "in this outfit we ain't got no one leadin' us by the hand. The B.B.R. is kids for kids."

Organized into five Republics with their own city halls—nestled in the slums of New York; Richmond, Va.; Chicago; and Los Angeles and Stockton, Calif.—the boys call themselves "citizens," elect their own mayor, city council, court judge and other officers. The council makes the laws, a police staff appointed by the mayor enforces them, and the court fixes punishment. There is even a supreme court, composed of three B.B.R. alumnii-lawyers, to hear appeals.

This miniature democracy enables the Republic to adopt a virtual no-adults-allowed policy. Each city hall has only one adult supervisor, with powers sharply limited by constitution, and while wealthy men and social leaders serve as directors, they contribute funds on a hands-off basis. The B.B.R. was planned that way because its founder knew it would fail unless the idea of "kids for kids" was maintained permanently.

Bristly-grey-haired Jack Robbins, the club's godfather, knew about derelict boys' psychology from growing up in their own environment. An abandoned child, Jack was raised in or-

phanages and at 17 started riding the brakerods of freight trains. He was not alone. There were hundreds of boys like him—hungry, ragged, discouraged, yet saddened most by the feeling the world had provided no outlet for their native energy.

JACK NEVER FORGOT the boys he met on the road and when, 10 years later, he saw seven street corner urchins in a Chicago slum while on a business trip he knew they were headed for trouble. For a month he thought about the problem, sought advice from his friend, novelist Jack London, drew upon his own experience. Finally he hit upon a plan, but he knew it couldn't be jammed down the boys. In the next two years he won their confidence and by 1914 he was ready.

Meeting with the boys in an empty, candle-lit coal cellar, with three splintery wooden benches for seats, Jack told them about his plan to start a Boys Brotherhood Republic. At first the seven were dubious. The idea seemed too visionary. But toward evening's end they caught on to what Jack was really saying: He was telling them they had a responsibility toward the other fellow. "So long as there are boys in trouble, we too are in trouble," he told them. That stirred their imagination. The B.B.R. was born. With Jack translating their jargon into English, they drew up a constitution based on these aims:

1. Companionship for boys gone astray of the law.
2. Aiding boys to obtain proper housing, clothing, education and an

honest means of being self-sustaining.

3. Working for physical, moral and

mental welfare of all B.B.R. citizens.

4. Keeping boys out of trouble.

Testing their ability, the boys obtained probationary custody of 32 notorious pool-room toughs and invited them to participate in the Republic. Expecting boredom in a goody-goody atmosphere, the gang was surprised. Being citizens in a democracy and helping themselves and others stay out of trouble, they discovered, was exciting. A month later police found that this famous "boundary gang" had been reformed.

From then on the B.B.R. was unstoppable. Expanded from Chicago to New York to Virginia to California, the Republic grew until it now has 12 thousand alumni and a thousand active members. It owns an 83-thousand dollar building in Chicago, a 31-thousand dollar city hall in New York, rents three other meeting places. Inspiration for Father Flanagan's Boy's Town, the Republic is the oldest and largest boys' club devoted to helping delinquent youths. Today it is the most influential of all juvenile social agencies which have law enforcement authorities.

An election campaign in the B.B.R. lasts seven weeks and includes placards, parades, soap-box speeches. Candidates for offices such as mayor, judge, the 10-man city council, treasurer, prosecuting attorney and business manager campaign on definite platforms. Donald Aven, 17-year-old schoolboy who became the Republic's Chicago mayor, as an example, won

his office by promising to eradicate unscrupulous "basement clubs" where boys often get their baptism in crime.

Aside from these offices, B.B.R. citizens can serve on the police staff, edit their own newspapers, or work on committees appointed by the mayor to spur juvenile employment, direct the sports program, investigate conditions in correctional institutions, manage social affairs and control the club's library, bank and store.

Inspired by the motto that "Boys who save, eat every day," the Chicago B.B.R. bank was the first of its kind in the world. At present 200 citizens have about 400 dollars in deposit and although there is no adult interference, no account has ever been juggled since the bank started 20 years ago. The Chicago unit also operates a co-operative store selling athletic goods, school supplies and some clothing—with profits going to boy-stockholders who get about 21 cents profit yearly on each one-dollar share.

A B.B.R. CITY COUNCIL meeting is not as decorous as a regular aldermanic conclave but there is absolutely no corruption. Members will fight to the last bitter ditch for their beliefs, and some arguments have terminated only after the councilmen have gone down into the gym, put on boxing gloves and let the best man win. This technique, incidentally, was partly responsible for the boxing skill of former world champion Barney Ross who declared, before he became a Marine hero on Guadalcanal, "I have learned to play the game on the level,

and I learned to do it at the B.B.R."

Sports, of course, are a major factor in the Republic. One of the best producers of top-flight basketball teams, the B.B.R. hires physical education instructors to teach citizens in the club's own gymnasiums.

WITH THIS PROGRAM to rehabilitate delinquents, the B.B.R. has accomplished amazing reformations among its citizens. There was, as a case in point, Joey M——, who was once called the worst boy in the United States. At seven years he set fire to a barn "just to see the smoke." At 11 he organized a gang of youthful thieves to plunder a resort colony. At 13 he broke into the rear of a junk shop, stole some copper, took it around to the front and sold it to the proprietor. Released on probation to the B.B.R., Joey made an abrupt about-face. He's never been in trouble since the Republic gave him a legal expression for his energy, and today he's a skilled radio repair man lending his service to the government.

Another case was Tommy, who escaped from a parental school and asked the Republic for help. After investigating, the club won a court's permission to have probationary control of him. Tommy was aided in getting a job. He saved 63 dollars and sent it to his father, a convict, with this note:

"You say you're in prison 'cause you never had a chance. I know how it is when you gotta steal to live. I never had a chance myself, but now through the B.B.R. I got a good job. This ain't much money, but maybe

it'll help you get a start when you get out of stir next month."

Whether the father ever did "go straight" isn't important. The important thing is that his son had grown into manhood.

Actions such as these point to the B.B.R. as an adroitly successful method of combatting delinquency. Crime is on the increase, and with more parents and older brothers and sisters being called either to war or factory jobs, more 'teen-aged youngsters are being left unsupervised. The result cannot be known in advance, but sociologists fear a serious disruption in the morals of youth. Already statistics show a galactic increase in juvenile offenders. "The problem is worse now than ever," says Robbins, "and it's getting more serious every day."

What is the cure?

Institutions, apparently, are not, for 85 per cent of all boys committed to them are later sent to adult prisons. Moreover, it costs honest citizens about 600 dollars a year to keep one boy in a correctional home.

There is one possible answer: the B.B.R. system.

Community-minded individuals, by contributing their money, can make possible a Republic in every community. The cost will be infinitesimal: about 10 dollars per boy per year. Each boy pays taxes of about 25 cents a month for citizenship and the balance of expenses are made up by community aid. A club as large as Chicago's Republic requires only a 12-thousand dollar annual operating

budget, with contributors including Marshall Field, Mrs. William Wrigley and other Midwest society leaders. Because the B.B.R. believes that "charity destroys initiative, the best quality in a boy," the so-called "backers" are never allowed to make a fetish of their aid. "The citizens pay their taxes," says Robbins, "and they think that keeps the club going. In a sense it does, because to them their taxes are in payment of the privileges they get through the B.B.R."

A Republic can be formed easily. When Robbins started the New York branch he asked 60 ex-convicts to

bring a boy to a meeting, knowing they'd be in contact with potentially delinquent boys. Then he told them about the B.B.R., won their co-operation and today the unit is just as large as Chicago's. The Richmond unit was started to aid Negroes, and the Stockton branch offers help to Mexicans. In each case the community organizes the club, but from then on the boys control themselves.

And what about the results?

Well, juvenile democracy in action must be a powerful force, because no member of the B.B.R. has ever been convicted of a major crime.

### **Tricks of Trade**

¶ THE MANAGER of a Chicago apartment hotel, renowned for the luxury of its appointments, believes that no detail should be overlooked by an establishment catering to the very rich. One rainy morning he looked out of the window of his office and saw a picketer. Appalled by the yellow, dirty poster carried by the striker, he dashed out and shouted, "For God's sake, fellow, are you trying to wreck our reputation? If you must carry that sign, let our interior decorator make a decent one for you." An hour later an artistic poster, on a piece of heavy expensive white cardboard, was handed to the picketer.

—FREDERICK VAN RYN

¶ AN OPTICIAN was instructing his young apprentice in how to extract a good price for merchandise:

"My boy," he said, "after you've fitted your customer with glasses, he will invariably ask, 'What's the charge?' You answer, 'Ten dollars'—and wait for the flinch. That's the important thing—the flinch. Then, if there's no sign from him, you smile and add, 'Of course, that's just for the frames. The lenses are another 10 dollars.' And again you watch for that flinch."

"What if the customer doesn't flinch even then, papa?" asked the beginner in awe.

"In that case," explained the successful tradesman, "just add the word 'each'!"

—JAMES H. CHESTON

*The glorious Fourth won't go off with a bang this year—that patriotic nuisance the firecracker is in khaki now with Uncle Sam*



## **Fireworks Go to War**

by SIGMUND SAMETH

WHEN AMERICAN troops stepped ashore in Africa the first shot they fired was not from a gun but from a display rocket of a type long popular at County Fairs. The rocket fulfilled its manufacturer's claims by unfurling an American flag in the sky. This dazzled the natives and announced without need for interpreters that the Yanks had landed and were ready for more serious shooting.

July Fourth will find rockets conspicuously absent from the American Scene. For that matter there won't be any roman candles, smokepots, flash salutes, toy torpedos, spinning wheels or even a sparkler. The Explosives Control Act resurrected from 1917 bans manufacture of non-essential, non-military pyrotechnics for the duration. But fireworks overseas still light night skies and lend fitful beauty to the grim job of battle. In the first World War rockets saved many a

"runner" a dash across fire-swept terrain. In mechanized warfare pyrotechnics are even more vital.

If you were to drag a Mark-VIII Nazi tank out in the Tunisian desert and then drive a lumbering "General Sherman" up beside it, there'd be no mistaking the squat lines of one for the more bulky profile of the other. But view them from above, as a pilot does, and it's a different matter. You'd be hard put deciding which was which.

Under battle conditions recognition is still more difficult. But luckily for our boys, split-second identification is possible. Pyrotechnic countersigns, looking like giant roman-candle bursts, are used for this purpose. The attacking pilot whips out his signal pistol and discharges—say, a single yellow fireball. The tank commander, if he's one of ours, replies according to pre-arranged code—green-green perhaps. These countersigns are switched daily

The use of fireworks in war is as old as fireworks themselves. Originally they were merely noise makers to throw confusion into enemy ranks. Later incendiary mixtures were developed. The clever Chinese invented *tho-ho-tsiang*, or "lance of violent fire." During Napoleon's campaigns some genius with a pyromaniac streak added a propelling charge of gunpowder. The result was an incendiary rocket, ancestor of today's invaluable weapon.

and sometimes hourly by the high command. The signal shells—they look like shotgun shells—have embossed markings so that the various colors can be told apart in the darkness by feel alone.

Similarly in night communication between aircraft, signal pistols come into play. During a cross-Channel bombing sweep, an outgoing Allied squadron meets a solitary incoming plane. The leader doesn't know whether it is one of our own limping back or a straggling Jerry. Clusters of colored lights hang in the sky momentarily. If they aren't answered real shooting starts.

Fireworks serve tactical purposes a thousand other ways. In areas of radio silence they're the surest means of coordinating naval task force activities. A landing barge has crept ashore under cover of darkness on a Jap-held island. Now a star cluster soars from a ground projector and bursts into colored lights half a mile high. The attack force is calling for the support of a ship's guns against a position of unexpected strength.

Down the beach, in the thick of fighting, an 81 mm. mortar crew lobbs an illuminating shell over an enemy stronghold. At the mid-point of its trajectory a nylon parachute opens

and the flare bursts into million-candlepower light. Spotters at the Fire Control Post use this bright interval of man-made sunlight to sight ranges on enemy targets. Minus parachutes, similar flares are fired behind enemy installations to silhouette tanks and personnel and make them "clay-pigeon targets." Such are the fireworks of modern war.

Among the handful of American firms which specialize in fireworks manufacture, business is booming. Uncle Sam is the only active account now. He is a prize customer but a crotchety one. When July Fourth rockets fizzle, as they sometimes do, it's only a disappointment to the Entertainment Committee. Wartime pyrotechnics must not fail. They don't either, once they've passed the eagle-eyed Ordnance Inspectors in residence at every plant.

It was during the last World War that modern tactical uses for military fireworks developed. The British devised a "photographic bomb"—in reality a giant flashlight powder. Then the German Krupp works began turning out "searchlight shells" which lit many a night battle on the Western Front. The Yanks, by now, were in the scrap. They added "illuminating grenades" to the matériel of war.

Range-finding shells and multi-colored position lights were being used by all the armies. When the French employed "flash marrons" to confuse the enemy by imitating his own range-finding shells, a new term, counter-pyrotechnics, crept into military talk.

Airplane Flare, Mark I, which our pilots used in '17, was a Rube Goldbergian contraption. Yanking the release-toggle dropped the flare canister free from under the wing of the plane. As a result of airflow, a pinwheel in the nose began to revolve. The pinwheel spun a shaft in a threaded bearing. After a certain number of revolutions its roughened inner end was forced into contact with a friction quick-match. The quick-match set off a primary explosion. This ignited and expelled the flare proper from its cylinder. A silk parachute sustained it while burning.

This flare was better than anything the Germans had produced—yet it was

still admittedly imperfect, for its functioning depended on a train of action. The failure of any part affected the successful operation of the whole device. Present airplane flares are wholly different—and much more effective. Our fliers are having no difficulty in lighting targets for their block-busting parties or in bringing back well-exposed photographs of same.

The Yank's new flares haven't made a unanimous hit, however. A British captain from the Eighth Army was in the tent of an American correspondent drinking Mandarin brandy while a sandstorm swept outside the tent in the night.

"The trouble with the parachutes on these bloody flare bombs," he said, "is that the silk is so utterly inferior. I made myself a pair of pyjamas from the silk of a regular parachute, but this stuff is bloody awful. Oh well. You can't have all the luxuries. They tell me there's a war on, y'know."

### ***On the Road to Tokyo***

¶IN 1927 the War Ministry of Japan awarded a pair of silver vases to Mr. Chuhachi Ninomiya for having invented the airplane in 1894.

¶THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY in Japan was sued by a Japanese for stealing one of his inventions.

¶A FEW YEARS AGO the Japanese press announced that a Japanese army officer had invented the telescopic sight and another had perfected a device for sending photographs by wireless.

¶THE JAPANESE have an unbounded confidence in their ability which has at times led them into ridiculous errors. Instructions handed to foreigners taking out motor licenses in 1918 included this jumble of English words: "When you meet the cow or the horse speed slowly and take care to ring the horn. If they afraid the sound you must escape a little while at the side of the road till they pass away."

—JESSE F. STEINER IN *Behind The Japanese Mask* (Macmillan)



c-  
n.  
e-  
c-  
y  
r.  
n-  
t-  
l-  
  
le  
d h  
in  
n-  
y  
ne  
  
es  
d,  
I  
m  
ut  
ll.  
ey  
."



*Ratoff arrives for work.*



*Ratoff is ready to go home.*



*"S-a-a-n-sational!"*



*"Eet steenks!"*

ET

## Hollywood Story

### R-R-R-atoff!

Gregory Ratoff is the world's loudest director of motion pictures. When he is calm he simply shouts. Excited, he sounds like two dozen Cossacks shouting for more borscht. The one thing he will not tolerate on his set is noise. He is always bellowing for "Qviet!"

Ratoff dresses as though he deliberately set out to satirize everybody's notion of a Hollywood director's wardrobe. He arrives on the set wearing a checkered yachting cap, a scarf that blinds the beholder, a gold-tipped cane. With the cane he thumps on the floor and yells for "Qviet!"

If Sam Goldwyn, Mrs. Malaprop, and the Mad Russian were triplets they would be no match for Gregory Ratoff. The American language screams for help when he uses it. With Ratoff a scene is either "s-a-a-n-sational"—or "eet steenks." Once, while embracing an actress whose work pleased him, he is supposed to have remarked, "I have only two words for you: 'Dee—licious.'" Nine tenths of the remarks credited to him are phonies, but there are enough true ones left over to cinch his position as Hollywood's Number 1 rebuke to Noah Webster.

Ratoff is not all sound and fury.

Long before Hollywood heard of Orson Welles, he was writing, directing, producing and acting in his own pictures. Only five years ago he was one of the screen's first comics—before that, one of Broadway's best character actors. Even before that he was one of Europe's leading producer-director-actors. Moreover, though he weighs over 200 pounds and is modeled somewhat on the lines of a block-buster, he used to be a dancer and ballet impresario. In spite of both size and shape, he can still dance a *kazotsky* to suit anyone's taste.

He is married to Eugenie Leontovitch, the well-known dramatic actress who is co-author and co-star of *Dark Eyes*, a current hit on Broadway. (The play is all about mad Russians.) After 20 years of marriage to Ratoff, Miss Leontovitch is probably the world's outstanding authority on the subject. The most famous of the Ratoff-Leontovitch legends concerns the time he barged into their hotel suite. "Peck opp!" he shouted, "ve leave town in five minutes!" In five minutes Miss Leontovitch was packed and waiting for her husband in the lobby. Two days later he showed up. "Dollink!" he beamed. "How did you get here before me?"

►  
n.  
e  
y  
c  
n  
t  
l  
  
e  
h  
n  
p  
y  
ne

es  
d,  
I  
m  
ut  
ll.  
ey  
”



*Ratoff arrives for work.*



*Ratoff is ready to go home.*



*“S-a-a-n-sational!”*

*“Eet steenks!”*

## Hollywood Story

### R-R-R-atoff!

Gregory Ratoff is the world's loudest director of motion pictures. When he is calm he simply shouts. Excited, he sounds like two dozen Cossacks shouting for more borsch. The one thing he will not tolerate on his set is noise. He is always bellowing for "Qviet!"

Ratoff dresses as though he deliberately set out to satirize everybody's notion of a Hollywood director's wardrobe. He arrives on the set wearing a checkered yachting cap, a scarf that blinds the beholder, a gold-tipped cane. With the cane he thumps on the floor and yells for "Qviet!"

If Sam Goldwyn, Mrs. Malaprop, and the Mad Russian were triplets they would be no match for Gregory Ratoff. The American language screams for help when he uses it. With Ratoff a scene is either "s-a-a-n-sational"—or "eet steenks." Once, while embracing an actress whose work pleased him, he is supposed to have remarked, "I have only two words for you: 'Dee—licious.'" Nine tenths of the remarks credited to him are phonies, but there are enough true ones left over to cinch his position as Hollywood's Number 1 rebuke to Noah Webster.

Ratoff is not all sound and fury.

Long before Hollywood heard of Orson Welles, he was writing, directing, producing and acting in his own pictures. Only five years ago he was one of the screen's first comics—before that, one of Broadway's best character actors. Even before that he was one of Europe's leading producer-director-actors. Moreover, though he weighs over 200 pounds and is modeled somewhat on the lines of a block-buster, he used to be a dancer and ballet impresario. In spite of both size and shape, he can still dance a *kazotsky* to suit anyone's taste.

He is married to Eugenie Leontovitch, the well-known dramatic actress who is co-author and co-star of *Dark Eyes*, a current hit on Broadway. (The play is all about mad Russians.) After 20 years of marriage to Ratoff, Miss Leontovitch is probably the world's outstanding authority on the subject. The most famous of the Ratoff-Leontovitch legends concerns the time he barged into their hotel suite. "Peck opp!" he shouted, "ve leave town in five minutes!" In five minutes Miss Leontovitch was packed and waiting for her husband in the lobby. Two days later he showed up. "Dollink!" he beamed. "How did you get here before me?"



REPRODUCED FROM A KODACHROME BY COLTEN

*Pinking*



BY LT. COMMANDER GRIFFITH BAILY COALE

*king Sun*

COALE

## A Note on "Sinking Sun"



**S**HORTLY before sunset on June 10, 1942, Lieutenant Commander Griffith Baily Coale, USNR, official Navy artist, boarded one of two PT boats off the shores of Midway Island and embarked on a burying mission.

Each PT boat bore two coffins adorned with the insignia of the rising sun. To be buried were four Nipponese aviators who had crashed on Midway in one of those many crucial battles which decided once, and we hope for all, that the beleaguered outpost was to remain in American hands.

One of the Japs was an officer, the other three enlisted men. All four had come from an aircraft carrier and were navy fliers.

The funeral was brief, unelaborate. Toward the end of the day the PTs moved slowly out to deep water, their flags flying at half mast. Then services were read by a chaplain, three volleys fired by marines, and the coffins lowered overboard by the sailors who manned the boats. Since sailing men prefer to be so buried, it was a tribute to the brotherhood of the sea.

It was even more than that. It was a tribute by democratic fighting men to other brave fighting men. Lieutenant Commander Coale expresses it thus—their cause was wrong, their country our death-enemy, but when men die bravely for their country, as those men did, they deserved the dig-

nity of decent burial. True, the Japs probably won't return the decency. But that's no reason for adopting the philosophy of a nation that holds human life cheap. We know we only abase ourselves by shooting prisoners and treating the dead with disrespect.

This is Coale's philosophy, implicit in *Sinking Sun*. (Aware that it's open to debate, we've thrown the question open to our readers in this month's Coronet Round Table on page 179.)

More about the painter who was commissioned on July 2, 1941, to record for posterity the Navy's role in this war. First he shipped with the Atlantic patrol. Out of that voyage came his book *North Atlantic Patrol*, the log of a sea-going artist, now in its sixth printing. It contains some 17 reproductions of his paintings, plus his textual account of the undeclared war that took place before Pearl Harbor.

Coale, who served as a Marine camoufleur in the last war, today ranks among the leading mural painters in this country (he has 37 to his credit).

*Who's Who* commends him for his nautical detail. Talent plus a lifelong absorption with marine subjects may account for it. He's been painting seaworthy subjects since the age of six when he knocked out his first water color of a barkentine, and hasn't strayed far from the sea since—artistically or otherwise.

*Fatigue is merely boredom. To recharge your battery, you need new inspiration, a change of pace, color—even deadlines*



## **Tap Your Hidden Energy**

by DORON K. ANTRIM

**A**T SOISSONS in the last war, the First Battalion of the Fifth Marines, two days without food, three nights without sleep and after a day and night of forced marching, "flung off their weariness like discarded equipment," says Captain John W. Thomasson, Jr., in *Fix Bayonets*, "and at the shouting of the shells, sprang fresh and eager against the German lines."

The troops did it again and again in the last war. They're also doing it in this war—tapping unbelievable reserves of energy. And showing us up on the home front.

Already we're displaying signs of weariness. Sanatoria are full of very tired business men. Factory absenteeism is much more prevalent now than it was in pre-war times. Normal absenteeism in industry, according to Philip Murray, president of C.I.O., is 2.2 per cent. However, since the beginning of the war, he states, absen-

teeism among men has increased to 4.5 per cent while for women, the percentage is 6.5 per cent.

What do the troops have that we lack? Not a thing, answers science. Each of us, according to the record, has an amazingly large backlog of energy to draw upon—comparable to a motor capable of around 165 h.p. but ordinarily using only 35 h.p. Physicians guarantee that we can shift into high without tearing the chassis apart and collapsing in a heap.

We seldom plug in on the power we possess. Chiefly, because we don't push through the first layer of fatigue to our second wind and a fresh supply of pep. Before we get to the second wind, not to mention the third or fourth, our minds tell us we're tired. There is plenty of evidence to document this statement.

Significantly, experiments conducted at the Harvard Fatigue Labo-

ratory all boil down to the point that 90 per cent of our weariness is caused by the mind. Members of the laboratory staff conclude, "The phenomenon formerly called fatigue, is better described as boredom."

For instance, students at Columbia University were kept awake for nearly a week under the stimulus of a constant parade of interesting tasks. On the other hand, a stay-awake marathon in Chicago which made no provision for keeping the participants interested, lasted only three days.

Of course, boredom is not the only cause of fatigue. However, it is the big dam that blocks the free flow of our energy.

Our reserves of energy can be instantly tapped by excitement. The drive of emotional instincts such as fight, fear, anger and curiosity releases much hidden power. Which explains how the Marines did it. They were actuated by fight—one of the most powerful energy accelerators.

Now medical authorities also say that to realize power from an aroused emotion, we must give full right of way in consciousness to this emotion. If the conscious or unconscious mind blocks it, or if two emotions get to fighting each other, tensions of mind and muscle are set up which wear you to a frazzle.

You can use belief as a magic turnkey to unlimited power, according to scientists. This was recently demonstrated in a series of strength tests which were given to three men, one of whom was a prize fighter. The experiment was conducted by Dr. J.

A. Hadfield of the Ashurst Neurological Hospital, Oxford, England. On the first test, he told the men to grip as much as they could. They showed an average of 101 pounds with a dynamometer. On the second test under hypnosis, he said they were weak. Consequently, they gripped an average of 29 pounds. On the third test, he said they were very strong and they averaged 142 pounds.

Hypnotism has been found an effective way of releasing energy. Fundamentally, hypnotism is merely suggestion which hits the bull's-eye in the mind and rings a bell. The suggestion so given is accepted without question and immediately acted upon.

It makes no difference, says Andrew Salter, Park Avenue psychologist and protagonist of auto-hypnosis, who does the suggesting or hypnotizing. The person himself can do it. The technique is to implant the suggestion during trance, so it gets the green light. Another way is to talk to yourself in a half wakeful state.

A SONG WRITER confessed to Salter that he hadn't had a good idea in months. After six treatments, the scribe was turning out three times his former output. When our powers seem to fail, it is not because our energy is used up, but because the flow is checked or misdirected.

These incidents disprove the copy-book maxim, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." Just the reverse is true. The flesh is the abject slave of the spirit. A powerful emotion can transform a frail body into a dynamo.

The trouble on the home front seems to be that we're tired because we're bored. In the factory this bugaboo is being combatted in various ways.

England found that music helped especially when played at mid-morning and afternoon fatigue periods. It not only relieved ennui but war jitters too, and boosted morale. England made music mandatory in all defense plants. This country followed suit and now over three thousand factories, arsenals, and shipyards have installed P.A. or sound systems and are using music from a phonograph pick-up. Played either between shifts or at fatigue periods, the music has raised production as much as 11.3 per cent.

**OTHER DEVICES** are tried. A Buffalo plane maker built a take-off runway next to his plant, where the planes as completed zoom off, shaking the windows. Army flying aces visit the factory, take up selected workers and simulate combat action. It's a thrill. More of the fighting spirit is thus injected into the men on the job and it raises their pulse.

Another plant posts 1,250 dollars a week in War Bonds which are given to the lucky 25 men by draw, selected from those having the best production records. Absenteeism was cut 30 per cent. RCA in its six factories offers its workers rewards and promotion for good ideas to step up output. The first month 35 thousand ideas were stuffed into the box. Many were adopted. Employes here feel they have a hand in licking the Axis.

Henry J. Kaiser suggests service bar

pins for conspicuous war workers. "The heroes of this war are not all on the front lines," he said. At Navy christenings, shipyard workers' daughters are now chosen to break the bottles. That too helps jack up the blood pressure of the men who lay the keels.

Here's how to put some of this emotional drive into your own work. It's important to get off to a good start in the morning. If you wake with a grouch, you're tired before you begin. To wake on the upbeat, a business friend had an automatic phonograph installed in his bedroom which acts as a musical alarm clock. Now he starts in a major mood and his p. q. (pep quotient) is greater. If you don't have a phonograph, try singing in the bathroom. You'll be set up for the day.

In beginning the day, here's another important point. Don't dwell on the vast pile of work you have to do. It's debilitating. Instead, do the work by degrees, one thing at a time. Itemize the important duties and check them off as done. You'll be surprised at the difference in your pep.

Badly injured, his plane having crashed in the Canadian wilderness, the sole survivor did not keep reminding himself of the great distance he had to go for help. He set little goals—the next bush, a jutting rock. When found half dead from injuries, he was still inching forward.

An office executive was wondering one day why it was hard to get up steam. On a hunch he called in an interior decorator. The office was done over with a liberal assortment of yell-

lows and reds. With these brighter hues, he sparked faster. Maybe you need a little more red in your life. Witness what it does to a bull.

Another battery recharger is to change your pace occasionally. Vary your tempo. One reason the second wind liberates energy is that it is essentially a change of pace. Everyone in journalism knows how the approach of a deadline puts you in high. Set yourself a deadline now and then.

But after all, the final measure of your P. Q. is the amount of your enthusiasm for the job. No one keeps up enthusiasm without feeding it. New aspirations, ideas, new efforts, new vision feed its flame. Compete with yourself and beat your own record. Find better and quicker ways to do

your work. Keep your enthusiasm renewed and you'll find that fatigue is on the way out of your life.

As for myself, when I feel like easing up or dodging some necessary war work, I think of Dr. Girard-Mangin. She served 470 days in a French hospital during the last war, operating, tending the wounded, often going without sleep for days. During a lull in the fighting, she might beg a bed for a spell. If wakened from stolen sleep, she would, on taking up her task again, find that her "tiredness went away." This slight woman was able to carry on indefinitely without collapsing because a crisis confronted her, challenged her, and she met it with zest. So, says I to me, "Are you going to let this little lady show you up?"

## Who Started It?

¶ TELL IT TO THE MARINES: According to Samuel Pepys' *Diary*, written in the 17th century, King Charles II of England was questioning a story he had heard about flying fish. The king just couldn't believe such creatures existed. Finally, however, his colonel of Marines verified the reports.

"Henceforth, whenever we cast doubt upon a tale that lacketh likelihood, we will tell it to the Marines," declared His Majesty. "If they believe it, it is safe to say it is true."

—JUNE HANNA

¶ UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE: The first system of universal military service, which has reached its acme under Hitler, was inaugurated by Cyrus the Great of Persia (now Iran) over 2,500 years ago. Boys of five began training in the use of arms and at the age of 15 entered into a five-year period of advanced instruction. After that they were reservists, liable for military duty when needed, until they reached the age of 50.

—*Pocket Guide to Iran*

¶ AUSTRALIA: A Spanish explorer who had never seen the great south continent down under named it "Austrialia del Espiritu Santo" in honor of Austrian-born Philip III of Spain. In translation this was misspelled Australia.

—*Pocket Guide to Australia*

## *Accidentally Ours*



*Necessity may be the mother of invention, but Accident is the father, a busy and random scientific Romeo brewing blunders and boners—with billion dollar results.*

**A** GLASS-BLOWING CONCERN was casually experimenting with a method of getting colored pictures on milk bottles. One expedient was to blow molten glass on the bottles. It failed because the molten glass fell off promptly—but when it did fall, it piled up in a fluffy mass of fine fibers. Testing it, the experimenters found that a cubic foot of the fluff weighed only a pound—as against six pounds for the coarse fiber formerly made from glass by the Germans! The result was “fiberglass”—a new glass cloth that is now extensively used for heat insulation on battleships and in railroad locomotives, for filters, for electrical insulation and for many other jobs previously monopolized by asbestos, rubber or silk—all three precious substances in time of war.

**I**T TOOK a fortuitous error in the laboratory to make photography a wholly positive science—eliminating the expensive bottleneck procedure that hitherto had required the need for a negative step. Three assistants in Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison's Fifth Avenue Laboratory were dousing films in experimental solution. Their eyes suddenly bulged out; something had

gone profitably topsy-turvy. The film, instead of coming out negative, had developed into a positive print. Feverishly they started checking back on their work. After months of sixteen-hour workdays, they discovered the secret of the blunder-begotten emulsion that would effectively cut photo costs in half.

**C**HARLES GOODYEAR spent years searching for a way to treat rubber so that it wouldn't melt in hot weather. While he experimented, his family went hungry. Finally he promised his wife he would abandon the hopeless, time-consuming quest and look for a job.

But the fever was too strong in the experimenter's veins. One day, while his wife was at market, he couldn't resist puttingter at his old experiments. He was kneading some sulphur into a batch of gutta-percha when he heard his wife's footsteps at the door. Hastily he hid the mixture in the stove. Later, when he returned to take it out, he noticed it looked different. It was tougher, more elastic than before; heat and cold had little or no effect upon it.

Thus, in 1893, Charles Goodyear accidentally discovered the vulcanization of rubber which made possible the raw material's application to a thousand modern uses.

—SGT. MORT WEISINGER

*Stiff as a ramrod, the paratrooper steps out into space. Sky and earth spin crazily. Then he is swinging safely, leisurely in the clear morning air*



## **With Tommy on the Jump**

by ALBIN DEARING

THE TELEPHONE RINGS and instantly every man is awake. It seems that no depth of slumber can offer refuge from that phone. From down the dark hallway we hear the adjutant's sleepy "Immediately, Sir." The receiver clicks down and we all know. We're taking off at once.

"Bad show this, jumping before breakfast," announces George from the next bunk. "Exercising on an empty stomach isn't scientific training. Any intelligent bloke knows that."

George's dissertation on exercise before breakfast has long since ceased to elicit comment from my six other roommates who dress in silence: battle dress, field boots, gaiters, crash helmets, and "strip tease"—a kind of rompers suit without legs. On mornings like this every man seems deep in his own thoughts.

Outside, as we board our bus for the aerodrome, dawn is feeling its way

across the night sky. A desultory wind rustles the autumn birches.

"What'll it be this morning, Sergeant Major?" someone asks.

"Fast sticks of ten, Gentlemen. Numbers one to ten in the first flight, the remainder in flight two. Remember your numbers, please." Remarkable quality, the average Britisher's native politeness. Somehow it's hard to imagine an American sergeant telling his men to do something *please*.

Fast sticks of ten. This means that ten of us will jump during a single trip over the target in as rapid an exit as possible. "Stick" designates the parachutists jumping from one aircraft during one flight. My number is five which luckily means I'll take off with the first flight.

We are comparatively silent as our bus bounces through a quiet little English village. Some smoke, others talk . . . a disjointed, nervous kind of

chitchat, mainly about the weather. We are novices, but even for seasoned troops, winds are anathema. Seemingly gentle breezes can cause drift over the target into trees, or oscillations during descent. An oscillation is a pendulum-like swinging motion which cannot always be checked before landing, adding a very disconcerting whack against the ground to the shock of vertical impact.

No, there isn't much conversation this morning. Every man develops his own theme for contemplation during these interludes when he wants to think of almost anything except the situation confronting him.

We're bumping along now toward the aerodrome down a lane flanked by great oaks whose hospitable branches shelter a giant Stirling, a Beaufighter, or camouflaged troop lorries. When our bus stops finally at the rear of a long, rambling training hangar, we form and march inside. Around RAF stations troops always form and march, they don't just walk about. That way they're more easily distinguished by landing aircraft, we are told.

Inside the hangar we wave at a group of pretty, smiling WAAF parachute packers, then troop to the parachute storage room where an RAF sergeant sizes up each man and hands him his parachute. The Sergeant Major enters the number of each man's parachute on a report sheet opposite the name of the wearer so that if an accident occurs through failure of the parachute it can be traced back to the girl who packed it or to the manufacturer of the chute.

Every man properly fitted, our Sergeant Major delivers us into the hands of the RAF officer who will go aloft as our jumpmaster. Men picked for this job seem to possess a kind of mother-to-all-men personality, incapable of anxiety, indomitably cheerful, and this one is no exception.

Whatever other trepidations are associated with jump training, the long waits before take-offs are remembered as especial agony. It's during such periods of suspense that men seethe inwardly with misgiving and condition themselves psychologically for a poor show. Or, as an antidote, become absorbed in the bustling activity all about them in the training hangar.

At the far end a student swings back and forth from a suspended parachute harness, learning to turn during descent. A handkerchief clasped between his knees must not be allowed to fall as he swings and turns. A whack on his bottomside from his classmates is the penalty if it does.

Nearby another class is practicing "drops" from an unused airplane fuselage propped up 12 feet above the



Since writing this article, Albin Dearing has been transferred to the 517th Parachute Infantry Regiment. An advertising man until Pearl Harbor, he served his novitiate by newspapering in Florida and by working for Governor Blanton Winship in Puerto Rico. Before that he fired freighters across the Atlantic and bicycled over Europe. When the war is won, Al says he will finish a biography of Simon Bolivar, now a year overdue at Doubleday Doran.

hangar floor. American paratroops, we are told, jump out through a door in the side of their aircraft, but the British drop through a tunnel-like hole in the floor of the plane, about half way between the cockpit and the tail.

When the aircraft is over the target the pilot switches on a tiny red light in the ceiling just above the hole. "Action Stations!" yells the jumpmaster and number one, sitting nearest the hole, swings his feet into it, his body rigid, his head up, eyes fixed on the jumpmaster. The red light goes off. A green one comes on. "Go!" screams the jumpmaster and number one, like a bolt, drops through the hole as number two on the other side of the aperture swings his feet into it, ready for the "Go" command. In the electrifying seconds between the red light flash, the command "Action Stations," the green light, and "Go," a kind of hypnosis is generated between the jumpmaster and parachutist. Events must move without incident, without hesitation. The jumpmaster's "Action Stations" is screamed to seize you, to move you mechanically into position. "Go" comes like the crack of a rifle. And go you do, like a bullet, without a thought except body rigid, feet and knees together, head up . . .

Several great Whitleys are warming up across the aerodrome and through the hangar doors I see a new battalion wearing the shoulder flashes of distinguished guards regiments and special army corps. Paratroops the world over are volunteers, an elite corps, we are told and these guardsmen look the part. Theirs is an expression of

disciplined confidence as they march off to their first jump. Between the experienced jumpers and newcomers there's no kidding or joking, only reassuring winks, and thumbs up. One never gets used to parachute jumping to the point that it holds no terrors. Men who have made hundreds of leaps confess a familiar butterflies-in-the-stomach feeling before each take-off. For the fledgling then there must be every encouragement. If he has confidence he will exit properly from the aircraft, and in 90 per cent of all cases, we are reminded, a good exit means a good landing.

BEFORE OUR first jump (we are now veterans of four) we had been taken on a routine tour of the target area to watch experienced paratroops perform. The first plane over the target executed a fast stick of 12 who popped out of their aircraft with clockwork precision. But the number two man of the second plane flopped through the hole, all arms and legs. With a hundred-mile-an-hour swish, the slipstream from the propellers tossed him like a rag doll into a somersault which threw several rigging lines of his parachute over the top of the opening canopy, preventing it from ballooning fully. Twisting and kicking in a desperate attempt to free himself, he ploughed crazily to earth under a half opened parachute, smacking the ground with a dull thud.

"Now we'll watch operations over there. About turn!" commanded our instructor abruptly marching us off in the opposite direction, the ambu-

lance clanging as we went. Maybe, as we observed at mess that evening, this spectacle didn't inspire much confidence. But it did emphasize one point—a proper exit, a good landing.

"Let's go, Number One Flight," suddenly shouts our jumpmaster.

We stumble quickly to our feet tugging at the shoulder harness, for the long wait has made our 30 pound packs seem several times their normal weight, then waddle out awkwardly across the field. The sun is up. Off down the main runway a flight of Lancasters roars in from a dawn operation somewhere. In front of the farthest hangar a sleek American Lockheed receives guest attention.

"Halt!" "Left turn!"

We are under the wing of our Whitley, the wind from its propellers swishing ground water at us, its engines drowning out our thoughts.

Then "Emplane!" is the command.

INSIDE THE dark fuselage I brace myself to cross over the great yawning hole and burrow into a cross-seated position on the floor near the front. It is hot and uncomfortable in the crowded, windowless darkness. The only light is an eerie orange reflection that comes through the hole.

The faces of my comrades are firm with resolve though it would be untrue to call them eager. I look across at Scrapper who winks. We were seated like this when he made his first jump. He felt excessively skittish about it because he'd always been airsick. I tried to buck him up with "You'll be top hole, Old Boy, chin up." Later

he gratefully said I'd pulled him through with these bromides.

Every man in position, the jumpmaster closes the entrance door and our big Whitley begins to rumble over the muddy ground to the runway. With a jerk the pilot pulls up to a stop to rev up the engines. Whirh, whirrh, whirrrh, goes the port engine swelling its pitch in a crescendo of roaring defiance that shakes us with its vibration. Fritzie, that's the British Lion, I muse, and there goes the Yankee Eagle, as the starboard engine whines and whirs into a challenging scream.

Then with a sudden jolt the Lion and Eagle rev up together and we are racing down the runway fast, faster, to an abrupt lift that causes us all to hold on, leaning forward. We are aloft in a steep climb. Sunlight reflected up through the hole warms up the whole interior. Francis and Barry, numbers one and two, are staring fixedly through the opening at the scenery below. There's really no hazard to this, I reassure myself. Many thousand jumps have been made from this aerodrome with only a few fatalities. I wonder if the few didn't console themselves with those same statistics!

To pass the time I try systematically to recall all the anecdotes about parachuting. The crack about the jumpmaster's boot being the paratroop's secret weapon. The description of the Italian paratroop plane which carries a crew of 22 men—one jumper and 21 men to throw him out . . .

I glance at my watch. About a minute and a half left to go, I guess. By the pulsating beat of the engines

you can tell we have reached 500 feet and are levelled off in the direction of our target. I wonder how soon we'll be over Germany in real action. If we can get a hundred thousand airborne troops over Germany some bright morning we'll paralyze the Huns' communications and decide this war in a matter of hours. We'll . . .

"Action Stations!" screams the jumpmaster.

Instantly every eye is on his face, which glows lividly in the red light flashing above his head. Number one, sitting erect, breathless, has spun into position. It is Francis. His upturned face is marble white in the sunlight reflected from below. His large brown eyes glued on the jumpmaster, Francis looks like an acolyte transfixed by his bishop's every move.

"Go!"

Swish, a shadow flashes across the interior, and Francis is gone. His detached static line rattles noisily against the bottom of the plane.

"Go!" "Go!"

The next two have swung into position and are on their way. Others are edging crablike towards the hole.

"Go!" I am clenched in position,

knees up, body rigid, feet together.

"Go!"

Swish, stiff as a ramrod, I drop out onto the wind torrents, and feel as if I'm being carried over a waterfall. Sky and earth are spinning about. Tick, tick, two seconds, then all is quiet—serenely quiet—and I am swinging free, pleasantly, in the beautiful clear morning sky. Way above to the right our Whitley is moving off. Scrapper is already out behind me. Below, the green patches, the neat gardens, the brown turf, are coming up at me perceptibly faster. Suddenly I am seized by the grandeur of it all, the vast relief after the trying hours of tension. I pull up on my lift webs, stretch my legs and swing experimentally to and fro.

Instructors on the ground are calling up commands over a loud speaker.

"Okay, Number One. Good exit. Number Two. Turn, Number Three, Very good, Four. Stop kicking your feet, Number Five. Number Five, stop kicking your feet. Five, can you hear? Why are you kicking your feet?"

I don't know, Captain. I don't know why I'm kicking my feet. Just always wanted to, I suppose.

### ***Excess Enthusiasm***

¶ THE CAR of John C. Sabourin of Denver locked bumpers with another machine. In the consequent argument, Mr. Sabourin waved his arms so wildly that he dislocated his left shoulder.

¶ TOM WILLIAMS of Falls City, Nebraska, got into a political argument. He banged his fist so hard on the table that he broke a bone in his hand.

¶ DOLORES MORLETTI of Denver played the fortissimo finale in a piano exercise with such energy that a piano leg gave way. The instrument fell on her leg and fractured her ankle. —DR. W. E. FARSTEIN

*Planned with an eye to food rationing, these tasty reducing menus will neatly fill your bill-of-fare*



## Diet for Today

by WILLIAM ATLAS

THE DIET on which you used to lose a few pounds a year is out-of-date now; its menus, with their light prattle of lean beef and unlimited black coffee, make dour reading in a year of rationing. But a good many of us who still need to lose weight wonder if it is possible to do it under today's food regime. Doctors who specialize in nutrition say that it is.

To be effective, a reducing diet must be high in proteins. After the intake of food is reduced, fat stored in the body is utilized for energy, but proteins must be replaced daily if you are to keep healthy. Proteins of some types are scarce—but not the types advised in the diet printed on the following pages.

In cooking, never use butter or olive oil—mineral oil can be used for this purpose as well as for salad dressing. If you prefer, lemon juice may be used on your salads. Do not

use cream or sugar. You may put a thin layer of butter on your bread. If you get hungry between meals, you may drink skinned milk or tomato juice, a small glass at a time. However, if you do this, do not take salt on your food, for the combination of salt and fluids is fattening.

Items included in the Diet for Today have been carefully chosen to avoid foods of which there is a growing scarcity. Nonetheless, some of these things may be out of season when you go on your diet, and with the dearth of canned goods you'll want to substitute a different fresh food. Therefore, we are including a Table of Substitutes which will do just as well as the items in the menus.

If you *must* lose pounds quickly, here is a liquid diet which may be used in conjunction with the Diet for Today. By taking only liquids every

(Continued on page 45)

## Diet for Today

<i><b>Breakfast</b></i>	<i><b>Lunch</b></i>	<i><b>Dinner</b></i>
<i><b>Monday</b></i>		
$\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit Boiled egg Café au lait (large cup, $\frac{1}{2}$ coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ milk)	Cup consommé Large helping halibut Stewed tomatoes, as wished 1 slice bread $\frac{1}{2}$ slice watermelon Tea, no cream, saccharin	Cup madrilène, hot or cold Sweetbreads Mushrooms, as desired Lima beans, 1 big helping Slice bread Stewed fruit Demi-tasse, saccharin, no cream
<i><b>Tuesday</b></i>		
1 orange Poached egg Café au lait	Cup bouillon Plain omelet Endive, mineral oil vinegar 2 crackers Beets, 1 big helping Tea, as before	Cup consommé Shad roe Broccoli as desired Beets, 1 big helping Slice rye bread $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit Demi-tasse as before
<i><b>Wednesday</b></i>		
Raw apple Boiled egg Café au lait	Cup bouillon Plain omelet Asparagus, as desired Carrots, 1 big helping Slice rye bread Stewed fruit Demi-tasse as before	Cup madrilène, hot or cold Calves' liver (no bacon) Spinach, as wished Corn on cob, no butter 1 slice rye bread Tea, as before

<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>
	<i>Thursday</i>	
Orange Poached egg Café au lait	Cup consommé 2 shirred eggs Tomatoes, as desired Slice rye bread Stewed rhubarb Tea, as before	Cup madrilène 2 lamb or veal chops Brussels sprouts Apple slices, fried in mineral oil 2 crackers $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit Demi-tasse, as before
	<i>Friday</i>	
$\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit Boiled egg Café au lait	Cup madrilène 3 small fish (not fried) String beans as desired Large dish apple sauce Tea, as before	Cup consommé Scallops Cabbage, as desired Green peas, 1 big helping Slice rye bread 1 orange Demi-tasse, as before
	<i>Saturday</i>	
Orange Poached egg Café au lait	Cup bouillon Calves' brains Cauliflower, 1 big helping 2 crackers 1 baked apple Tea, as before	Cup bouillon 1 helping of chicken Tomatoes, as desired Carrots, 1 big helping 2 crackers $\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit Demi-tasse, as before
	<i>Sunday</i>	
$\frac{1}{2}$ grapefruit Boiled egg Café au lait	Cup consommé Cold chicken, 1 big helping Slice bread Mixed green salad, mineral oil, vinegar Peas, 1 big helping Tea, as before	Cup madrilène, hot or cold Lamb or veal kidneys String beans, as desired Beets, 1 big helping Slice bread Stewed fruit Demi-tasse, as before

third day, and by using the menus shown on the table the rest of the time, you may lose five to eight pounds a week. Here is the diet:

At 8 a.m., a glass of clear tea or coffee; at 9 a.m., a glass of tomato juice; 10 a.m., a glass of water; 11 a.m., a glass of milk; 12 noon, a cup of soup; 1 p.m., a glass of water; 2 p.m., a glass of milk; 3 p.m., a glass of hot tea; 4 p.m., a glass of water; 5 p.m., a cup of soup; 6 p.m., glass of water; and 7 p.m., a glass of milk.

Take no other food during the day—not even a cracker! From 7 p.m. on, drink nothing but water, and take a cathartic before going to bed.

If you stay on this diet faithfully, you can lose any number of pounds you wish. No special exercises nor massage is necessary. It's always wise to check with a doctor before going on any reducing diet; but if you know you are in good health, this one won't hurt you. Just stick to the approved foods, without cheating!

### **Table of Substitutions**

*The foods listed in the table below appear in the order in which they are given on the menus*

**Halibut:** Any other non-oily fish (not lobster or shell fish), cheese, plain omelet, cottage cheese with chives, Crabemon (soft shell crabs)

**Tomatoes:** Sauerkraut, sorrel, leeks, asparagus tips—or tomato juice

**Watermelon:** Citrus fruits such as orange, grapefruit, apple, pear

**Sweetbreads:** Calves' brains, lamb or veal kidneys, cheese omelet

**Mushrooms:** Cauliflower, wax beans, eggplant, Brussels sprouts, rhubarb

**Lima Beans:** Artichoke in season (without butter), beets, corn, parsnips

**Stewed Fruit:** Berries in season, if served with no sugar or cream

**Endive:** Mixed greens, water cress, sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, asparagus vinaigrette

**Beets:** Turnips, parsnips, carrots, peas

**Broccoli:** Spinach, string beans, cooked endive, beet greens

**Asparagus:** Leeks, swiss chard, Brussels sprouts, eggplant

**Carrots:** Beets, parsnips, green peas, artichoke in season (without butter)

**Calves' Liver:** Fish (of non-oily variety), hamburger, chicken

**Spinach:** Broccoli, string beans, cooked lettuce, asparagus (without butter)

**Corn on Cob:** Pumpkin, carrots, turnips or kohlrabi, parsnips

**Rhubarb (as vegetable):** Wax beans, sauerkraut, cooked lettuce, beet greens

**Lamb or Veal Chops:** Rabbit (cooked in wine or vinegar), chicken, turkey

**Brussels Sprouts:** Kohlrabi, spinach, wax beans, cucumbers

**Fried Apple Slices:** Cooked pineapple slices, cooked apricots, pineapple juice

**String Beans:** Mixed green salad, sliced tomatoes, sorrel, asparagus tips

**Apple Sauce:** Half grapefruit, stewed fruit, gooseberries, cherries, baked apple

**Scallops:** Shrimps, crab meat with cheese, oysters fried in mineral oil, salmon, tuna fish

**Cabbage:** Kohlrabi, cooked lettuce, cooked celery, swiss chard, beet tops

**Peas:** Squash, zucchini, turnips, corn

**Calves' brains:** Sweetbreads, kidneys, tripe, fish (of non-oily variety)

**Cauliflower:** Eggplant, rhubarb, cabbage, turnip greens, eight radishes

**Baked Apple:** Same as "Apple Sauce"

**Chicken:** Turkey, squash, duck, rabbit

**Kidneys:** Sweetbreads, calves' brains, (with eggs if preferred), cheese omelet

*Remember those sizzling arguments around  
the cracker-barrel? Town Meeting of the Air  
provides a new version of that old American custom*



## National Heckle Hour

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

**H**ITLER OUGHT to tune in to the Blue Network this Thursday night at 8:30. He'd get a 60-minute sample of democracy in action.

For Town Meeting of the Air is good old-fashioned American cracker-barrel where John Q. Citizen and the higher-ups—people like Wendell Willkie, Norman Thomas, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dorothy Thompson—get together and battle it out on topics of the day.

Anything can happen—and usually does. Like the night Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Eugene Meyer went to the mat on New Deal principles and the 1,500 silk-hat hecklers in the studio got so wrought up that Town Hall leaders called for a police escort for the first lady. "Nonsense," said she. "I'm not afraid of crowds."

Fireworks like that have raised Town Meeting to a pinnacle of popularity with some 10 million fans tuning in

from Hawaii to Juneau, Alaska, where they turn off the electric plant and listen in the darkness, enthralled, to the weak radio waves.

How did this radio revival of a great American institution get its start? George V. Denny, Jr., former actor and play company manager who is ringmaster of Town Meeting, says:

"One spring evening in 1934 I stepped out to take a walk after listening to one of President Roosevelt's fireside chats, and I met a friend. I asked him what he thought of the President's speech. He said he hadn't heard it—he'd been visiting a neighbor who was such a rabid Roosevelt-hater that he wouldn't even tune in."

That remark started Denny thinking. He figured there must be millions of other Americans who were closing their minds to the other fellow's viewpoint. That wasn't democracy—not as he understood it. He wondered

how people could be made to *want* to hear both sides of a question.

Before he went home that evening, he had devised a radio show where free speech would be free for all, where any citizen could air his views as candidly as Colonials did in meetings on the village common.

He began talking about his plan to friends and acquaintances at dinner parties and luncheons. And as luck would have it, at one of these meetings was Mrs. Richard C. Patterson, Jr., whose husband was then executive vice-president of NBC. She told her husband, and he in turn told John F. Royal who put on the network's programs. And before Denny could do more than blink in astonishment, he was signed up for six trial shows.

The very first one rang the bell:

"Town Meeting tonight! Town Meeting tonight!" called the crier. "Which way America—Fascism, Communism, Socialism or Democracy? Town Meeting tonight . . ."

Then Norman Thomas, Raymond Moley, Lawrence Dennis and A. J. Muste stepped into the ring to punch it out in a word-battle that brought 3,000 letters from listeners in 28 states. The response was enthusiastic, but some of the writers wondered if such an open program might not "end up in propaganda."

It hasn't. Town Hall and the Blue Network have seen to that, although it has meant turning down superb offers from would-be sponsors.

Today Town Meeting is still unsponsored, unrehearsed, uncensored and unbridled—and that in wartime.

In the United States and Alaska, 129 stations broadcast the show, and transcriptions are flown by Clipper to Hawaii and rebroadcast from there.

In the first half-hour of the program, speakers like H. G. Wells, Secretary Harold L. Ickes and Sir Norman Angell meet in deadly debate. Then they are turned over to the studio audience—1,500 sober citizens who toss aside their inhibitions for 30 minutes of bloodthirsty heckling.

War has made a little difference in staging this third degree. Now, to make sure that no question is in code, everyone writes his query on a card and hands it to ushers who re-word the message and make sure that it is read in its new version.

ANYONE can ask a question—any question. If the speaker can't answer, the boos echo across the land. So many boos that fans have dubbed the show "National Heckle Hour."

Ribbing like this scares off some celebrities and makes it tough for Denny and his assistant, Mrs. Marian S. Carter, to round up speakers. Especially since they are mighty particular about whom they ask. The guest must know all there is to know about the topic of the evening. He must speak with fire, have a good radio voice, and think fast to answer the sharpshooters in the question hour.

Sometimes Mrs. Carter gets in touch with 30 men before she finds one who will accept her invitation. Once after spending five days and 70 dollars in telephone bills persuading a celebrated lawyer to say "Yes," she was awak-

ened by the telephone at four a.m. on the morning of the broadcast. It was the lawyer, huskily quavering that he hadn't been able to sleep a wink all night for worrying about the program—he just couldn't go on with it.

There was no more sleep for Mrs. Carter that night. By 5:15 a.m. she had tracked down a famous United States senator to a duck blind in a New Jersey swamp. At 5:50 she was speaking to him. At 6:25 he agreed to appear. And at 8:30 that evening, he turned up—with a script, and a duck for Mrs. Carter as token of forgiveness for being dragged from his hunt.

Usually speakers aren't asked at that late date. But because Denny wants to keep Town Meetin' as timely as the headlines in your morning paper, he rarely plans a program earlier than two weeks before it goes on.

He and his assistants get their ideas for topics from newspapers, magazines and suggestions which fans write in. This year, by popular demand, the show will have plenty to say—once a month—about post-war planning.

No speaker has ever been squelched on this sky's-the-limit program. Once when a man in the audience complained that there was no free speech in the United States, Denny invited him to come up to the mike. The man sat down, wordless.

When Verne Marshall, head of the now defunct No Foreign Wars committee, ignored house rules to plug his pet project, the audience thundered "No!" at him until Marshall pulled off his coat and dared them to come up on stage and slug it out with him.

Ringmaster Denny isn't happy when he thinks of that session. But most of them he takes in his stride, using his wit to strike a spark of laughter, his Southern tact to soothe an angry speaker, and his common sense to keep the show half three-ring circus, half education.

He has never read Roberts' Rules of Order. "If we started worrying about parliamentary procedure, we'd never get anywhere," he says.

DENNY had his baptism of fire during the fourth program when a man rose up in the auditorium and bel低ed, "I'm the nephew of the red-headed woman."

"What is your question?" asked Denny.

"The question is . . ." said the fuddled one, "er—should America shtay at home?"

"Yes," agreed Denny, "that is the question we are discussing. But what is *your* question?"

"The question is . . . what would've happened to America . . . sheventeen shevinty-shix . . . if Franshe had shtayed at home?"

With 15 seconds to go (and Denny sure Town Meeting would never get beyond the trial stage now), James W. Gerard, at that time Ambassador, stepped up to the mike and asked, "Just what was that question?"

And the show was off the air—safe.

Such dramatics have a lot to do with the week-in week-out attendance of Town Meeting fans.

Many of them have banded together in their own "listening groups,"

some 3,000 in all. They meet in a prospector's hut in the Mojave Desert, the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, the cabin of a fishing schooner off the coast of Maine. And after the radio show, they argue out the topic for themselves.

Answering fan letters keeps two girls busy all the time. For some 400 thousand persons have written in to Town Meeting and more than a million have ordered the bulletins that catch in cold black type the fireworks of the sessions.

In these notes, some on penny postcards, others typed on crisp office stationery, America speaks its mind. Farmers, soldiers, schoolmarms, businessmen, sailors and dowagers, they are as frank as the studio hecklers.

An Indiana farmer argues that it's the lack of farm machinery, not labor,

that causes food shortages. A sergeant points out that soldiers don't drop their guns at five o'clock to demand double for overtime. A major general in the Marines says that Town Meeting is just what we need "to wake up the rusty and dormant minds of the American people."

And in Wainwright, Alaska, only a hundred miles from the top of the world, Minister Percy Ipalook says: "Up here we may be classed as Republicans or Democrats or neither, but the fact remains that we are the Eskimo. And as we sit in our igloos listening to broadcasts such as Town Meeting of the Air, we learn more and more of the progressive democratic life in the United States."

Well, that was what Denny had in mind when he started the show, wasn't it?

### **Where Our Soldiers Are Fighting**

¶**New Zealand has no snakes.**

—*Pocket Guide to New Zealand*

¶**NEW CALEDONIA is the only island in the western South Seas which is entirely free of fever.**

—*Pocket Guide to Caledonia*

¶**MEAT PIES are the Australian version of the hot dog, and in Melbourne, the substitute for a hamburger is a "dim sim," chopped meat rolled in cabbage leaves.**

—*Pocket Guide to Australia*

¶**THE CHINESE do not fondle pets. Dogs, patted by visitors not knowing this, may bite them out of sheer surprise!**—*Pocket Guide to China*

¶**IN MANY PARTS of China there is a superstition that a photograph magically removes a person's soul. Crowds may turn ugly at the sight of a camera.**

—*Pocket Guide to China*

¶**INDIA HAS one-fifth of the world's population. Total area of the country is just about half of the United States, but there are three times as many people—389 million. Average yearly earnings of an Indian is about the same as the American soldier makes in a month. The country has about 100 different languages.**—*Pocket Guide to India*

## **Not of Our Species**

• • • Captain Jimmie Bailey was heading his tugboat up out of Galveston Bay when he sighted what he thought at first must be a sea horse, nonchalantly swimming along, six miles from the mainland.

The animal did not seem to want help, but they maneuvered him onto a reef. The next day they loaded him aboard a barge and took him ashore.

Later, Mr. J. B. Little claimed the horse was his cowpony, Brownie. Oyster fishermen had seen him head into the bay, following the reefs. Then he had struck out into the deeper water toward Bolivar peninsula.

When the tugboat had rounded him up, Brownie had still several miles to go. As a colt, he had lived on the peninsula and some homing instinct must have prompted him to strike out for his old grazing grounds.

—*J. H. Summers  
Denver, Colorado*

• • • A few years ago my father added an expensive tom turkey to his flock. The day he was delivered he disappeared from the range, but we felt sure that he would return home by nightfall.

Instead, he made his roosting place high in a giant pecan tree in the woods. All our efforts to get him to rejoin the flock were of no avail.

Then late one evening father called me to the turkey shed. There on the

top perch sat the old prodigal, making himself perfectly at home.

That night we had a hard, late summer storm. When the skies cleared again next day, we found that the pecan tree which had been Old Tom's roost had been struck by a bolt of lightning and shattered to the ground.

That night Tom was missing once again. We learned that he had taken roost in the cottonwood tree across the creek from his old haunt.

His first and only visit to the farm was paid on the night his home in the woods was destined for destruction!

—*Noel D. Ballard  
Muskogee, Oklahoma*

• • • One noon Edison Bullock was quietly eating his lunch when he noticed a small spider struggling to lift a dead wasp over a door sill.

The ingenious insect soon realized that the wasp was too heavy for a direct carry hold, so he spun a thread which he hooked to the wall, wound under the wasp and brought back up to the door post.

When his preparations were completed, the spider began to wind up the web in the same way a practiced mechanic would wind up a pulley. The astonished Bullock recognized a direct application of the block and tackle principle, a method giving the spider a two-to-one power over the weight of the wasp. —*E. J. Bullock  
Haynesville, Louisiana*

*There's rubber galore in the Amazon basin, but it takes 50 thousand Brazilians to buck the odds of the jungle and prove it's there for the tapping*



## Rubber's Promised Land

by SIDNEY CARROLL

SOMETHING BIG is going on down in Brazil. It is so big that it is hard for us in the United States, who think we invented bigness, to believe.

The best way to get a grasp of the size of it is to start with little things and work up. Think of two big clusters of broccoli on a plate, scantily sprinkled with pepper. The plate is Brazil. The broccoli is jungle. And the pepper spots are the cities of Brazil.

In Brazil the jungle is omnipresent; it sits on patient haunches on three sides of the seaports, the biggest jungle in the world. You think the United States is big? Well, the basin of the Amazon stacks up to it for size, acre for acre. And the big thing going on down there is that 50 thousand Brazilians are going to get out of the cities and move into this jungle.

This story of the reclaiming of the Brazilian jungle has found its way into quite a few American newspapers. At

first it may sound like pretty dull stuff. Here's this country Brazil—you know, where Carmen Miranda hails from. Seems there's a jungle down there and the Brazilians have an idea they might be able to do something with it. Foolhardy, these Brazilians.

But few newspaper accounts of the Brazilian exodus have touched on the real heart of the whole affair. That heart is composed of 50 thousand people . . . men, women and children.

What manner of men are these who will take their wives and children into the jungle? A Brazilian loves his fiesta, his siesta, his coffee and his hammock. Yet, here are 50 thousand of these pleasure-seekers saying farewell to all that forever. What magnetic force draws them into the jungle?

The answer is a roundabout sort of story that starts out with a tree.

In the jungles of Brazil there grows a tree called *Hevea Brasiliensis* by the

naturalists. Over millions of acres *Hevea*, the cow-tree, grows. If you slash it with a knife, a milk oozes from it. The Amazonian Indian knew about that tree for centuries before the white man came. Then, about two hundred years ago, a few inquisitive French and Portuguese gentlemen became intrigued with this pulpy stuff that was so soft and flexible when it dried. The white man gave it names like caoutchouc, and latex, and rubber — and wondered what could be done with it.

So he played with it in his laboratories for a hundred years. He tried to make shoes out of it. They stuck to the cobblestones on hot days and leaked on cold days. The tree milk, torn from the breast of the *Hevea*, would not behave in the white man's world. The men in the laboratories tried hard to civilize it, but for a hundred years they were frustrated. And then along came a man named Charles Goodyear.

Books are full of tales of men who suffered untold tortures for an idea. There's nothing funny in a man subsisting on crumbs if he carries the divine spark in his bosom. But it is comical to say that a man lived and died for rubber.

Yet Goodyear was hungrier than Schubert, and sicker than Michelangelo. He lived and died for rubber, and it is a funny thing—because we

are in the habit of crowning our geniuses with laurel, not rubber plants.

At last one day Goodyear discovered that if rubber is treated with sulphur in a certain way it retains its peculiar properties in hot weather and cold, in dampness and dryness. It was the end of a hundred-year quest.

The world was waiting for somebody to tame the flexible milk from the *Hevea Braziliensis*. When Goodyear stumbled upon his sulphur cure he started a new world turning. He gave us rubber tires for haste and rubber erasers for indiscretions. He made civilization, as we know it, possible. He also made a new sort of civilization for Brazil. Overnight, the jungle was overrun by rubber-seeking adventurers and freebooters from every country.

Their task seemed a fairly simple one. All they had to do was invade the unknown, stake out a claim and start tapping the trees. Naturally, one man could not do the job alone. The only labor available in quantity was the Amazon Indian, and the white man enslaved him by the usual methods. He gave him shiny trinkets and fire-water—for a price. The Indian spent the rest of his life paying off that price.

There were several El Doradoes of this rubber boom. One of them was Manaos, a town that lies 11 days by side-wheeler up the Amazon in the



**very core of the Amazon Valley.** Manaos had slumbered on the river for a century or so. When the rubber boom started, Manaos shuffled off its cocoon. From a few hundred the population sprang to 75 thousand.

Drawn by rumors of great wealth, adventurers arrived from Europe and the United States. At no time in modern history has one city of such size contained so many millionaires. The clerks in the rubber warehouses wore diamonds on every finger. The millionaires got together and built themselves an opera house for five million dollars and imported an opera company from Europe. Half the company promptly caught malaria and died. The other half is said to have split up; some went home to Italy and some headed up the river to stake out rubber claims of their own. Manaos was on one of the great benders of all time.

One rubber baron built himself a fountain in the front yard of his villa which spouted champagne 24 hours a day. Nobody seemed to care how much money was spent. The millionaires built themselves a modern brewery and spent 40 million dollars on docks and wharves, but they paid absolutely no attention to sanitation. Street cleaning was taken care of by flocks of meat-eating birds, and a hundred lepers walked freely through the streets. Nome, in all its glory, was a Sunday School compared to Manaos.

But Manaos is the plush part of the legend. The other side of the tale is of men who fought against cannibals and disease for rubber—men who threw themselves into clouds of insects, who

survived dysentery only to succumb to malaria. Soaked by incessant rain, battered in the rapids along the tributaries of the mother river, they looked for the *Hevea*. If they survived all of this, they still had each other to contend with. Nobody can ever count the rubber men who died of murder, plain and simple. Those who won out against the odds, who found the rubber and sold it, came to Manaos to spend their money.

IT WAS A BOOM and, like all booms, it burst. There was a difference here, however, for the supply of rubber in Brazil did not give out, nor did the world's lust for raw rubber diminish. What happened to the jungle boom was the third of the economic fates.

The buyers of rubber, particularly the great markets in the United States, discovered that there was rubber to be had in the East, in Malaya, Java, Sumatra. And for a much cheaper price, for labor in the East was incredibly cheap. Consequently, the buyers of the world began to buy from the East, and the Brazilian bubble burst.

That was just before the World War. For 30 years now the jungle has been troubled by ghosts. There has been some rubber trading all these years, but in comparison with the halcyon days at the turn of the century it is just another ghost.

Now our history becomes more familiar. When, in 1941, the Jap moved into the islands of the East, he cut off our rubber supply. It took the Brazilians and the Rockefeller Com-

mittee to point out that the rubber of the Amazon Valley is waiting for us—millions of acres of virgin *Hevea*—the purest, finest rubber in the world.

Well, we've finally come around to their way of thinking. We're going into Brazil to start the old jungle boom up again. Of course, the 50 thousand Brazilians are doing most of it for us. We're giving some money and some equipment and sending American engineers along as technical advisors.

It will take time. Carloads of doctors, biologists, scientists and nurses are going to set up health stations and supply depots. Farmers are going to start farms and dig irrigation ditches and drain the swamps. They're going to build airports. The 50 thousand people and the thousands to come will live on a sounder basis, protected by modern hygiene and the many other achievements of civilization.

Will it be the same old boom? Not likely. This time it is a scientific expedition which goes into those wilds. The scientists will take from the jungle and give back to the jungle. The old rubber boomers merely took. They slaughtered thousands of the *Hevea* and poured the proceeds into the women and the gambling tables of Manaos. This time the jungle will be nurtured, cultivated, irrigated.

And what of the heart of the business—what of the 50 thousand people? Who are they?

They are Brazilians who are going to start cities in the jungle and bring their children up in the jungle. They are, for the most part, poor people.

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in ALL FOR ONE, ONE FOR ALL: Acme Newspictures, Inc.; British-Combine Photos, Ltd.; British Information Services; Arnold Eagle from Crown Photo Features; *Desert Victory*, British Official Army Film released by 20th-Century Fox; Max Peter Haas from European; Free-Lance Photographers Guild; International News Photos; Map from Lend-Lease Administration; The New York Daily News; Office of War Information; U.S. Army Signal Corps; U.S. Navy; War Shipping Administration.

The poor can afford to take risks.

The Brazilian government has long dreamed of invading the jungle with a formidable army of settlers, for the geologists have long known that the Brazilian jungle is probably the richest piece of land in the world. Diamonds, coal, oil, manganese, bauxite and a hundred other minerals lie there in an abundance only the geologists dare dream of. Even quinine, cotton, petroleum and gold are part of the jungle's tremendous resources.

But why do they go? Why should they leave their safe, sanitary cities for this plunge into blackness?

The answer may lie in the map of Brazil itself. Look at its big cities to the north and south. Rio, Sao Paulo, furnace-hot Belem and the others. Each is a modern metropolis, but each lies within echo distance of the jungle. In so many of the cities and towns of Brazil a Brazilian grows up with an awareness of this great, green thing always at his back, always in his nostrils. It is his constant mystery. A Brazilian speaks of the jungle with the same fierce pride that a Texan uses when he speaks of the desert, or a Dakotan when he describes the hills. It is the greenest thing in his vision. He hopes to step deep into it some day. It is the promised land.



ng  
E.  
c.;  
In-  
om  
ty,  
in-  
Cu-  
ld;  
om  
ork  
on;  
ar

isks.  
ong  
th a  
the  
the  
hest  
nds,  
d a  
n an  
dare  
etro-  
gle's

ould  
cities

up of  
es to  
nulo,  
mers.  
each  
ngle.  
ns of  
n an  
hing  
in his  
y. A  
n the  
uses  
or a  
hills.  
ision.  
some

ONET

## *Picture Story:*

### **All For One, One For All**

(The Story of Lend-Lease)

by EDWARD R. STETTMAYER, JR.

**T**WO YEARS AGO President Roosevelt placed his signature on a document officially titled "An Act to Promote the Defense of the United States." This document, the Lend-Lease Act, will go down in history. Through Lend-Lease, the people of the United States recognized that the interests of this country were bound together with the interests of all men fighting for freedom everywhere. Without the new strength and unity that came into being as a direct result, we might now be battling the enemy on our own soil. For we know today, more surely than ever, that we could not win the war without the help of those whom we have aided, even as they could not have survived without our help.





The miracle of Dunkirk saved the men but stranded the great bulk of Britain's arms. She now stood alone with what few weapons she could muster.



Then the Battle of Britain began in earnest. How long could she hold out? While the flames leaped higher, we debated, pro and con: Resolved, that we aid England and others resisting the aggressors, since they were the last remaining bulwark between Hitler and America.



The battle of the air was matched in fury by the battle of the sea-lanes. We began to realize that with the British fleet knocked out, we might find ourselves fighting a two-ocean war with a one-ocean navy.



As the score of sunken ships and blitzed factories mounted, we increased the sum of our semi-official aid. But it was not enough. Britain was clearly fighting a losing battle for her life and, therefore, for ours.



*All had gone according to plan for the Nazis. Today they ruled a Greater Germany . . . "tomorrow the whole world."*



*And why not? The path of Axis aggression had been half paved because the democracies were not united . . . They had allowed the Ethiopians to pit their sticks and stones against the armor of the Fascisti.*



*For almost four years the Chinese had fought Japan alone with unconquerable courage, but with wholly inadequate weapons.*



*And the Poles pitted gallantry—and a handful of antiquated little tanks—against the Panzers. But their gallantry was not enough.*



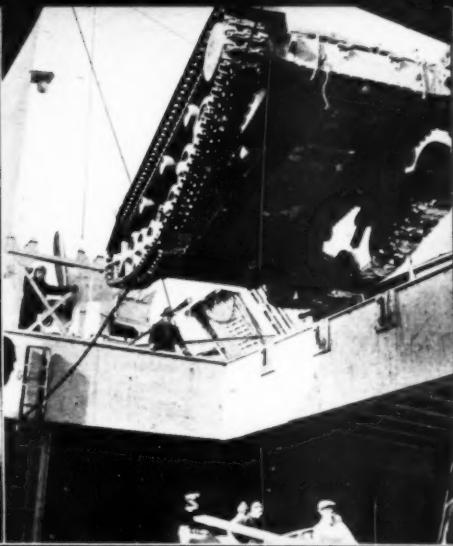
And in the United States? Well,  
we put some men in training—but  
they trained with wooden weapons.



Yet not without opposition. "America  
first!" some among us shouted, or  
"Let Europe stew in her own juice."



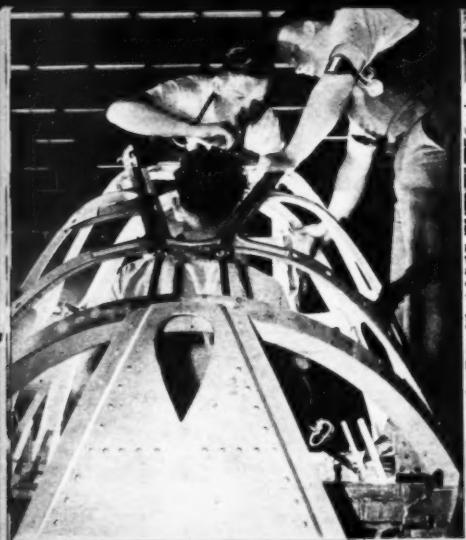
President Roosevelt warned the country against the luxury of wishful thinking. When your neighbor's house is on fire, you lend him your garden hose, he said, and on March 11, 1941, signed the Lend-Lease Act.



*Lathes hummed, stevedores sweated. The Arsenal of Democracy slowly swung into production—a precious nine months before the Japanese were to plunge their dagger in our backs.*



*Everywhere the backbone of resistance stiffened. To Egypt, India and the Middle East—and to the embattled Red Army in Russia—the British unhesitatingly trans-shipped much of their American Lend-Lease equipment.*



All over America men and women, boys and girls, went into factories to fight the War of Survival. Thousands and thousands of workers were trained in plants built especially to fill Lend-Lease orders.



Lend-Lease was like an electric current, sparking the morale of those who had lived to fight again. The pilots spoke English, Russian and Chinese but their made-in-America bombs spoke the language of international democracy.



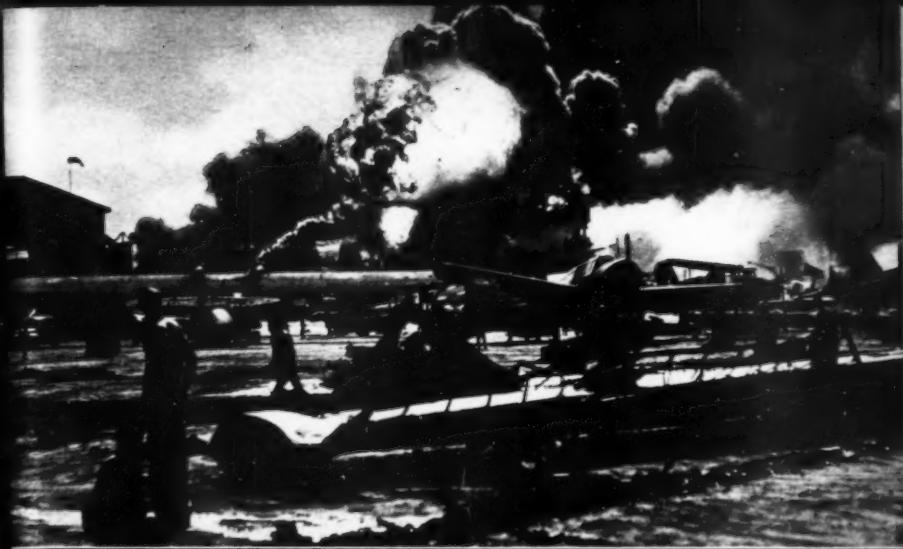
Food is ammunition too . . . food for fighters, food for workers, new seed for scorched land. These went across the seas in strange forms devised to save every inch of shipping space—dehydrated fruits, compressed vegetables, powdered milk and eggs.



And the convoys—most of them—fought their way through to port. The suffering will never be fully reckoned, but the lifeline was kept open.



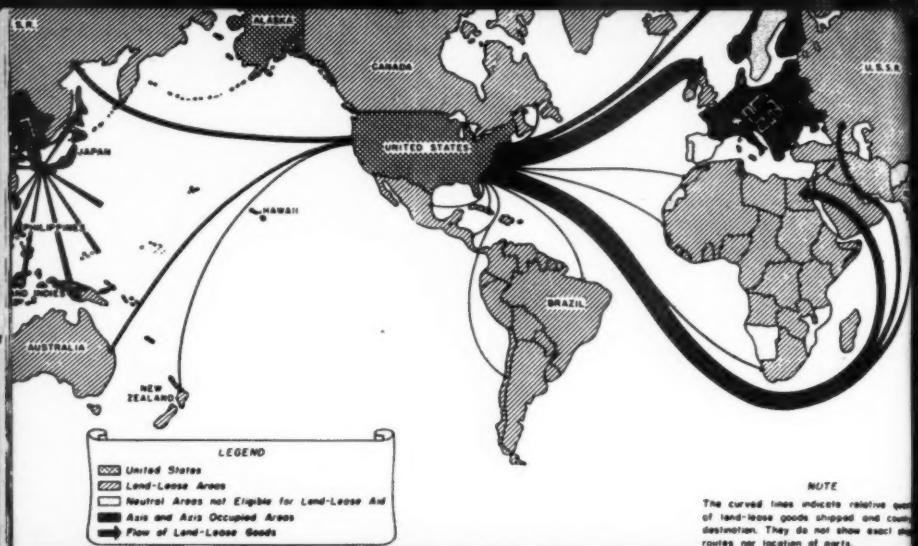
The Axis fought with slave labor and stolen food. Against this, the fruits of the free labor of our great industrial nation were stacked up . . . offering nourishment, medicine, arms and a new will-to-endure.



Then came Pearl Harbor, and with it our country went to war as a full partner of the United Nations. It was now truly all for one and one for all. What difference did it make whether a German was killed by a Russian in an American tank or by an American in a British Spitfire?



Lend-Lease weapons, in the hands of our friends, had given us borrowed time in which to train and equip an army. Soon our men were crossing the ocean—to defend America by aiding the Allies on the field of battle.



The map of Lend-Lease is now the map of the world—46 nations strong. The Lend-Lease countries cover nearly three-fourths of the earth and contain nearly three-fourths of the world's people.



But Lend-Lease is no one-way street. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, Great Britain rushed barrage balloons and anti-aircraft guns to our West Coast. Our troops in Britain, Australia and other parts of the world were to receive such reverse lend-lease aid in even greater quantities.



The Chinese fought with American machine guns while Americans were fighting with British flame-throwers. American anesthetics assuaged the pains of Russian soldiers, Australian bandages bound the wounds of American doughboys. The nations banded together.



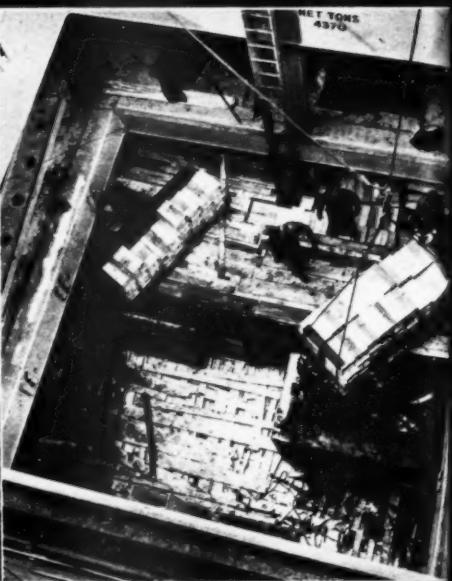
American tools were grasped by strange hands. Under pressure of war the mightiest coalition in all history was welded into a terrible striking force.



*In the last war we spent more than two billion dollars in Great Britain and France for maintenance of our men. But in this war, food and other supplies are freely provided to our forces without payment by us. There is no dollar sign on freedom.*



*No platoon of bookkeepers tries to figure whether we spend more repairing and refueling Allied ships than they spend on our vessels.*



*No apostle of the decimal point attempts to evolve a standard for weighing the cost of x lives against the price of y tons of shipping.*



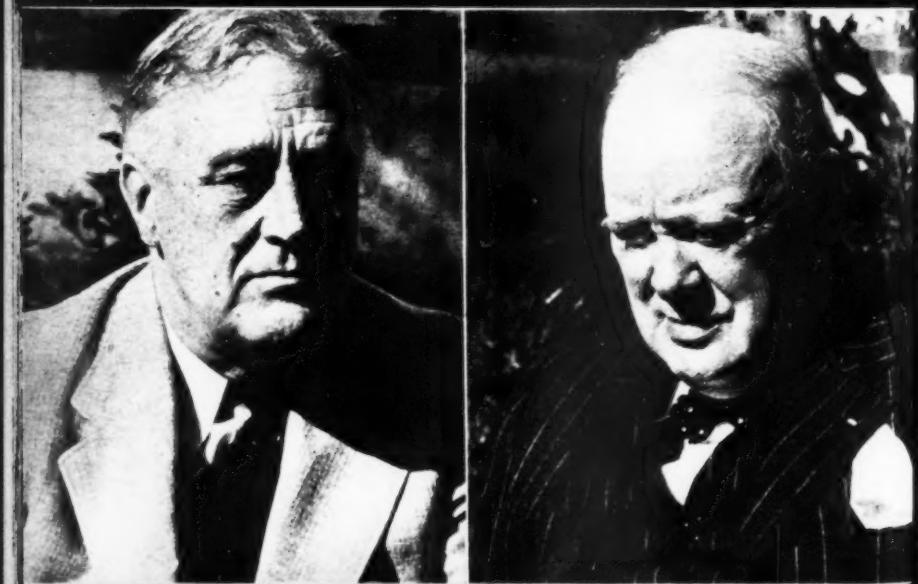
The flourish of President Roosevelt's pen more than two years ago has become a mighty sword stroke. The enemy is being pounded today with weapons ordered under the Lend-Lease Act, produced in factories whose capacity was tremendously expanded by Lend-Lease orders.



Lend-Lease works. Only through the pooling of all the resources of all the United Nations has the enemy been made to bleed and burn. Only thus will we inevitably "beat him and his powers of evil into death, dust and ashes."



*And so, one day, the sun of the Axis will set. And then there will be the summing up. We will acknowledge our errors as well as our shrewd thrusts... but we know that the date March 11, 1941, will surely go down as the day on which we struck a mighty blow for America and for freedom.*



*Unconditional surrender they have demanded and unconditional surrender we shall win. And, for the tomorrow after Victory, Lend-Lease is strengthening the unity required to build a peaceful world in which freedom and opportunity will be secure for all.*

i  
a  
s  
y  
V  
t  
D  
r  
a  
N

a  
or  
or  
ro  
th  
di  
ho  
fr  
co  
th  
mo  
mo  
che  
thr

JUR



er  
h-  
nd

## *London Letter*



—London (By Cable)

THERE'S A little old American lady who has lived in England many years. She's very deaf and her mind doesn't work so clearly as it once did. She lived in London all through the Blitz and never went to a shelter. There wasn't much point, she said, so long as she couldn't hear the bombs anyway.

She lives with another old lady who is nearly blind—an English woman—and an elderly London actor who still stands stiff as a ramrod despite his 83 years and is currently appearing in a West End show. The elderly actor toured America in the days when Daly's Theater was in its prime and remembers seeing buffalo hides stacked alongside the stations of the Great Northern Railroad like cord wood.

These three old people live alone in a little flat not far from Hyde Park: one deaf and a little fuzzy in the mind, one feeble and nearly blind, one ramrod straight but very old. They wash their own clothes, iron them, wash dishes, cook meals, do all their own housecleaning—even gather wood from the bombed house around the corner to keep a little fire going on their hearth and stand in the cues all morning long in order to get horse-meat for their cat. They do all this cheerfully and without grumbling. All three sit around the fire in their

mouldy old flat—all three knitting for the troops.

But all three are unhappy; not about the war, but because when they registered under the National Service Act they were told that they were too old to contribute to England's war effort!

THAT'S NOT A dramatized incident. That's pretty typical of England. When you first arrive in wartime London you think the British have a long way to go before they achieve total mobilization of man and woman power. You see porters at the stations, doormen outside the hotels, head-waiters in the restaurants. You see five men working out of one truck to deliver coal by the bag, instead of one man with a coal chute. You see men and women scrubbing down office steps on their hands and knees, polishing the bricks of the sidewalk. You see a dozen kinds of wasted labor in a single day.

But then you begin to see the other side of the picture—the calling up of girls of 18 to do work at government order, either in the British equivalent of WAACs or in munitions factories. And the calling up of married women from their homes. You see, too, the steady replacement of men in private business by women and the replacement of women by boys and girls who

can hardly be more than eighth graders. You see men working all day at office jobs and spending all night and nearly each weekend on maneuvers with the Home Guard. You see girls from the government offices leaving their typewriters at five o'clock and going to a shell factory for a four hour trick before falling into bed exhausted at eleven.

Then you realize that whatever the failings of the British total mobilization, it's far more comprehensive than that of the United States—it has to be if the nation of 40 million is going to keep pace in this war.

IF ENGLAND is ever going to be Americanized (and that seems doubtful since 20 years of Hollywood movies haven't made a dent in the British accent or changed English living habits one iota), it probably will be wartime Sundays in Hyde Park that will do it. Every Sunday Hyde Park is full of Americans and Canadians playing baseball—or rather, softball. When the sun is warm and the sky is clear there will be two to three thousand spectators packed watching these sandlot pickup teams.

When the American sandlotters first started playing the spectators cheered loudest—actually they applauded in a restrained manner—at the infield popflies and foul-tipped balls. But each week they are improving. Under the guidance of doughboys, the spectators are learning to join in what the English call "barracking" or what Americans call razzing.

Any day now some sedate English-

man in a bowler hat with the inevitable umbrella carefully rolled under his arm is going to holler "Moider dem bums! Kill de umpire!"

FOUR YEARS of war have left Britain with curious civilian shortages. Because of the lack of paper you see housewives carrying home unwrapped fish in their bare hands—or an elderly colonel strolling down Piccadilly with a naked loaf of bread nonchalantly tucked under his arm. Women's handbags are so scarce and expensive that smartly dressed girls swing small knapsacks from their shoulders or carry old fashioned string shopping bags.

One of the best effects is the introduction of the so-called utility dress and coat for women. For the first time English women in the lower spending brackets are getting the advantages of what their American cousins have long had—a ready-to-wear industry. Thanks to standardized styles and materials and the work of smart designers, girls now can buy for a couple of pounds coats similar to those which any New York department store has been selling for years. The dress industry in England believes that ready-to-wear is here to stay.

Another odd feature is the columns of classified ads inserted by big stores like Selfridges—the British equivalent of Macy's—offering to buy second hand clothes, furniture, dishes, rugs, in fact almost anything second hand. The stores have to get second hand goods, because there are too few new civilian goods being produced to fill their shelves. —MICHAEL EVANS

*His world was bleak and despair-ridden until Rena, his seeing dog, opened new paths to him and gave him freedom*



## I Get a New Pair of Eyes

by BARNE CHRISTENSEN

"I CAME HERE a prisoner. I am going away a free man." That thought tenanted my mind as my dog and I were en route home—a working unit.

My hand reached automatically down to my left side. And there was Rena, my guide dog. Her cold nose was nuzzled in my hand. Her soft warm head pressed against my thigh. The instructor had asked me if I thought the result was worth the time and effort I had expended. But I could not tell him all that was in my heart. Although he had great understanding, he never had been blind.

He could not know the full meaning of this new freedom. He could not know the mental and physical anguish of stumbling along with a cane, not knowing what hazards the next step would bring. He could not know the strain on nerves and mind and the depressing fatigue that is bound to follow. Nor could he understand the in-

ward revolt against hands that constantly reach out to assist. Again my hand reached down to that smooth head by my side. And my heart beat rapidly with the thought of my newfound liberty.

My dog, Rena, was my new eyes. Again I was master of my movements.

When I entered the school for instruction and to receive my dog it was not without doubts. Could these dogs really be relied on as guides through modern traffic? Maybe the dog would only be an additional trouble. But the medical certificate of my physical ability had been sent in and the reservation made. To a man brought up in the tradition of Uncle Sam's Navy, a rendezvous is a rendezvous.

At the school I was pleased from the start. The quarters were comfortable. A genuineness in the reception put me at ease to begin my training.

The first step dispelled one of the

myths of fiction—that the new team of owner and guide come together by natural affinity. No, you do not sit and pose while a number of dogs make an inspection until finally one of the pack selects you by registering affection at first sight.

You are not brought in contact with a dog for the first three or four days. The time is consumed by lectures about the care of dogs and the manner in which to give commands and praise. The inflection of the voice is of utmost importance in molding a good dog. To a blind person, a disobedient dog is the shadow of death walking by his side. Like human beings, dogs crave expressions of appreciation. Unlike circus dogs and pets, a guide dog cannot be given morsels of food for reward. Verbal praise is usually a very effective substitute.

THE DOG is trained and ready. It is the blind person who needs instruction. Because of his inability to control the dog, its efficiency marks will drop sharply for the first few days of unit training. However, these will rise again as soon as the dog's master learns to be proficient.

On the fourth day I was taken out on the streets with the trainer playing the part of guide dog. Mr. Williams had a harness for me to hold by and, as he stopped at curbs, I was to say enthusiastically, "That's a good girl, Juno!" I am afraid I whispered under my breath at first until Mr. Williams assured me that the town was well used to this training stunt.

That night I received my dog. It

was an experience I shall always remember. Rena was cold, indifferent and homesick for her friends in the kennel. I reached down to the side of the bed and stroked her smooth head as she lay there whimpering softly in the night.

The next morning we had our first workout. "Get ready for the station wagon!" the instructor called up the stairs. I started down with the dog in her harness held by my left hand and my cane in the right.

"Leave that cane in the room, you won't need that any more," said Mr. Williams. Only a person who has depended on a cane so long to guide him over obstructions, across streets, and as a warning to approaching cars, can understand the feeling of helplessness with one's right hand empty. Co-ordination and balance had disappeared.

The worst was to come. In town Mr. Williams told me to get out and place my dog in position to start down the street. I gave my first command, "Forward!" There was a sharp pull on the harness and we were off. Accustomed to feeling my way with a white cane the speed seemed terrific. The sidewalks were full of snow and ice. Suppose we were already off the walk and into the traffic? Suppose she had forgotten her instructions? Suddenly she stopped. That stop was definite—as if she were frozen to the ground.

"Put your right foot forward as you have been told!" said Mr. Williams from behind me. I did, and there was the curb!

"Cross the street and turn to the right!" ordered the instructor. At the

command "Right!" Rena swung her body in front of me and we again started with the same uncanny speed. In vain I tried to slow her down by coaxing. Suddenly my feet went from under me and I landed on the sidewalk with a hard thud!

"Phooey!" shouted Mr. Williams from across the street. "Phooey" is the word of correction. It means "shame on you" and it was addressed to Rena.

That was the last of Rena's rebellion against me. Slowly, humiliated, she touched my face with her nose. My hand reached out to her. Then somehow it seemed as if she understood that it was her job to take care of me and that she wanted to start her new role at once. I was quite ready to have her take charge. Through the harness handle I felt every move of her body and grew pliable under her guidance. I responded to the gentle pull of the harness as she guided me off the ice and into the safe snow. This little accident was a fortunate one, for it brought us together in a much shorter time than usual and melted us into a co-ordinating unit.

The days that followed were some of the happiest in my life. From the quiet streets of the little town to the fast traffic of industrial cities, through railroad stations with trains roaring by, on busses and streetcars, through revolving doors and on elevators, an inner voice seemed to say, "You are safe with your dog. You may go where you please. You can see again!"

The final test came in the heavy Saturday afternoon traffic of downtown Detroit. How could I ever forget

that afternoon with the milling crowd and Rena's graceful, swaying maneuvers as we wove in and out, never touching or bothering a single person!

FULL BENEFIT was to be realized after we returned home. Years of stagnant inertia would have to be made-up. Rena and I set out to see the town. We walked and walked. My legs reached out with long firm steps. My shoes that had seemed comfortable and roomy, grew tight and pinched.

Rena and I walked to the office every day, happy to go and proud of each other's companionship. People who never spoke before stop for a chat and Rena is delighted.

She was 18 months old when I first met her and then had been in training for six months. It is important to get the dogs young so that the blind may profit by as many years of their lives as possible. Guide dogs are spayed or gelded so that other dogs will not attack or follow them. Intelligence, courage, gentleness and deep sense of responsibility are taken into account in the selection of dogs for training. Experts have agreed that the European shepherd is best suited for leaders of the blind. There are fewer than seven hundred guide dogs in the United States, whereas Germany is said to have had nearly eight thousand.

In the well-kept, conservative schools for dogs for the blind, every dollar received from good will and public donations is made to give full value. Education of the dogs requires the services of men who are almost irreplaceable. Each dog costs about

six hundred dollars. To the school from which I received my training, and Rena, my share of all the investment and expense was 150 dollars.

A leader dog becomes much more than a dog to a blind person. She becomes a constant companion, at work, at play, in travel, in sleep, in sickness and in health.

The harness is her emblem of service. No one but me must lay his hand on it when she wears it. She is quick to recognize blind persons with white canes and will stop them in the street so they may run their fingers through her hair. But as for me, she will not permit a white cane. If I happen to bring out my cane to walk without her she will take it out of my hand and promptly drop it back in the closet.

Rena and I were in a quiet street one evening. After waiting for a noisy car to pass she started to cross. Sud-

denly the roar of a car with the muffler cut out, came from the right. I heard a drunken driver shouting, "Watch me get that damned dog!" This car was already upon us. I felt a thud against my breast and was thrown backward. Rena's paws were on my chest and her body pressed against mine.

I stroked her head and whispered, "That's a good, good girl, Rena." Her body relaxed and I felt her bushy tail switch my legs as she took her position at my left and brought me to the curb. Can any friend do more than offer life itself?

*Note: For the benefit of readers who are interested in learning more about guide dogs for the blind or about how such dogs may be obtained, the Seeing Eye Institute, Morristown, N. J., and the La Salle Kewels, Minneapolis, Minn., are two establishments where such Shepherd dogs are trained.*

### ***The Eyes Have It***

¶ A dog sees everything as pale gray; there are no brown, red, blue or white details in his world. An Irish setter is not a red-haired beauty to another dog; it's just another gray member of the race.

¶ The hen is being constantly deceived in her food, for the worm is only half the size she thinks it is.

¶ Fish see men as towering, distorted shapes which would frighten the men themselves, let alone put fish in a panic.

¶ Blinking the eyelids is the body's *fastest* automatic action. Spreading moisture over the ball requires only one-twentieth of a second.

¶ Tears wash the eye with nature's strongest germ killer; just one teaspoonful of tears would give antiseptic power to 100 gallons of water.

¶ Be-spectacled prisoners in German concentration camps are subjected to the severest cruelties because glasses, to the Nazi mind, connote intellectualism, which must be suppressed.

—FROM THE MAGAZINE *Visual Digest*



**Quick Salutes:** To the Empire Housing Corporation of New York, which was not at all dismayed when it couldn't obtain the 260 thousand square feet of factory space it needed to complete a housing project. Four circus tents were purchased, machinery installed in them, and 600 employees in doublequick time built shelters for war workers under a billowing big top . . . To the American Red Cross clubmobile units. They're mobile outfits that cruise up to the front lines to bring books, magazines, musical instruments, athletic equipment, even motion pictures fresh from home, to fighting men. One such unit handed out clothing, soap, razors, playing cards and other morale-lifters to American boys during the hottest bits of the Solomons fighting . . . To the movie industry for turning out training films that cut 40 to 60 per cent off the time needed to train a soldier in certain fundamentals. Next year it plans to produce two thousand such opuses. In addition, the industry is reducing current box-office favorites to 16 mm film size for free showings to service men the world over.



**And Now Paper:** Wanted: A shipping container able to withstand months of exposure, since warehouse space is scarce these days. Neither wood nor metal need apply since they're

needed for more vital war purposes. Found: Paper impregnated with plastic resin. Results: When burlap for bags became scarce a while back, multi-walled paper bags came to the rescue. In the Solomons when supplies had to be tossed into the water and picked up later because of inadequate docking facilities, paper wedged to plastic resin appeared in the shape of a container that held together in the water for 24 hours. Now even the skins, panels, tubes and structural members of many kinds of aircraft are being built of paper. Not only is this plastic paper equal in strength-weight ratio to scarce aluminum, but it resists denting or abrasion better and doesn't "petal-out" when hit by a bullet.



**Factorial Review:** In 1942 the United States Employment Service placed 10 million American workers in war jobs. To make certain that each one of the 10 million found the job for which his training and experience best qualified him, USES analyzed 60 thousand types of civilian positions and studied 10 thousand more for the Army, helping that mammoth organization to assign men to work most closely allied to their civilian skills . . . Since the outbreak of war, Boeing Aircraft has developed 100 thousand special tools to speed Flying Fortress production . . . Seventy per cent of the

825 thousand Social Security card holders, who are eligible to retire on their pensions, have deferred their claims and remained on the job. Another 24 thousand, who retired before Pearl Harbor, have gone back to work.



**Panoramericans:** In a crowded Dayton, Ohio, the Jan Savitt orchestra plays a theater engagement, then has to buy cots and bedding and camp on the stage overnight . . . All over the country shoe exchanges are springing up where growing children can swap their worn, tight shoes for a better fit

. . . In Atlantic City, police radio cars are equipped with new brooms and dust pans. Patrolmen use them to sweep up nails and other tire-damaging debris on city streets.



**Couriers in Crises:** It was imperative that the engineer of a Cleveland war plant reach Dayton, Ohio, within a matter of hours. He called the airlines. Sorry, replied priority officials,

all seats were taken by people who also had priority rating. The railroads likewise were jammed. In desperation, he phoned the Cleveland Courier Air Service and within a half hour was off the ground and aboard a special plane Dayton-bound. Similarly, one other Cleveland plant faced temporary shutdown unless it could get fuel pump parts from Defiance, Ohio, within six hours. The regular airlines ran no direct service to Defiance and a railroad or truck couldn't make it in time. Then the traffic manager shot through a call to C. A. S. and within three hours the parts were in the plant and in operation.

What's the C. A. S.? A branch of the Civil Air Patrol organized by Cleveland's war plants to provide emergency flying service to any point in the country when other means of transportation aren't available. Using small planes and private pilots, it not only expedites the movement of vital war workers and materials, but also is available to the Red Cross and armed services in times of emergency.

—LAWRENCE GALTON



### The Sacred Picture

THE IMPERIAL PORTRAIT of the Emperor of Japan is granted as a special favor to schools and universities for use during the celebration of national holidays, but it must be protected from harm at all costs. Formerly many teachers sacrificed their lives through hopeless efforts to rescue these portraits when school buildings were found enveloped in flames. Now the government requires each school to provide a fireproof safe or a special building for the Imperial portrait, and a competent watchman must be on guard at all times.

—JESSE F. STEINER IN *Behind The Japanese Mask* (Macmillan)



*One of our century's foremost careerists,  
Henrietta Szold is mother to 9,000 refugees  
and the first lady of modern Palestine*

## ***She Prevented 9000 Murders***

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

THE CHANCES ARE AT least 20 to 1 that you have never even heard the name of Henrietta Szold. Yet she is one of the superwomen of the world today, accomplishing at 82 years of age incredible things in saving the lives of the war orphans of Europe. Her disciples credit her with having prevented the slaughter of at least nine thousand homeless Jewish waifs.

Take Miss Szold's latest "stunt." When she heard early in the winter that nearly a thousand Polish refugee children were stranded at a port in the Caspian Sea after a hegira of three years—during which, according to official reports, they often "slept in the woods, half-naked, exposed to disease, eaten up by vermin,"—she immediately asked for their charge.

She negotiated with the Iran government for four months before she got their release. Finally she secured permission, only to have the Iraq (Ara-

bian) government refuse them transit across its borders. The sole alternative was to send them on another treacherous journey through the Persian Gulf, and up the Red Sea to Suez, where special trains carried them to the new Promised Land.

This convoy of waifs from the charnel house of Europe was only one of the migrant bands whom the aged woman has helped—her life since she was 60 years of age has been a romance of rescue. Backed by the Hadassah societies of America, which she organized and which have grown to 135 thousand strong, she has been able to accomplish miraculous things. In the last seven years these women of high and low estate—professors, clerks, housewives, stenographers and machine workers have poured three million dollars into the coffers of Miss Szold's Palestinian ventures.

Henrietta Szold, a shy, retiring

woman to whom fame is an embarrassment, frail in appearance and yet a dynamo of energy, highly intellectual but willing to walk miles through mud to aid an ailing baby, was born in Baltimore just before the Civil war. Her earliest recollection is as a child three or four years old helping women in the back room of an old house make bandages for wounded soldiers. Early she visited her ancestral home in Germany, and traveled over Europe. When the Russian persecution of the Jews began in 1882, and vast numbers of them sought asylum in America, Rabbi Szold and his daughter turned their home into a house of refuge. Henrietta proposed the founding of night schools to aid the refugees. Before long she was the director of a volunteer school system enrolling five thousand immigrants.

Here, too, she became interested in Zionism—the restoration of Palestine to the Jews. But the editorial field lured her, and for 23 years she served as secretary of the Jewish Publication Society. In 1909, her health failing, she took a trip to Europe.

This was the turning point in her career. She was in Jerusalem. A woman of high learning, holding a distinguished position, in her 50th year she wrote. "If I were only 20 years younger, I would feel that my field is here." Ten years later—when she was 60—she began her life's work at that very spot.

Back home, she led 38 New York women in founding Hadassah. The first project decided upon was the introduction of the American sys-

tem of visiting nurses in Jerusalem. Several trained nurses were sent from this country to launch the work. Later Nathan Straus became interested, and he and his wife financed for Miss Szold the first settlement house under her direction.

Human welfare activities gave a mighty spurt to Hadassah, which had grown by 1917 to 4,500 members. But war conditions forced the abandonment of the nursing service. Miss Szold then turned her energies to the organization of the American Zionist Medical Unit, which reached Palestine in the summer of 1918 with 44 medical men and nurses, ambulances and trucks, and 50 thousand dollars' worth of drugs and instruments. It had a budget of 250 thousand dollars, for which she felt largely responsible. The unit did marvelous work, but suffered from friction in its ranks. Miss Szold, now 60 years old and with a bad heart, was tapering off her work at doctor's orders, when she learned she was needed in Palestine apparently for two years to clear up the tangle—but really she went for life!

SHORTLY AFTER HER arrival, she joined the war against malaria, which was claiming 300 victims a week among immigrants alone. She organized a sanitary and prophylactic campaign in Jerusalem and in the hinterland, saying publicly that the country could be cleaned up in nine months and the disease could be conquered. Years later she went through the dread Arab-Jewish massacres—the "175 days of murder"—at the height of which her

Arab friends sent her flowers as a personal tribute. At 67 she was elected one of the three governors of all Zionist affairs in Palestine. Back in Baltimore for her 75th birthday celebration, she found Hadassah had 50 thousand members to support her work. In Palestine a jubilee fund of 20 thousand dollars was raised in her honor.

The year that Hitler came to power the crowning achievement of Henrietta Szold began. Often, she had dreamed of launching a pilgrimage of Jewish city youth back to the land, that they might live again by the plow and the saw. Thus the Youth Aliyah movement developed, which soon was to become a migration of children living in the shadow of death to a land of freedom.

In 1934 the first band of Jewish children arrived from Berlin and were settled in dormitories. From then on the trickle of juvenile refugees swelled to a flood.

Yet the aged woman kept the wires burning in her pleas for funds to her faithful supporters in America, as she went ahead aiding to build dormitories, schools and hospitals, enrolling doctors and nurses and teachers. She never let down in her educational standards; the refugee youths devoting four hours to work on the land and four to study. More than eight thousand have been aided, with 650 now grown up, serving with United Nations forces.

And what has become of the earlier proteges of a woman who couldn't quit even at 80, and who apologized in a personal letter to a friend that "I

can work only 12 hours a day now"? Three-fourths of those who have finished their two-year course of work have gone back to the land. One group of a hundred is turning the barren shore of the Dead Sea into fertile, highly productive land.

A fishing village called Hulatta has been founded upon the shores of Lake Huleh by Youth Aliyah graduates.

The heroic efforts of these young people to rebuild Palestine by setting up their own colonies and pursuing their training, has resulted in Hadassah establishing a revolving loan fund of 80 thousand dollars to assist them. This was raised in honor of Miss Szold's 80th birthday. Her loyal followers also gave her 10 thousand dollars as a personal tribute—which she immediately donated to the loan fund!

AND STILL THESE pathetic little refugees arrive. Some have been washed up on the shores from wrecked ships. Fourteen were saved from the S.S. *Salvator* which foundered and sank in the Black Sea. But most pathetic of all were the 70 prospective Youth Aliyah candidates on the S.S. *Struma*. Miss Szold had worked night and day to get their release from the unseaworthy boat. She got the order, but failed in her task—for the ship never made port.

The next day Miss Szold visited a refugee camp near Haifa, where arrivals without visas were interned. She found 30 children there fasting in memory of those who died on the *Struma*. She secured their release and undertook their care in the name of

the *Struma* dead. Likewise she arranged for care under the Youth Aliyah program of 172 child survivors of the S.S. *Patria*, which exploded and sank in Haifa harbor.

Meantime Hadassah, acting with the courage and zeal of its founder, has gone forward with a remarkable program of social welfare in Palestine. Public health, child care, land reclamation projects, maternity centers and forest planting all figure in its efforts.

The range of human welfare services is almost innumerable. Ranging the country you can find tuberculosis hospitals and clinics; rural medical campaigns, with rural district hospitals; dental, sex, and mental hygiene programs, orthopaedic and corrective gymnastic clinics; nutrition cookery classes; 48 infant welfare stations, providing pre-natal and postnatal care;

feeding programs for 25 thousand children, and medical supervision of 75 thousand school children; domestic science units; school hygiene service and anti-trachoma campaign; 35 playgrounds, and summer camps; and extensive land reclamation.

In recent years Hadassah has been vastly aided by Junior Hadassah, to which many working girls belong.

The movement is one of the most dramatic of centuries. It is proof that an old civilization can be renewed and immeasurably improved. The fact that new Jewish settlements have made it possible for Palestine to support 414 thousand more Moslems, 416 thousand more Jews, and 61 thousand more Christians than in 1919, and on a far higher level than ever before, indicates that Henrietta Szold did not idly dream.

### **Kindness Pays Dividends**

IN 1906, J. A. Becker sheltered and fed a destitute couple with seven children for almost three months. Thirty-six years later Becker's only living child received a bequest of 175 thousand dollars from the grateful family his father had befriended.

BECAUSE of his "kindly smile" a Pennsylvania postman is one thousand dollars richer. An old lady to whom he had delivered mail for 14 years remembered him and his cheerful service in her will.

A STRANGER ordered a meager lunch in a Texas restaurant, and when he had eaten he told the waitress he had no money for the check. The girl offered to pay it, but when she returned with her purse the man gratefully refused and gave her a hundred-dollar bill.

WHILE SAMUEL DAVIS was passing through Mashpee, Massachusetts, his hat blew off and was retrieved by a little boy who politely refused to accept a tip. Today school children of that city who display "kind, good manners" receive annual awards of five to ten dollars from money provided in the will of that same Mr. Davis—the man who could not forget a kindness.

—DR. W. E. FARSTEIN

## *Portfolio of Personalities*

### **Dictators of the Baton**

by DAVID EWEN

A POET once called music "the universal language of mankind." Today more than ever Americans are coming to love and understand its speech. In addition to the major orchestras of our leading cities, there are now about two thousand semi-professional and amateur ensembles in this country. And although Music and Mars may seem strange bedfellows, war has enhanced rather than decreased our native appreciation of the art. Everywhere war workers and the armed forces clamor for concerts.

At least one significant cause for this renaissance of music lies in the work of the brilliant conductors that Europe has bequeathed us. Fleeing a chaos in which no art can survive, they have recreated past glories with the talents of our own musicians and everywhere fostered the growth of our younger and less known baton experts. They have yielded America the heritage of centuries' creative experience and assured the future that it will thrive here.

On the following pages, you will meet five of America's outstanding conductor-personalities. Not all of equal genius, they have nevertheless striven toward the same goal—the widening of our musical experience and extension of its appeal. These portraits are excerpted from the book *Dictators of the Baton* by David Ewen published at \$3.50 by Alliance Book Corp.



### **Arturo Toscanini**

Unlike most other musicians in Italy, Toscanini refused to scramble onto the Fascist bandwagon. He refused to preface his concerts with the Fascist anthem, and eventually was made a virtual prisoner at his home. When he was permitted to leave the country, he vowed never to revisit it so long as Fascism held it in bondage.

Nowhere has the magic of Toscanini's baton been more acclaimed than in the United States. Under its spell, the Metropolitan Opera made its highest artistic mark, and the New York Philharmonic became the world's greatest symphonic ensemble.

Behind the fact of these achievements is Toscanini's constant striving

after perfection. At rehearsals he will abuse his men with violent harangues, conscious only that the music has not been fully realized. Once in trying to justify such wrath to an outraged trumpet player, he explained, "God tells me how the music should sound—but *you* come in the way."

Often he expresses his rage by kicking his stand or by breaking his baton into pieces. On one occasion when a pliable wood baton refused to crack, he took off his coat and tore it to shreds.

Toscanini's musicians know that his devotion to them is unquestioned. When he took the Philharmonic on a tour of Europe in 1931, he acted to the men as a father to his children. One of the members fell ill aboard the liner, and Toscanini stood watch at his bedside until recovery took place.

Since the beginning of Toscanini's career, he has directed every performance without written music—compelled to do so by his myopic eyesight. Virtually the entire known symphonic and operatic repertoire has been photographed on his memory. One of the famous anecdotes about Toscanini's memory concerns the time a bassoon player came to him saying that his instrument could not sound E-Flat. Toscanini thought a moment: "That's all right. You can rehearse with us. The note of E-Flat does not appear in your music today."

Above all, Toscanini loves his music. He has been known to burst into weeping while listening to a radio performance. "It is so beautiful, I cannot help it," he explains.

## Sir Thomas Beecham

Sir Thomas Beecham has more titles than any other English musician. But while his bullet-shaped head and aristocratic beard may suggest a member of Parliament, to his friends he is simply "Tommy"—a genial fellow and a lovable friend.

There is more than his genius with the baton to make him a famous personality. There is, for example, his fabulous memory. A few moments before an opera performance in Birmingham, he coolly asked the manager: "By the way, what opera are we playing tonight?"

There is also his fleet, pointed sense of humor. When he was first invited to conduct the London Philharmonic he remarked (remembering that his father had become world-famous by virtue of a medicinal preparation): "I

suppose now they will call the orchestra the London Pillharmonic." Once in commenting on English music, he remarked sadly: "British composition is in a state of perpetual promise. It might be said to be one long promissory note."

Beecham has consecrated his life to great music. In 1905 he organized the New Symphony Orchestra which paid tribute to old music neglected by other English composers. In 1908, he created the Beecham Symphony Orchestra to do heroic propaganda work for the modern composers.

Beecham has directed all the major English orchestras and his guest appearances have brought him to the head of all leading ensembles and opera houses in Europe. In 1928, he made his debut in the United States with the New York Philharmonic. In the same year, he evolved a monumental plan for a people's opera in England, in which he promised to present the greatest operas for the masses at popular prices if 150 thousand music lovers throughout England would contribute two pence weekly for five years; this scheme unfortunately was never realized.

Beecham's conductorial manner is not one which can be imitated to advantage. His mad gyrations of the body and head and the throwing of his arms in all directions, have tempted one English critic to describe him as a ballet dancer. But whatever his method, he gets results—and when speaking in the music of Rossini and Wagner and Mozart, he is with the great interpretative spirits of our time.



JULY, 1943

## Sergei Koussevitzky

Sergei Koussevitzky's first audience, when he was a child in Russia, was a row of empty chairs. When he grew up, and his father-in-law gave him his choice of a wedding gift, he chose a symphony orchestra, and captivated Moscow and Leningrad with its music.

But cosmopolitan success alone could not satisfy Koussevitzky and he became fired with the ambition to bring great orchestral music to people who had never before heard a concert. He chartered a steamer and traveled along the Volga with 85 musicians. They stopped off at little hamlets, playing for the peasants.

These things he did with his orchestra and in doing them was perhaps the greatest single influence in the musical development of Russia during the first part of the 20th century.

In 1924, he was invited to become the permanent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The moment he took command, America and Europe were combed for the finest instrumentalists procurable. New music from every part of the world has kept the Boston Symphony programs energetic; new music from America as well—for Koussevitzky is something of a godfather to American composers.

Koussevitzky is short and slight of build. He speaks with great gusto, in a thick Russian accent, and with extraordinary capacity for enthusiasms. At rehearsals he is particularly a dynamo, his body weaving into contortions as he cries out his instructions. He is the born schoolmaster



and his men must keep their noses to the grindstone every moment. Once one of the players was apprehended whispering to his neighbor. Koussevitzky shouted, "Don't spik! I say, don't spik! If you spik, I go right home."

He will dismiss veteran performers for what may appear casual mistakes. Once he was infuriated by a few sour notes from a wind player. Then and there, Koussevitzky dismissed him. As the musician passed the conductor, he exclaimed: "Nuts to you, Mr. Koussevitzky!"

Koussevitzky answered emphatically: "I'm sorry. It's too late now to apologize."

## Eugene Ormandy

Eugene Ormandy's career offers at least one forcible proof that American orchestra audiences have grown up during the past decade. A career such as this, beginning with a post in a motion picture theatre and culminating with the directorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra, would have been impossible 20 years ago.

In those days of hero worship, a new conductor who did not have a brilliant (and preferably European) career behind him had little hope of attracting attention. But Ormandy's success is a great tribute to Philadelphians who did not permit his comparative obscurity to prejudice them against his pronounced conductorial gifts.

Sensationalism is alien to Ormandy. At rehearsals, his musicians see a quiet, soft-spoken drillmaster who works efficiently and methodically. At concerts, audiences see a reserved and unostentatious musician, dedicating himself exclusively to his music.

When he works on a new score, he likes to sprawl on the floor on his stomach and commit the music to memory. Once when Rachmaninoff was soloist under Ormandy, he asked for an hour and a half rehearsal with the orchestra. However, the rehearsal went so smoothly that not once did Rachmaninoff ask Ormandy to review a passage. "You know," said Rachmaninoff. "This is the first time that I have ever played a rehearsal without any stops whatsoever."

In the face of what Ormandy has accomplished, it becomes difficult to

remember that his experience was first acquired in the Capitol Theatre, a motion picture house in New York. But good work does not ever pass permanently unnoticed and when Arthur Judson, a famous concert manager, heard Ormandy he decided to take the young conductor under his wing.

Ormandy's reputation was not established, however, until an attack of neuritis compelled Toscanini to cancel a few guest performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the fall of 1931. One conductor after another refused to accept the substitution assignment, feeling that it might invite unwelcome and damaging comparisons. The offer was made to Ormandy, and he accepted.

Today his authority is such that, on tour, he has even won European audiences to the talents of American-trained musicians.



## **Walter Damrosch**

Music has had many high priests to serve it reverently. It is doubtful, however, if it has ever had a salesman like Walter Damrosch. He understands instinctively the psychology of his public and has the glib tongue, charm and warm sense of humor to make friends with it. He has long had the custom of making witty little speeches to the audience during his concerts. When he directed a benefit concert in New York in which 16 pianos participated, he turned and whispered to those out front: "What they need here is not a conductor but a traffic cop."

Damrosch has been selling good music for 60 years, and some of his trials would have broken a less determined spirit. In 1885 when he first went on tour his performance was interrupted by loud cries for the *Arkansas Traveler*. Gently, Damrosch complied with the request—and then continued the symphony. He also survived a visit to Oklahoma where a performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* was interrupted by the manager who rose to the stage with the momentous announcement that "Stewart's Oyster Saloon will be open after the show."

In New York, Carnegie Hall was built directly as a result of Damrosch's influence. It was in New York, too, that he first won audiences of children through his morning concerts and became known to young America as "Papa Damrosch." Up until the fall of 1942, he sold the classics to some five million children over the radio.

For most people 80 years may be a

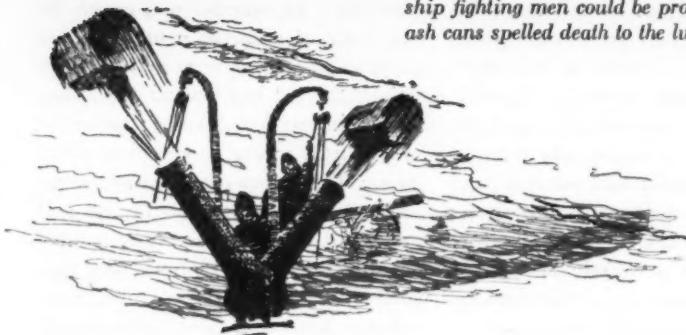
patriarchal age; but Damrosch feels that the calendar lies when it speaks of him as an old man. Actually it is difficult to consider a man old who, in his 75th year, completed a new opera and saw it successfully performed at the Met; who at 77 appeared in a motion picture; and who one year later went into brief retirement to work on his piano technique in preparation for his New York debut as a concert pianist.

Some may say that Damrosch has struggled only to see more developed musicians take over and bring his work to perfection. This may be true, but he has personally seen America develop from a musically immature country into the greatest center of musical culture in the world. In this phenomenal evolution, he played a major—possibly decisive—role.



CORONET

*The Coast Guard Cutter Campbell was a ship fighting men could be proud of, for her ash cans spelled death to the lurking Huns*



## **“Six Subs in Twelve Hours”**

by ALAN HYND

COMMANDER James A. Hirshfield was smiling as he stood on the forward deck of the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Campbell* on a marrow-chilling afternoon last February. He was thinking of the comic opera experiences he and other Coast Guard veterans had gone through while chasing rum boats in the Fabulous Twenties. None of them dreamed then that the very tricks they were learning from the rummies would make cutters like his such bad news for German subs 20 years later.

They had taught such men as young Ensign Hirshfield to develop cat's eyes and see in the dark, how to ride a punch when rammed, how to ram the other guy and how to spot a phosphorescent wake half a knot off with one eye closed. All good tactics for dealing with U-boats . . .

A furious gale had been blowing now for eight days, ever since the

*Campbell* and other cutters and corvettes had met to run interference for a string of freighters plowing over the North Atlantic life-line. But the blow had let up this afternoon. The calmed sea and the increased visibility were made to order for Hitler's wolf packs.

Then it happened. Indicators on the *Campbell's* detection devices began to quiver over markings that screamed with meaning. Crisp orders went through the cutter's inter-communication system and the men rushed to open the ready boxes.

The *Campbell* pointed her nose east and picked up speed as she left the lumbering convoy. The sub's position was established, miles away. The *Campbell* was going out to tangle with the rattlesnake before it could get close enough to sting the convoy.

Commander Hirshfield's rugged, tanned features were those of a man holding three of a kind in a high-

stakes poker game. He knew the *Campbell* was a good many knots swifter than the fleetest German sub.

The skipper looked at his watch and tackled some mental arithmetic. From the sub's position, he could deduce how long it would take them to reach it. Less than an hour if it were coming west at full tilt. But if the U-boat decided to high-tail it away on the surface, it would take a good deal longer before they could be over it with a pattern of ash cans.

SUDDENLY THE RADIO crackled again. Word was flashed to Commander Hirshfield that two more subs had been detected in the general vicinity of the convoy. Everyone aboard knew what that meant. One sub had spotted the convoy, had tailed it, waiting for the blow to let up, and then shot out word to others. Now a whole wolf pack was converging on the convoy.

The detection devices on the *Campbell* indicated that the sub it was after was taking it on the lam, and going like a bat out of Hades. The skipper did a little more mental juggling of miles and minutes, arguing with himself as to whether it would be tactically sound to shoot all that time going after one sub when, if the *Campbell* turned back, she might run into one or more U-boats that were closer to the convoy. Maybe this sub was acting as a decoy to draw the cutter away from a bigger fight.

He had already given the order to turn back when the message was radioed through that a corvette was slugging it out with a surfaced U-

boat, miles nearer the convoy. Minutes later, he saw the two vessels on the horizon, going at it full tilt. The *Campbell* throbbed from stem to stern as she sliced her way to the scene. The sub was maneuvering for all it was worth, trying to get in a lethal blow. The *Campbell* was moving in closer and closer, and still the sub remained above water. Commander Hirshfield wondered how long his luck would hold out, for it's pure gravy when a cutter gets close to a surfaced sub already engaged in a scrap.

The *Campbell* was less than a knot away from the U-boat when the result of a quick Heinie decision became apparent. The sub crash-dived. That was okay with Hirshfield. He could be over the Huns in the steel monster in a matter of minutes.

The tension on the *Campbell* as she rushed in for the kill was almost visible. Some of her men had never actually dropped depth charges on a sub before. Their thorough Coast Guard training was about to be put through the crucible.

The seconds could be counted now before the detection devices would tell the men on the *Campbell* that they were right over the sub. Then the ash cans would go. But this was delicate and dangerous business, dropping depth charges. Nothing less than split-second timing would do. If the timing were off, the charges might go off so close to the sub-buster that they would blow her out of the water.

Ten seconds more to go . . . five seconds . . . two . . . one . . .

Hirshfield was on the aft deck now.

His eyes were narrowed a trifle, but his voice was soft, his orders brief and explicit. The ash cans started to roll into the foam churned up by the speeding cutter, one after the other.

Their dull roar was music to the ears of the skipper and his crew. "I think we got it," said the Commander. For a moment, he couldn't help comparing the whole ash-can operation to athletics. What he had just witnessed was a stunning example of co-ordination of mind and muscle.

Hirshfield gave another order, and the *Campbell* swung around to look things over. What they saw was not a pretty picture, but it was a welcome one. Against the deepening green of the sea was a large patch of bubbling, brown oil slick—evidence enough that for the time being the sub had at least been put out of commission for further attack attempts. Even if a sub isn't sunk, it's usually banged around sufficiently by well-placed depth charges to knock its delicate instruments out of commission.

The Commander is not exactly a voluble man. So when he took his eyes from the oil slick and looked over his officers and men and said, "A nice job," he spoke a paragraph.

Not that there would have been time for detailed praise. The radio was chattering again. More subs had been either sighted or detected, and the other cutters and corvettes were fanning out to take care of them before they could sneak in close enough to the ungainly freighters to let go with a tin fish. One of the other subs wasn't very far from where the

*Campbell* was. The flashes of light about it told the same story—a sub and a corvette were going to it.

THERE WAS JUST one thing to do. The *Campbell* pointed her prow in the direction of the newest slugfest and started out full tilt ahead. This time the sub spotted the cutter right off and crashed-dived. Dusk was gathering, so taking care of this baby was going to be more difficult.

The same tenseness that had preceded the first run-over enveloped the officers and men again. As they closed in on the fleeing sub, they had the hunch that was just the beginning. The quickening gloom had plunged the sea into darkness when Hirshfield announced, "Twenty seconds now."

Then the zero moment came again for the second time within the hour. In the half-blackness, the cans went over in a perfect pattern. Again the geysering foam showed white against the murky sky.

It was too dark now to see whether there was oil slick on the sea, and lights would court danger. But Hirshfield said once more, "A nice job." His nostrils were as acute as his eyes, and he smelled oil . . .

Toward eleven that night, when the *Campbell* was racing through the inky waters to take up her place as an escort for the convoy, another general quarters call came through. The wolf pack was converging again.

Hirshfield was still on deck, peering into the moonless darkness for the slightest untoward sign. Presently his eyes widened. What he saw was no

mere feather kicked up by a diving sub. It was a white flare sent out by one of the ships in the convoy. That meant only one thing—the freighter had been torpedoed.

What the flare lit up was a nightmare to Hirshfield. Surfaced subs were darting away in different directions, like vermin scurrying away when a light is suddenly switched on. The action of the freighter was sound strategy; it broke up what might have been a sneak simultaneous mass attack on the entire convoy.

Other cutters than Hirshfield's went out after the subs. The extent of the damage they did cannot be disclosed here but the freighter that had been hit was done for. The *Campbell* raced to the illuminated area and found four packed life boats with 50 men in each silhouetted against the ghostly glow. All of them were taken aboard.

In the hours that followed, the *Campbell* made darting probes of the waters all around the convoy. She didn't get a rumble. The other cutters and the corvettes had scattered the Huns.

About dawn, Hirshfield was having a cup of hot coffee on deck. Suddenly he laid the cup down. In the mist to starboard he saw the bulky outline of a sub. His orders were out in a minute. The *Campbell* was close enough

to the U-boat to start blasting with her deck guns when the Hun craft suddenly crash-dived. But its gesture was futile. Once again a full pattern of depth charges tumbled from the after-deck. Again Hirshfield and his officers and men smelled oil.

The *Campbell* was going back to rejoin the convoy when Hirshfield spotted the phosphorescent sparkle of another sub. It was practically the same story all over again—a crash dive, a perfectly-dropped pattern of ash cans, and more oil slick.

HAD THERE BEEN any doubts in his mind that the wolf pack that had been scattered the evening before had reassembled, those doubts would have been dispelled a few minutes later when the *Campbell* sighted its fifth sub. The cutter forced it to crash-dive and everybody went into his routine again. "This," said one of the enlisted men, "is gettin' monotonous."

Hirshfield almost wished that one of the subs would remain on the surface and slug it out. He got his wish sooner than he expected. In the half light, not 13 hours after the *Campbell* had dropped her first ash cans, the skipper and his officers spotted a big sub close up to starboard. It was a question of who saw the other first.

The *Campbell* opened up with her



deck guns. "Steer a collision course!" Hirschfield ordered, raising his voice for the first time to be heard above the firing. The sub started to turn to go, not having time to crash-dive. The *Campbell*, now really pouring on the coal, was given a full right rudder in an attempt to smash into the sub broadside, her guns still blazing. The Huns had really been caught with their fins down, and were not even attempting to return the fire.

As the *Campbell* moved in, the sub kept turning away. But the Heinies were too slow, and the cutter too fast. She plowed into the U-boat at a 25-degree angle. The sound of wrenching metal split the air, and then, just as the stern of the *Campbell* passed near the sub's prow, the boys on the aft deck of the cutter let go with another pattern. The sub was lifted clean out of the water.

The *Campbell* slowed down, and turned to come back. She was just picking up speed when a wound that she had suffered in the collision became apparent. Water poured into the engine room and flooded everything. The sub had settled back on the water, apparently not too badly injured after all. Hirshfield ordered the firing to start up again. Then the discovery was made that the *Campbell's* best guns had been knocked out by the collision, too.

The cutter, still moving on momentum, was getting closer to the sub. The rudder was knocked out, too, so there was no way of altering or stopping the forward lunge. Nor was there any way of knowing in what state the sub's

guns were. If the sub was not badly injured, the deck gun Huns would find themselves in the enjoyable position of shooting at a duck on a pond.

As the *Campbell* got closer and closer to the sub, with every man aboard holding his breath, the silhouette of the sub against the semi-darkness seemed suddenly to grow smaller. It was sinking! In less than a minute, it was entirely below the surface.

THE *Campbell* was done for—but only until repairs could be made. Her skipper, too, was in need of repairs. The only man aboard the *Campbell* who had been injured, he realized now that some flying metal had ricocheted and penetrated one of his arms and his back.

His ship still remained a duck on the pond. With the coming of bright daylight she became a delicious invitation to the first undersea prowler that came along. The convoy was now a considerable distance away and the *Campbell's* radio wasn't working. Four of the men went over the side into the icy sea to look at the damage. There was a 12-foot slit in the cutter's side below the waterline.

Hours passed. Then, from over the horizon, came a Polish destroyer. It was the *Burza*, a veteran of Dunkirk.

The destroyer screened the *Campbell* until other assistance arrived. Eventually, the *Campbell* was towed to an Eastern port by a little tug that churned its way through 800 miles of open sea without an escort.

There was a sad ending for four officers and one hundred members of the *Campbell's* crew. They weren't on her

when she was finally towed in, battered but proud and still in command of her wounded skipper. When the *Burza* had first come along, Commander Hirshfield had been forced to issue what to him was a most unpleasant order. To lighten the wounded cutter as much as possible, all available extra weight was jettisoned, and Hirshfield had found it his sad duty to

order the four officers and the hundred men transferred to the Polish ship. Even today, those men have heavy hearts when they remember leaving the ship they had come to love with a love only a man of the sea understands. As for Commander Hirshfield, he would rather not talk about that part of the fabulous voyage of the *Campbell*.



### The Underground Voice

¶ BECAUSE SHE LISTENED to BBC broadcasts from London, an old Dutch woman was arrested and brought before a Nazi court.

"Why did you tune in on an English program?" queried the judge.

"Ah, but your honor," she responded, "Hitler promised us that he would be in London in October, 1940. Since then, I have been listening each day. I would not wish to miss der fuehrer."

¶ A PARADE WAS HELD recently in Oslo under the guidance of Quisling. The participants consisted of youths whose support he had been able to enlist. The Norwegians—with the exception of one sweet old lady—ignored them as they stalked along. As the marchers passed, the elderly woman stood near the curb and nodded to them all.

Finally, an incensed patriot asked, "Why in heaven's name are you standing there paying tribute to those ruffians?"

"Now certainly," she responded, "I must greet all my dear boys."

"But surely you can't know them all," protested the man.

"And give me one reason why I can't?" she asked. "Wasn't I the matron at the jail for more than a quarter of a century?"

¶ CONCERNED about the war's progress, Hitler suggested to Mussolini that it might be a good idea for Il Duce to overrun some country or other to keep the Axis prestige from slipping any further.

"Switzerland might be a starting point," advised der Fuehrer. "Why don't you try the St. Gotthard pass? You could penetrate that."

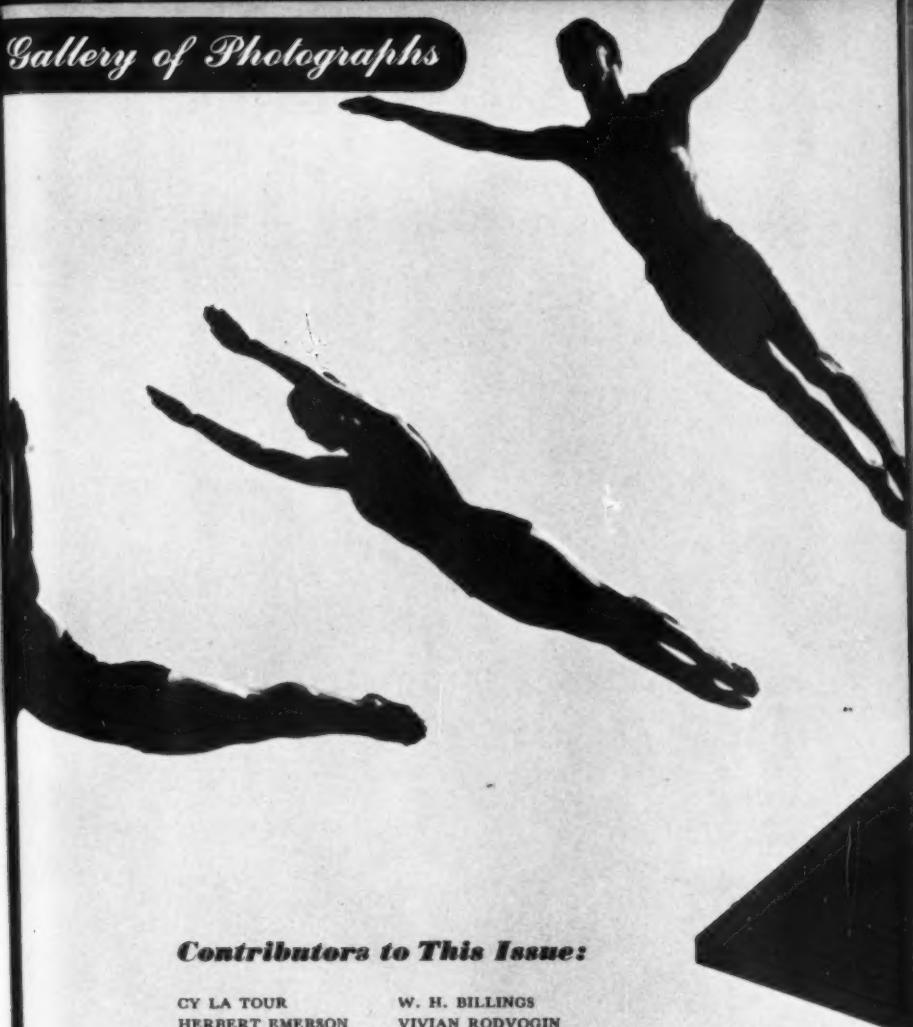
"Oh, no," objected Mussolini. "That spot is much too well-mined and too well-guarded."

"In that event," declared Hitler, losing patience, "why don't you go through the St. Bernard pass?"

"But, mein Fuehrer," Mussolini pleaded, widening his eyes, "those tremendous dogs!"

—JAMES EMMETT

## *Gallery of Photographs*



### *Contributors to This Issue:*

CY LA TOUR  
HERBERT EMERSON  
BRASSAI  
WESTELIN  
ANDREW TAU  
GEORG EBENHÖH  
TURMAN ROTAN  
VILLA

W. H. BILLINGS  
VIVIAN RODVOGIN  
JOHN GRAGG BURKE  
HENRY GILBERT  
EDWIN LEVICK  
CONSTANCE PHILLIPS  
ELBERT SHEA  
FRED BOND



***Lady for an Hour***

HERBERT EMERSON FROM NANCY II



ANCY H  
SSAI FROM TERIADE

***The World Within***



***By the Hour***

AL WESTLIN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



LLINOIS ANDREW TAU, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Sun and Stone*



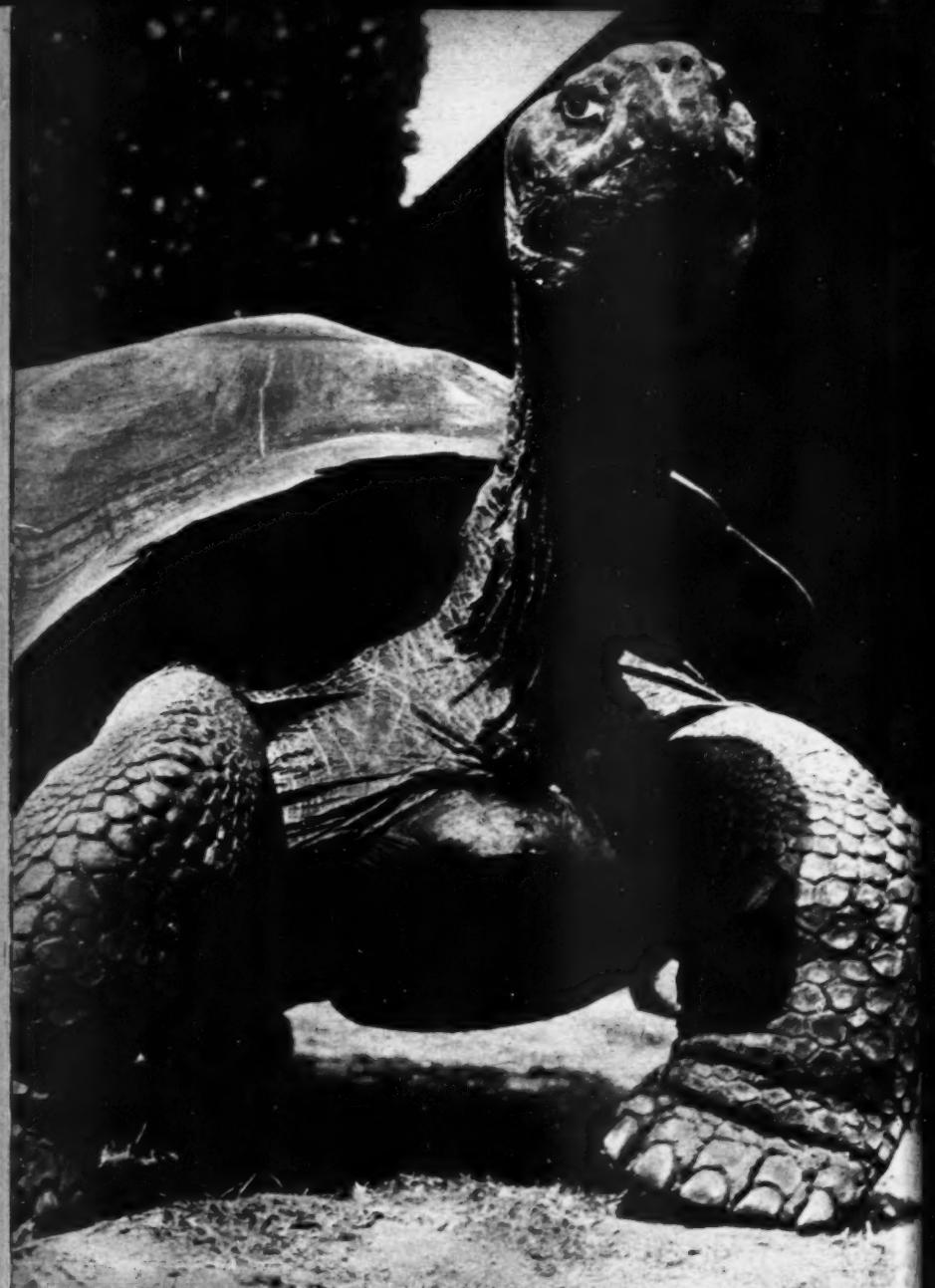
**Teapot Tempest**

GEORG EBENHÖH, WIEN, AUSTRIA



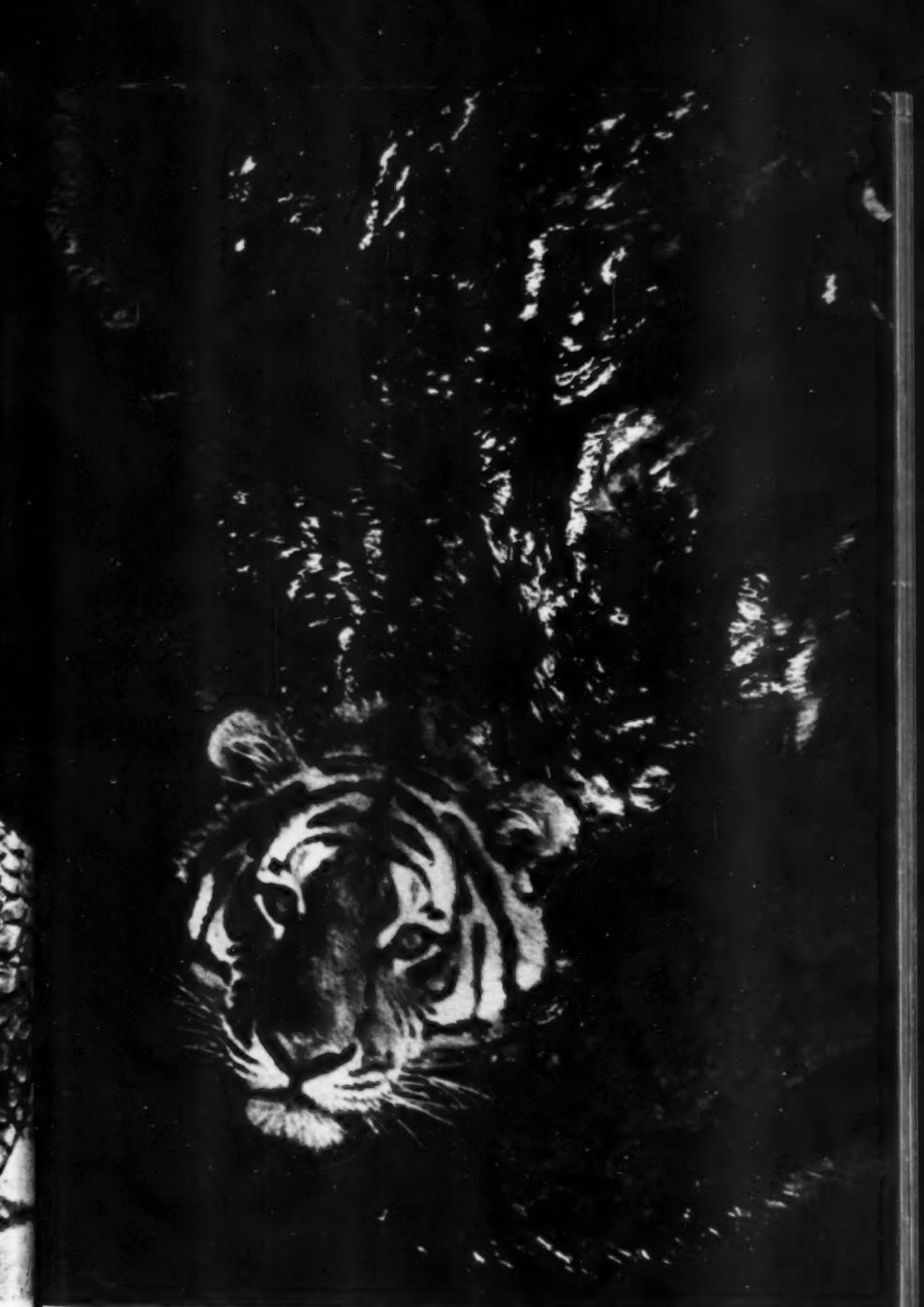
TRUMAN ROTAN, NEW YORK

**Two Without Toll**



**Knight in Armor**

VILLA, NEW YORK, N. Y.



YOUNG & BILLINGS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright*



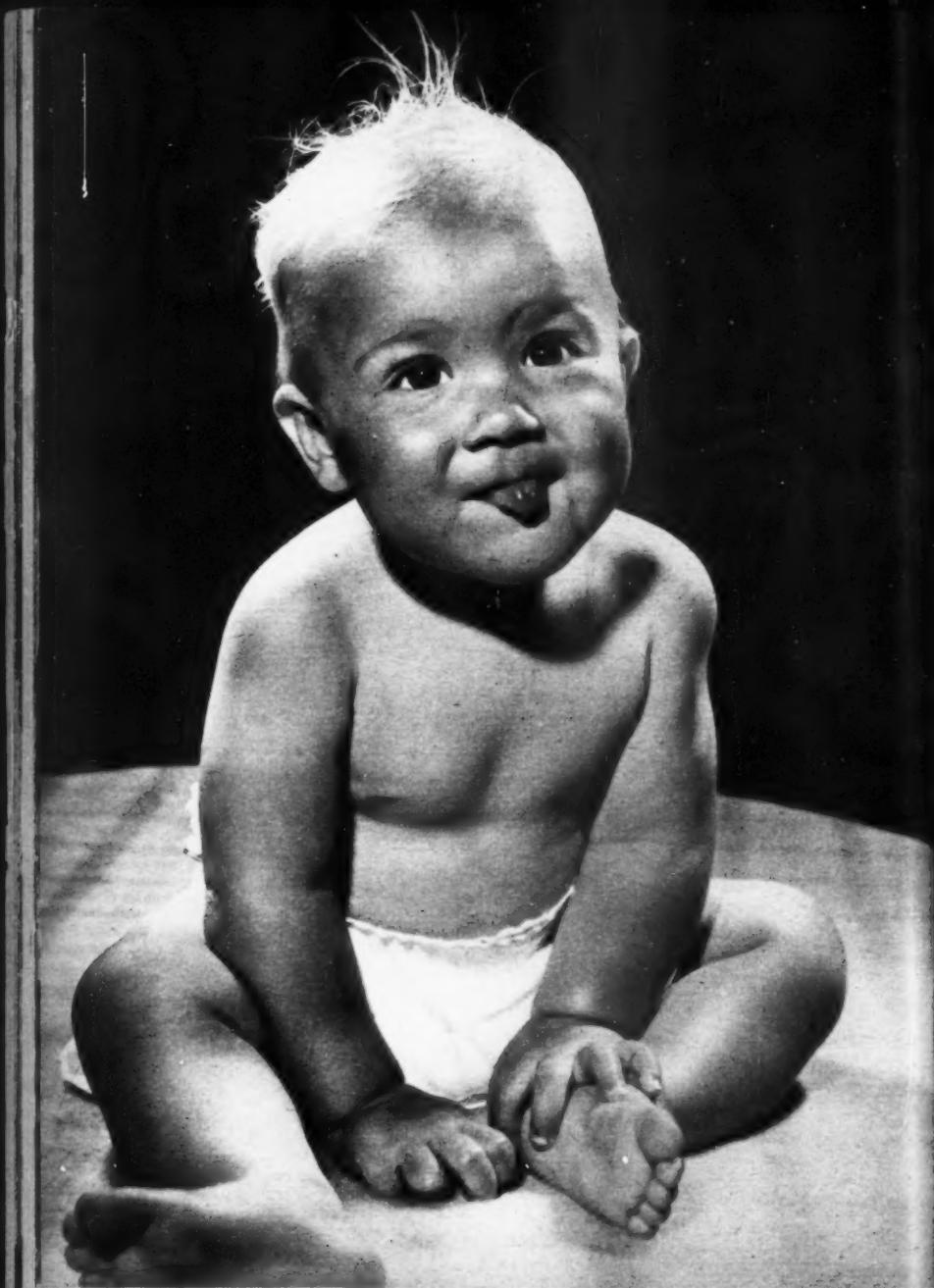
**Spanish Needle**

ANDREW TAU, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



ILLINOIS WESTELIN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Silent Witnesses*



**Strange New World**

VIVIAN RODVOGIN FROM NANCY HULU



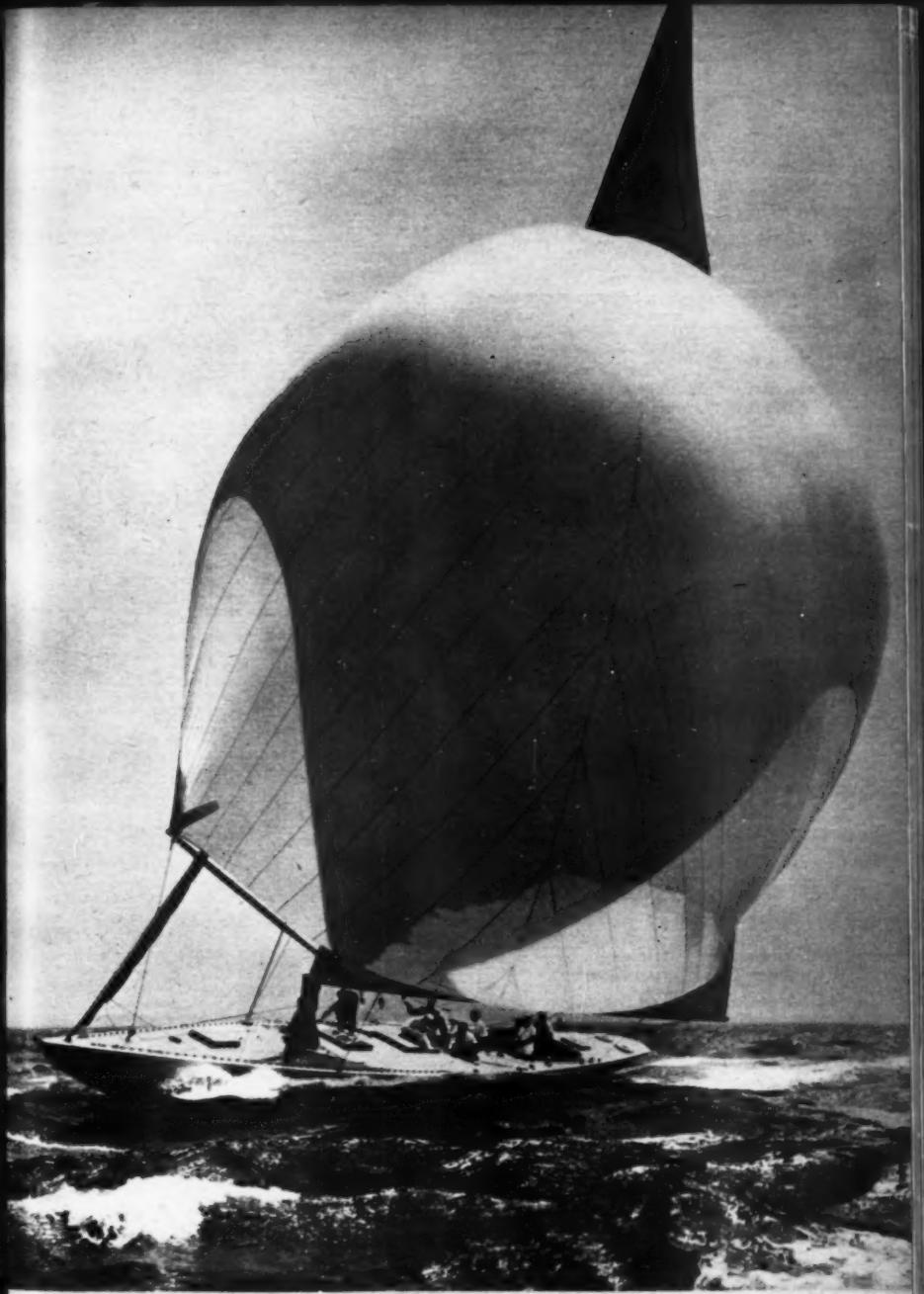
CY HUL JOHN GRAGG BURKE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**Air Power**



***Home Again***

HENRY GILBERT, DULUTH, MINNESOTA



NESOTA WIN LEVICK FROM FREDERICK LEWIS

**Bright Balloon**



**Rhapsody in Black**

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS, SAN FRANCISCO



ANCILLA, NEW YORK

*Mournful Beagle*

*latin*



**Heavenly Convoy**

ANDREW TAU, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

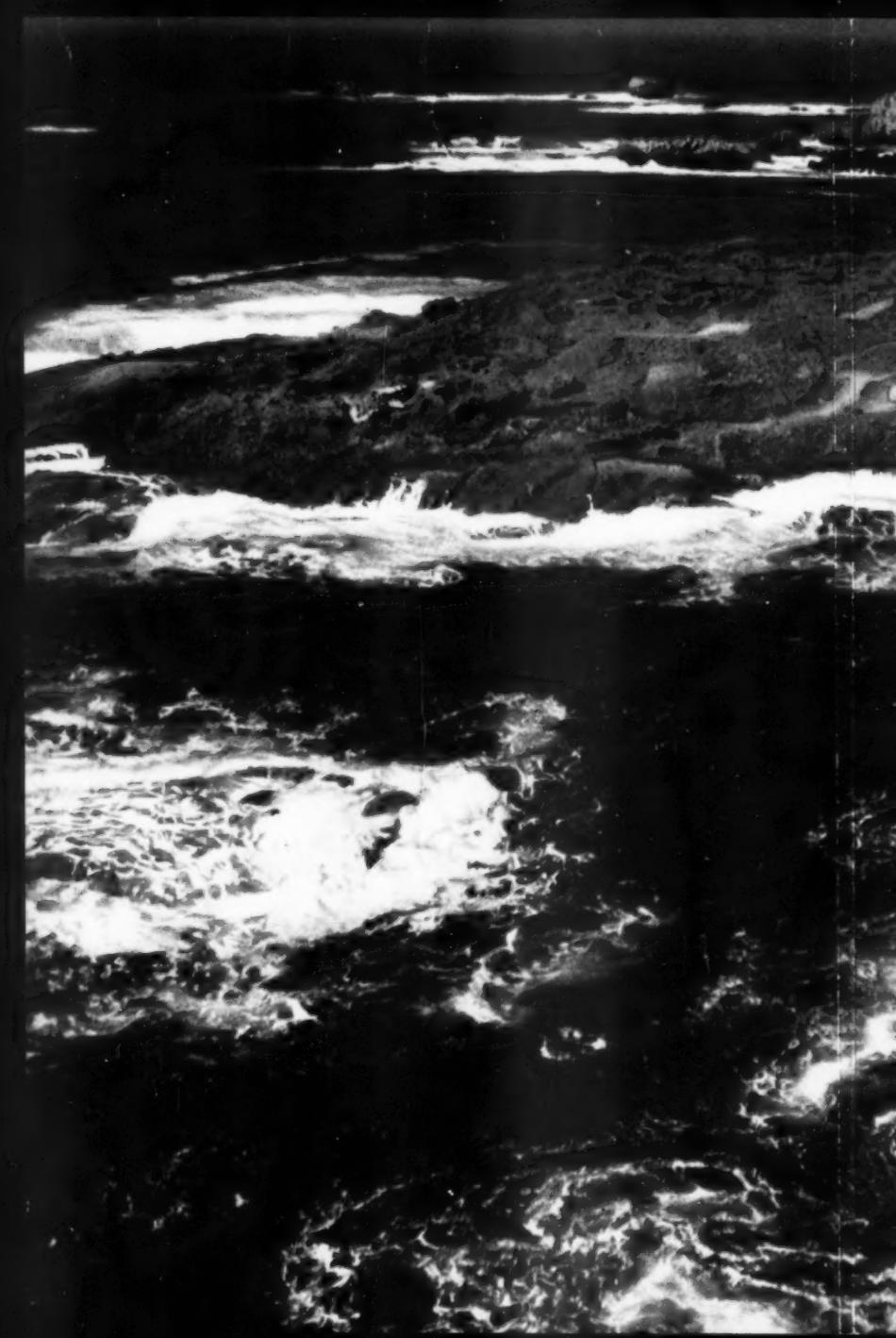
*Latin*

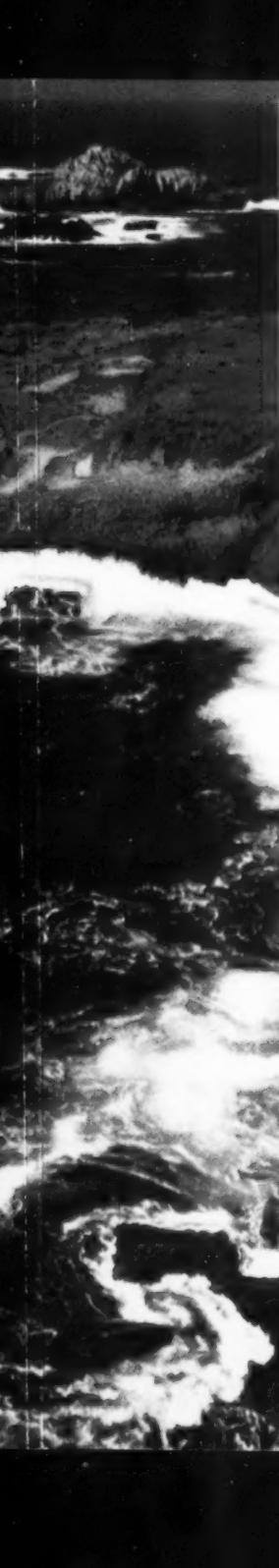
*Platinum Cascade*

ELBERT SHEA, BONHAM, TEXAS

ILLINOIS







## *Break, Break, Break*

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson**

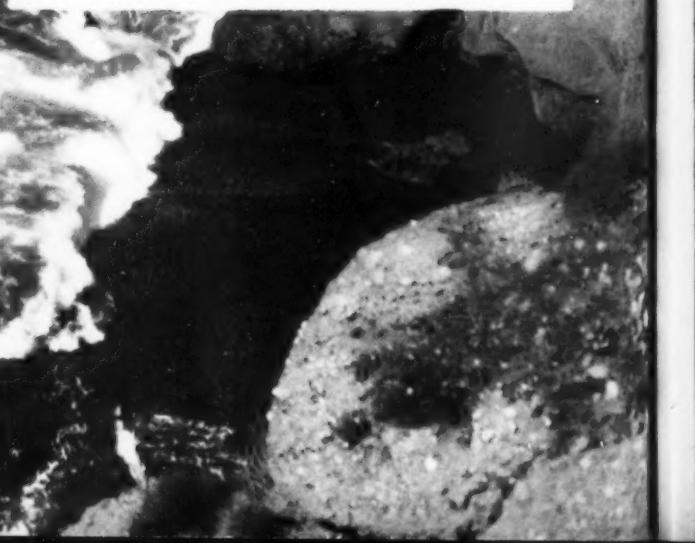
*Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.*

*O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!*

*And the stately ships go on,  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!*

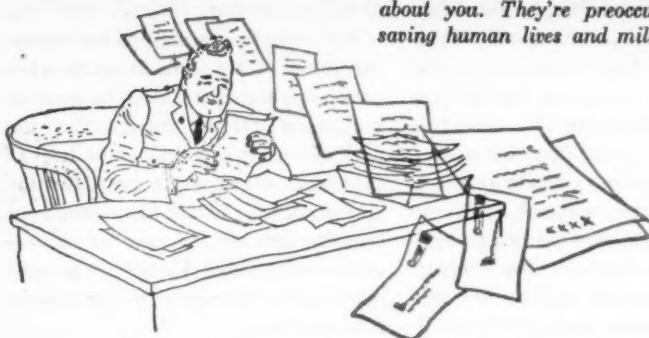
*Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.*

KODACHROME BY FRED BOND





*Censors aren't interested in juicy tidbits about you. They're preoccupied with saving human lives and millions of dollars*



## **Are Censors Human?**

by RUTH MOORE

WHEN THE Office of Censorship was established two weeks after Pearl Harbor, a field day was declared for poison-pen writers. The U.S. Postal Censor became the target for a choice assortment of missiles, ranging from delicately-barbed shafts to spleen-withering invective.

"Look out. This is a hot one. You'll burn your nose!" . . . "Scissor-fingers will probably slip on this one" . . . "Hey, butcher, easy with the meat-chopper" . . . "Bloodhound, you're barking up the wrong tree." These are a few samples of the verbal venom directed at the censor.

What's more, magazines lampooned him and cast aspersions on his intelligence and soldiers quipped that their letters had "venetian-blind" effects by the time they received them.

Certainly, it would have been surprising and frightening, if the American people had blithely accepted cen-

sorship and let it go at that. "The mail must go through" and "the privacy of the mail must be insured at any cost" were two slogans that most U.S. citizens staunchly upheld and lined up right next to the Declaration of Independence.

They understood the reasons for military censorship in wartime. As a matter of fact, the Army censors appeared to be quite decent fellows. A lot of Americans had received proof of the military censor's humanity:

A soldier in North Africa wrote his bride that he was enclosing a five-franc note for her as a souvenir. Later, he discovered that he'd forgotten to put the money in the envelope. But his wife got the five-franc note. The sympathetic censor had taken it out of his own pocket.

A girl in New York received a sad and noble letter from her fiance, who was stationed somewhere in the South

Pacific. He told her that since the war seemed to be unending, he wouldn't blame her if she wanted to call off the engagement. The censor heatedly wrote in large letters at the bottom of the page: "NONSENSE!"

There weren't any reassuring stories like these about the civilian censors. Byron Price, true enough, was on record as having opposed censorship. When the President of the United States had asked him to take over the Office of Censorship, he hadn't wanted it. "When this is over, I won't have a friend in Washington," he'd said. But the censors, themselves, judging from the stories that were going the rounds, were a bunch of paper-cutting robots, regaling themselves with juicy tidbits from the lives and loves of citizens.

When it became known that mail going to and from the United States' possessions—Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Panama Canal Zone—was being censored, the storm broke. A wrathful senatorial investigating committee demanded to know what was going on.

THEY FOUND OUT that the 26,500,000 dollars expended annually for the slit-tint open of private mail paid for itself many times over.

The much-abused censor had helped to uncover a gang refueling enemy submarines in the Atlantic. Expert code analysts had deciphered messages which gave information on U.S. defense installations and troops, shipping schedules and ordnance manufacture data. They'd spotted information leading to the seizure of hoarded

raw materials—considered to be vital to war production.

The censors who seemed to be playing paper dolls with other people's mail were actually saving the country millions of dollars annually. Their expert scissoring was saving the lives of thousands of American boys. But the civilian censor, for all his magnificent contribution to the war effort, remains unheralded. He is only a number which is stamped on the margin of an envelope.

Scratch that number and you'll find an American citizen who doesn't like reading your mail any more than you like having it read. "It is important that censorship be put in charge of men who believe in everything that censorship is not," says Byron Price.

These men and women didn't go into censorship for the thrill of it, nor for the fancy salary. The average pay of an examiner is around 18 hundred dollars a year. They became censors because they had special skills which Uncle Sam needed.

There are 15 thousand mail-pouch specialists. They do their work in scattered posts along the 18 thousand-mile border of the United States and at key points in outlying possessions. Among them, they examine some million-odd pieces of mail daily.

Each post is administered by a head man who is directly responsible to Lieut. Col. Norman V. Carlson, director of U.S. Postal Censorship. He is stationed in Washington. Lieut. Col. Carlson was one of the special group of officers in Military and Naval Intelligence who had been studying

censorship problems many months before Pearl Harbor.

The men in charge of the border posts were selected for their special administrative skills. Most of them, like I. C. Levy, chief of the New Orleans Office, sacrificed their private businesses in order to serve Uncle Sam. Mr. Levy has no regrets: he has four sons overseas.

Some of the examiners are seasoned veterans, having worked under George Creel in the same capacity back in 1917 and 1918. Hundreds of them are businessmen, whose special knowledge of trade and commerce makes them invaluable in checking correspondence between commercial houses in the United States and other countries. There are chemists among them, and some detectives.

Many of them are trained linguists. There is scarcely a tongue spoken on the face of the earth, that cannot be translated by at least one censor in each post. Spanish, French, Greek, Italian, German and Russian are the most common. And there are several censors who, individually, can handle all these languages and a few more besides. Ever so often a letter drifts in written in a tongue as strange as Thai or Romansch. And there'll usually be a censor handy who can tackle it.

Sixty per cent of the civilian censors are women. Lieut. Col. Carlson says he is partial to women because female censors seem to possess a kind of intuition that their male colleagues lack.

Actually, a censor's job is pretty routine, and not much different from that of an office-worker anywhere.

And the letters which reward his sherlocking are few and far between.

The room where he and his colleagues work is heavily guarded and no one is allowed to enter it except the clerks who dump the mail on the table. His equipment consists of a small mirror, a pair of scissors and a dispenser from which he unrolls a piece of printed transparent tape bearing his number. He must search the inside of every envelope with the mirror just in case a spy has left his mark. If any details in the letters themselves are censorable, he goes to work with the shears. The "intercepts," as these clippings are called in the trade, are turned over to the supervisor for forwarding to whatever military or government agencies may be concerned. If he runs into a puzzler, which smacks of secret coding, it's sent along to expert analyzers. The letters he okays are slipped back into their envelopes, sealed and sent on their way. It is Mr. Price's boast that censorship rarely delays a letter more than 24 hours.

THE CENSOR doesn't mind the griping. But there is one kind of writer who gets his goat. That's the American who, innocently enough, plays Hitler's game by spreading rumors. Such a writer presents a special problem, because actually there is nothing concretely censorable. Yet much of this loose talk if allowed free circulation would be detrimental to the war effort. For the most part, the censor returns such letters to the writer with a friendly note of warning.

He's come up against another prob-

lem of the same order. Recently, a woman addressed a letter to her son, who had been taken prisoner by the Japanese. The ecstatic mother blessed the thoughtful American who had written her informing her of her son's whereabouts. Letters like this keep coming in. The Office of Censorship has discovered that many a sincere American has been carefully listening to Tokyo and Berlin short wave radio, taking down names and addresses of American prisoners broadcast by these Axis propaganda agencies, and then writing to their families. These prisoner lists are not official, and the immediate Axis purpose is to spread confusion throughout America.

There's a motto hanging on Byron Price's wall which reads: "A censor needs the eye of a hawk, the memory of an elephant, the nose of a blood-hound, the heart of a lion, the vigilance of an owl, the voice of a dove, the sagacity of Solomon, the patience

of Job, and the imperturbability of the Sphinx."

That's a pretty big order, and because censors are only human, none of them quite measures up to those specifications. But you'll find many of these qualities, in varying combinations among the men and women, whose unhappy task it is to rifle the United States mails.

Fortunately, now that the poison-pen writers have spent most of their passion, the censor's other qualities have begun to shine through. The jibes continue, but they've taken on a new tone. Mixed with the ribbing is a new understanding of the censor's difficult and important job.

For instance, a soldier recently wrote to his sister that he'd received her letter. It was a wonderful letter, he said, and thanks to the censor, he was able to play it on the Red Cross player-piano. The tune that came out was *Right in der Fuehrer's Face*.



### A Lot of Cheek!

VISITING an Indian Reservation in the dead of winter, an eastern woman, bundled up in three sweaters and a fur coat, trotted out on a tour of investigation. She happened on an Indian chief who was bare from his waist up and not much better off below.

"Chief," she exclaimed in amazement, "I've never seen anything like it. Here it is bitterly cold. Yet you have practically no clothes on. How can you stand it?"

The man was silent for a moment. He stroked his chin. Then looking the woman over from top to bottom, he patted his cheek and asked, "You cold here?"

The woman was puzzled. She felt her cheek. "No," she said, "of course not. But this is my cheek."

"Humpff," grunted the chief. "Indian, he cheek all over!"

—BERTRAM J. HAUSER in *Printers' Ink*

## **Carroll's Corner**



**Coronets:** To the British battle film *Desert Victory*, which leaves a taste of sand and satisfaction in your mouth . . . To British propaganda films like *The Next of Kin*, which teaches you to keep your big mouth shut . . . To British documentary films like *The Builders*, which is about cockney brick-layers and English mud and the fury of a gentle people gone fighting mad . . . To Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery, who shocked his Hollywood friends by refusing to publicize the fact that he had seen action and caught malaria in the South Pacific . . . To *The Way Some People Live*, by John Cheever, who writes softly, quietly, with insight keen as a knife . . . To Ira Wolfert's *Battle For the Solomons*, which is first-class reporting on our first-class fighters.

**File and Forget:** *Darlingtonia California* is a plant that can digest a hamburger . . . Slight oversight: In his self-penned epitaph in Monticello, Thomas Jefferson names himself as the founder of religious freedom in Virginia, the founder of the University of Virginia, the author of the Declaration of Independence. No mention is made of his two terms as President of the United States . . . Question: How many cigarettes do Americans smoke a month? Answer: Over 21 billion . . . Sartorial note from which to draw your own conclusions: Trousers for U.S. Army uniforms are now being

made bigger in the seat . . . Don't be alarmed if your soldier boy writes home for a bottle of clear nail polish. He's just discovered that if he rubs the stuff on his brass buttons, he won't have to polish them for a few weeks . . .

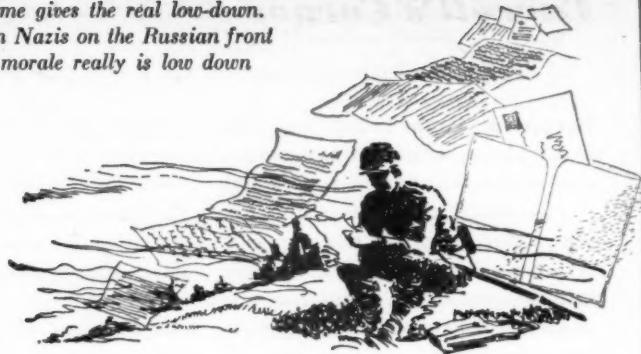
**All Fronts:** Goebbels has warned the German people that the worst atrocity of all awaits them if the Allies win. He says they will be forced to learn English . . . Did you know that the Russian port of Murmansk is run entirely by women? Feminine engineers, firemen, stevedores . . . And in the coal-mining towns throughout the Donbas region of Russia the coal-miners are all women . . . When the Japs heard "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," they immediately placed extra restrictions on all captured priests and ministers . . . The word "Roosevelt" has been used as a password by Yugoslavian, Czech, and Russian guerrillas.

**Quote-Unquote:** Sir Stafford Cripps: "It is better to do a little thoroughly and with success than to fail ambitiously."

Madame Chiang Kai-shek: "It is the better part of wisdom not to accept failure ignominiously but to risk it gloriously."

It is entirely possible that Sir Stafford and Madame Chiang mean the same thing. Then again, they may not. You figure it out.

*A soldier's letter home gives the real low-down. These messages from Nazis on the Russian front reveal that German morale really is low down*



## Mirror for Nazi Morale

by ALBERT PARRY

"I AM MUCH PLEASED that you are destroying those rotten Russians. Do not feel any pangs of conscience—we all know that you have no right to be soft out there. Mukk asks, 'Aren't all the Russians killed by now?'"

So runs a letter to "darling Viktor" from a Nazi woman signing herself "your loving Margueritte." The Soviets found the letter on Viktor's dead body, and promptly published it in the Moscow *Izvestia*—to show their people that not all the Germans are ready to give in, that the struggle ahead will be long and arduous.

Yes, a certain proportion of Germans both at the front and at home continue to be belligerently Nazi, imbued with hatred for the rest of the world and ready to fight to the bitter end—which they hope will be the better end. Here, for example, is a letter discovered on the inert form of Jupp Tilen, a Nazi soldier who was

killed last winter near Voronezh. It is from Tilen's sweetheart Mimi, a resident of Warthegau, or what used to be Western Poland. Mimi is delighted that the "Poles and Jews here die like flies." She loves it when they congregate in lines before food shops "because then our police can work on their backs with rubber hoses." It's great sport when "we Germans yell and push these swine off the sidewalk if they are not quick enough to step aside at our approach."

Encouragement of Nazi pillaging in Russia is frequent in the letters found on the battlefields by the Red army. "Don't worry if they are soiled, or even blood-stained. They can be washed." Frau Traudel was only speaking of children's wear which she wanted her husband Leonhard to send her from Russia!

But what of the letters which do not end "Heil Hitler"? The Russians

say that these today are in an overwhelming majority. Therein—in the dreary, depressed pages of such correspondence between the German front and rear—lies our hope of victory.

"Almost every night the British come over to bomb us, giving us no rest," read a letter found on a dead Nazi soldier from his family in the city of Bonn in the Rhineland. From Elbing in Eastern Prussia, the mother of another private in Hitler's army wrote, "Last night Lotte said, 'Ach, if only I wouldn't wake up tomorrow morning!' Just think, our Lotte who used to bubble with life and joy so, our Lotte now longs for death! Yes, Rudi, life is becoming more and more difficult. . . . Will this year, too, end without a change, without peace for our country and you poor boys?" For Rudi, however, the end of 1942 did bring both a change and peace—in the grave the advancing Russians dug for him.

Rudi's mother and sister Lotte may not yet know of his death. The Nazi high command is not in the habit of re-translating and broadcasting those letters which the Russians now publish in their newspapers by the score.

But there are other sources for the German reader. Of late the Russians have been reprinting these letters in special German-language newspapers distributed by plane over Nazi trenches. They are the best propaganda material possible. In one such paper the potential Nazi readers were informed that the letters had been seized in a German field post office along with a note from the Nazi cen-

sor forbidding delivery of the mail as subversive. Subversive, indeed! One typical appeal from a girl in Breslau to her father in der Fuehrer's army told how her mother and sister had been lost without a trace after a bread riot,—and wouldn't Papa please come home and find them.

There is a sort of gloomy competition between the soldiers and the folks at home: Who is hit the harder? The wife of Corporal Karl Upheil wrote, "Remember how well I looked, what a blooming complexion I had, what rosy cheeks? Now I look old, pale, sad. I can tell you that it isn't too pleasant to be on the home front either." And then the anguished cry, "Oh, how I wish for your return to me! But something tells me that I cannot count on it."

She was right. Her scribbled pages, too, were picked up by the Russians near her husband's lifeless body. ..

How deep the troubles of the Nazi soldiers have been at the Russian front can readily be seen from the many pages in men's letters and diaries written in the late fall of 1942. Witness this message to German parents from their soldier son Herbert:

"We shudder when we think that we must fight here this second winter. Our detachment has been sent to the rear to clear and reconquer the forests. The guerrillas are in constant touch with the populace. Several whole towns are occupied by Russian partisans who leave their settlements and disappear in the woods as we approach. Day and night we set villages

on fire. All food is long since gone."

How and why the food is gone, we learn from a graphic page found on a dead Nazi soldier, a man named Josef, writing to his sister Sabina:

"Today we selected for ourselves 20 hens and 10 cows. We take all the inhabitants we find in the villages, both adults and children, and send them to work in Germany." No wonder there are no peasants to produce food in the occupied regions after the initial supplies are gone. "Recently," Josef continues, "a group of natives refused to go. Such stubbornness made us angry, and we killed all of them on the spot. And then something terrible happened—some Russian women killed two German soldiers with their pitchforks. . . . We are being hated here. You back home cannot imagine the rage of the Russians against us."

The fury of the Russians at the front fell upon the Nazis with all its force, leaving the temporary survivors full of uneasy awe and foreboding. At Stalingrad the going was still tougher, and Nazi morale lower. The Moscow *Pravda* cites from a letter written but not mailed by Senior Lance Corporal Linz before he perished on the approaches to the Volga citadel:

"It is getting more difficult to advance. At some places the steppe was set on fire by the Russians, and everything around us was one terrible sea of flames. Is this the right way to fight?"

And from another dismayed Nazi, Lieutenant Hugo Wiener, come these jottings set down in his diary six days before he was killed in a fruitless at-

tack on a Stalingrad factory:

"Even though we very well knew of the devilish stubbornness the Russians display in battle, we did not expect such stubbornness as they have shown here. It proved to be a too unpleasant surprise. We have still been unable to drink a toast to the Volga on its banks, as Otto wanted to do as far back as August. And now Otto and Kurt and Ernst and Seidel and all 'the flock of the furious' exist no more. I do not even know if they were buried. We have no time for the dead now. Our regiment is melting away like a lump of sugar in boiling water."

Waxing virulent, he continues, "This city is a sort of hell's meat-grinder in which our units are being ground to pieces. The smell of decaying flesh and blood haunts me. I can neither eat nor sleep. This damned city makes me vomit. My God, why hast Thou forsaken us?"

ANOTHER OF THOSE letters that were never posted reflects reluctant discouragement: "It is hard to confess even to myself, but it seems to me that at Stalingrad we shall soon win ourselves to death."

First doubt, then despair. Desertions and self-inflicted injuries are increasingly the subject of other, more official documents garnered by the Russians on the battlefields. In a secret report a certain Herr Doctor Buenger, chief surgeon of the 15th Nazi Division, noted with alarm: "Soldiers smoke tea leaves, causing panting, colic pains and vomiting. They apply kerosene, turpentine or

acids to their bodies to cause a rash. Frequently they shoot their feet."

But as the Russian advance of the second winter began in earnest, Nazi soldiers were trapped. There was only a vast front—no rear to which they could be evacuated with their self-inflicted injuries. When 22 divisions were cut off by the Russians at the gates of Stalingrad, the Nazis had to rely on air transport for contact with the surrounded troops. One mid-December day a German cargo plane was shot down on its way from the ringed divisions. The wreckage yielded some three hundred letters from the doomed soldiers of der Fuehrer. The Soviets selected and published a typical one.

"We live on the steppes. Russians are all around us. Blizzards cut like knives. Falling snow hurts like pin-pricks. Our hands and feet are frozen." The Russian winter had come to the aid of the Russian counter-attack. Was it the beginning of Hitler's end? The coming months will tell.

Throughout occupied Europe, on walls and fences, there has been appearing in chalk and paint the sinister reminder to the conquerors, "1918." If the fearless anti-Axis patriots need any documentary proof that they are right in their prophecy of approaching doom for Hitler's legions, then these letters and diaries published by the Russians are proof indeed.

## *Almanac for July*

---

### **July 2, 1566**

DIED: Nostradamus, French prophet extraordinary whose rhymed predictions have startled a world which "is seeing them fulfilled nearly four centuries later.

---

### **July 4, 1826**

DIED: On this 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by coincidence unique in American history: Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

---

### **July 14, 1789**

BASTILLE DAY, French Independence Day, commemorating the fall of the mighty prison before storming revolutionaries in 1789.

---

### **July 15— 12th Century**

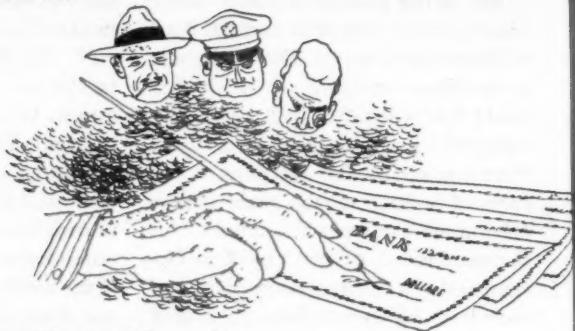
ST. SWITHIN'S DAY, so-called for a sainted English Bishop, but significant for the maxim:  
*St. Swithin's day if thou dost rain  
For forty days it will remain;  
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair  
For forty days, 'twill rain na mair—*

---

### **July 21, 1809**

DIED: Daniel Lambert of Leicester, England, who weighed 739 pounds. His coffin was 4 feet 4 inches wide.

*If a fast-talking stranger asks you to cash his check, think twice. If he's a professional forger, remember that you're the loser*



## **How To Spot Hot Checks**

by FRANK W. BROCK

AS THE postman descended the steps of a two-family house in a poor section of Pittsburgh, he glanced at the double-starred service flag hanging in the front window and smiled. He had just deposited in the hall letter box an envelope which he knew contained the family's main support, a monthly allowance and allotment check.

Before he had proceeded half a block, two boys ran up the steps. One of them remained on the stoop while the other disappeared in the vestibule. A few minutes later they hurried away.

Within an hour the younger of the two boys entered a neighborhood grocery and handed the proprietor a closed snap pocketbook.

The grocer opened the pocketbook and then began to decipher a badly scrawled note. It was penciled on coarse, blue-lined tablet paper.

"Will you please give George a half pound tea, box of soap flakes

and a package of bacon," it read. "Put the change from the check (\$42 check) in the pocketbook so he won't lose it. Thank you."

It was signed by Mrs. Gertrude Miles.

The grocer compared the endorsement on the check with the signature on the note and then filled the order. He put the purse in the boy's pocket.

On the next corner the youngster was joined by his older companion. The groceries were tossed in an ash can and the boys, without a qualm of conscience, went to the movies.

A few weeks later the Office of Dependency Benefits received a complaint from Mrs. Gertrude Miles to the effect that she had never received one of her son's allowance checks for April. A quick search unearthed the returned check but comparison indicated that the endorsement on the back was not in the handwriting of Mrs. Miles, and so the case automati-

cially became a problem for the Secret Service of the United States Treasury Department.

But the solution of most of these amateur forgeries is ridiculously simple. The bank which received the check gave the Secret Service agent the name and address of the grocer who deposited it and he, in turn, identified the youngster who hadn't thought that far ahead. Thus the Secret Service nipped an incipient career of crime.

This actual case from their files is typical of what is happening today to too many government checks. Three main factors contribute to the zooming forgery losses—which some statisticians place as high as one hundred million dollars a year: the present government output of more than three million monthly allowance checks; the alarming increase of juvenile delinquency; and the casualness with which practically *all* government checks are accepted as cash.

The fact that there has been no counterfeiting of the specially watermarked paper on which the checks are printed means that every check which purports to be a government check is the real thing. But unless the *endorsement* on the back of the check is genuine, the check is worthless and the full amount will be charged back to the person who cashes it.

These bungling forgers are a big nuisance to the busy Secret Service whose agents have far more important tasks these days than to trail petty larceny mail thieves. Profiting from their "Know Your Money" campaign

which reduced counterfeiting losses from an average of 771 thousand dollars in 1936 to less than 48 thousand dollars in 1942, the Secret Service is now waging war against forgers with the slogan, "Know Your Endorsers" as the keynote.

This campaign is designed to educate the public, not the crooks. There is no "Crime Doesn't Pay" angle to it. Every forger thinks he is going to get away with it when he "lays his paper." But a greater percentage of forgers is captured than is any other criminal.

Many forgers perfect what they believe to be a sure-fire routine for cashing checks, and the sameness of their procedure leads to their undoing. A Manhattan forger cashed his checks in Italian groceries and always ordered a special brand of olive oil. Once this quirk was discovered, the Secret Service loaded a car with his victims and cruised in the Italian district until the man was spotted.

Another creature of habit was Walter Lee Bonville. Bonville robbed letter boxes of department store statements. Then, posing as the customer,



*According to Frank Brock, the only thing that has happened to him since the duration began is three nights' duress on the draft board each week. But he still finds time to write the racket-revealing articles for which he is well known to Coronet readers. He once wrote 235 consecutive articles on the subject of frauds for one publication—without a single protest about their authenticity. He says that's proof that it's all true!*

he would appear at the cashier's window of the store during a rush hour and pay the bill with a check of his own manufacture, but larger than the statement. All that he received in change was profit. His gross take in various cities was in excess of 37 thousand dollars before postal inspectors cornered him in Washington, D.C.

But almost equally culpable are the ignorant or careless merchants who aid the criminals by accepting and cashing their spurious paper without demanding proper identification. The classic example of ignorance is the case of one of New York's East Side storekeepers who exchanged a load of non-rationed eatables and twenty-odd dollars for a negative photostat of a Treasury check—black background, white printing and all.

Gross carelessness prompted scores of merchants in numerous cities to cash checks drawn on the "Quartermaster's Bank, U. S. Army"—which is non-existent. These checks weren't even printed. The headings, amounts, numbers and other information were filled in with a typewriter on cheap blanks bought in a dime store. The Secret Service finally caught up with the forger in Kansas City, Missouri, and put him out of circulation.

WE ARE HEARING more and more about the escapades of men in uniform, usually those A.W.O.L. or the phonies who use a uniform to conceal their criminal intent. But these men shouldn't be hard for the average person to deal with.

Men who are on furlough or pass

have papers to prove it. But of equal importance is their permanent identification. All enlisted men wear metal "dog tags" which bear their name, serial number, name and address of next of kin and letters indicating their religion and blood type. Commissioned officers of all services carry identification cards with their photograph under an official seal so that it cannot be tampered with. Ask to see these and make notes on the back of the check they ask you to cash.

One Army deserter who gave Oklahoma City police the name of Edwin Cline, shelved his uniform and rented a priest's robe from a costumer. In this garb he had practically no trouble at all in cashing 25 dollar checks in several department stores. Still wearing his clerical dress he ordered identification cards bearing the name of a bishop. He was boarding a train for Wichita to continue his racket there when the police tagged him.

In most government check cases two separate crimes are committed, the theft of the letter and the forging of the check. Therefore there are two things to guard against. Householders should see that their letter boxes are substantially made and provided with a lock which cannot be opened or forced with a tool as simple as a manicure file. Storekeepers should carefully heed the warning now being prominently printed across the face of most government checks:

**KNOW YOUR ENDORSER—REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION**

The Secret Service isn't suggesting to merchants and others that they *stop*

cashing checks, but merely to make sure who the person is who asks you to exchange your money and/or merchandise for what may prove to be another scrap of paper. The following suggestions have been collected from various sources. If observed, they will do much to reduce losses—if they don't prevent them altogether:

All strangers are not crooks—but most crooks are strangers. Be suspicious of strangers. Ask yourself this question: Would I be willing to lend this stranger the amount of this check out of my own pocket on his unsecured promise to pay?

What one printer can do, another can duplicate. Many forgers are also printing the checks they pass.

Examine checks very carefully for any evidence of erasures or changes.

Do not be afraid to ask questions. Get positive identification. After all, it is *your* money that is being paid out.

Do not rely on lodge cards, Selective Service, Social Security or auto licenses. These, too, can be forged.

Check passers usually work fast. Take your time when you investigate.

Resolve doubts in your own favor.

Do not cash pay checks out of banking hours on Saturdays or holidays. These checks are always suspect.

Do not issue or cash checks written with a lead pencil.

Always demand that the person presenting the check endorse it in your presence. If it has been endorsed, insist that it be done again so that you may witness the signature.

Do not cash checks for juveniles.

Certifications are frequently forged. A "certified" check is not always good. Use the same precautions with "cashier's" checks.

Do not leave blank checks where some casual stranger may pick them up. Do not use your "bank signature" for letters or other documents.

Never, oh never, never, never, sign blank checks. That is one swell way of committing financial suicide.

"Know Your Endorser — Require Identification."

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

OUR UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE  
by Irving Crump \$2.00  
Dodd, Mead & Company, New York

### Correction

**I**N AN article entitled *Ersatz, Inc.*, published in the April 1943 issue of Coronet, it was stated that during the period between 1918 and 1933 I. G. Farben, the German dye trust, had acquired connections with chemical concerns throughout Europe and America and that through the collaboration of the French firm of Etablissements Kuhlmann, at one time during that period I. G. had acquired a controlling share in the Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. of England. The fact is that I. G. Farben does not now hold a single share in the Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. of England.

*The mysterious Gustav Siegfried Eins may be the Lord Haw-Haw of the Allies. His invective, beamed straight at Germany, gives them the lowdown on the lowest*



## **Mystery Man of the Short Waves**

by MURRAY MORGAN

**G**USTAV SIEGFRIED EINS is a short wave broadcasting station and an international mystery. A war baby of uncertain parentage, he arrived unexpectedly in the family of European short wave units about two years ago, and his lusty squalls have been heard by American and British listening stations ever since. With Prussian precision, Gustav starts exactly seven minutes before the hour, 24 hours a day, in language loud and lewd.

Although Gustav's habits are regular, his opinions certainly are not. He attacks the Gestapo, but ignores Hitler. He praises the German army, but betrays its secrets. Often he makes luridly obscene remarks about both the British and the Italians.

Who is this anti-Gestapo broadcaster who advises the German people to send their complaints direct to the Fuehrer? And who is behind him? Explanations fall into three general

theories. Two of them have holes a mile wide, and propaganda analysts can't be absolutely sure of the third.

Gustav may be a Nazi trick to imply disunity within the country. However, a short wave station located inside the Reich could scarcely be heard by the people, as the "skip effect" of short wave gives poor reception near at hand. Our leaders would certainly realize the Nazis weren't using short wave to broadcast to their own people.

A second theory is that Gustav is the voice of an influential army clique, protected by some man too powerful for even the Gestapo to crush. This man could only be Hermann Goering. As an old-time Junker general, he hates the SS "Bolsheviks" who have become the new German elite. The old army men opposed the invasion of Russia. So has Gustav Siegfried Eins, who often refers to "the roadless, endless space of the East with its gibberish

place names and unalphabetical inhabitants." And the old army men hate General Rommel, "that despicable obscenity, that Gestapo general."

No, such an explanation is too easy. There is some basis for believing that the old army hates the new Nazis, but all reliable reports thus far indicate that there is still no perceptible split. There is but one hierarchy in Germany—the army.

Before discussing the third theory, we must remember that Gustav is a big station, powerful enough to reach the United Nations although beamed at Germany. Presumably, it is no clandestine ten-watter carried about in the back of a truck. Why, then, has neither the Gestapo nor our own FCC located it?

There can be no doubt that the Gestapo *has* found it. Listeners say the Nazis jam up Gustav's wave length at every opportunity. If he held forth anywhere near the borders of Germany, the station would have been smashed aborning.

United Nations radio engineers are certain they have spotted the mystery transmitter. Where, they will not reveal officially. Unofficially, they hint that Gustav Siegfried Eins makes his home at Gibraltar.

Thus, the third theory is that Gustav's "Chief" is a former Prussian officer speaking at the behest of British Intelligence. This would explain why the Allied command ignores Gustav's existence—publicly. More important, such a source would answer why it attacks the Gestapo but not Hitler.

For successful propagandists must

use their opponents' arguments. If completely anti-Nazi statements came from a recognized Allied radio, Germans would shrug their shoulders. A well-informed mystery station which does not presume to attack Hitler and which is inconsistent in its allegiance, might make them listen and wonder.

As for Gustav's information, that too is a mystery. The generally accepted theory is that Gustav broadcasts all information which has not been absolutely verified by British Intelligence. The British Broadcasting Corporation disseminates the information which is authentic.

Of course, there are many obvious holes in this theory, but another fact adds weight to that conclusion: the Nazis try to interfere with Gustav, and the Allied radios apparently do not. The CBS monitoring system reports that the only time they can count on getting the station is when it's early in the morning in Germany. The atmospherics are good then and the Nazis want to use the transmitter for their own shows instead of jamming up their competitors' broadcasts.

Gustav also takes it upon himself to make purely personal remarks, a liberty which would scarcely be in keeping with the dignified BBC. The Gestapo men and the SS Elite Guard are pictured as cowardly sadists, playboy patriots afraid to go to the front. This typical broadcast was picked up on the day of the Allied commando raid against Dieppe:

"Well," said Gustav, "this is how I always imagined the war in the West.

What a monkey theater this morning in Paris!

"One hundred seventy kilometers away, the Englishman starts a patrol enterprise against the French coast, and it was the bashful, withdrawer kind. Hardly had this report been put through when everything in Paris went wild. What a fuss, what heroism! All the draft dodgers and soft-job warriors in fullest war regalia, ready to go to war—in their offices.

"Special leaders and SS chieftains climbed into their automobiles with deadly determination, armed to the teeth! The Hotel Majestic, where battles usually are fought with black-marketings, bribes and frauds, suddenly was peopled with wild, warlike apparitions.

"Dr. Michel of the economic department appeared in a bulletproof vest. Major Albrecht dispensed meat with a pair of binoculars around his neck. And Dr. Berger of the rubber board wore a complete anti-gas suit.

"Tonight this victory will be celebrated; they will stuff themselves with food and drink in celebration of the historic victory over the unsuccessful British invasion which, at the coast of Paris, found its bloody end through the determined intervention of the commune draft dodgers."

Just after the first thousand-plane raid on Cologne, Gustav Siegfried Eins carried a similar broadcast to detail the damage done. The announcer, who opens each broadcast with the phrase "Here speaks the Chief," described the ruins, then ripped into the Gestapo. He declared that Himmler's

men had ruled that everyone must remain indoors, and in enforcing the order, made civilians stay in burning buildings until the walls collapsed. Thirteen firemen in asbestos suits, he charged, went into the flames and were fatally burned because the asbestos was ersatz.

GUSTAV SIEGFRIED EINS is the most foul-miked station in history. Its adjectives are purely biological. In fact, the broadcasts are so bawdy that government listeners channel the transcriptions along all-male routes.

The Chief's epithets are particularly energetic whenever he discusses the increasing power of the Gestapo in Germany. Last Summer, Heinrich Himmler ordered that a recruiting drive be started to increase the strength of the SS. He gave as the reason "the bad mood" of the soldiers on the Eastern Front. The Chief exploded:

"This bad mood among the men is based solely on the inability of the ——SS commune at home. They thought they could hide the scandalous situation in the country from the men at the front. By God, the healthy and justified worry of the soldiers for their families, for whom they really, after all, are standing there and fighting, cannot be called a sign of defeatism, as is done by this great psychologist, Himmler.

"He allegedly needs many more SS good-for-nothings for the occupied territories in order to brawl around there behind the lines. There will be still more drinking, gambling and blackmarketing, and this pigsty in

the occupied territories will remain exactly as stinko as it is now.

"But, who knows? Maybe Himmler himself believes what he says about defeatism and slackness in the army, because the—— is afraid. He is afraid of the determination of the men who will come home some day from the Russian front and realize that while the best German blood was being spilled our country had been exploited by this SS bunch."

The Chief has just as little use for General Rommel and the Italian troops in Africa. He blames both for the failure of the midsummer offensive to take Cairo and Alexandria. CBS picked up this typical complaint:

"That propaganda drum Rommel, the old desert monkey, once again thought it was about time to get into the limelight with an offensive so that his most dubious military fame, and his most superfluous desert war, shall not fall into oblivion. . . . The Italians made big-mouthed promises to attack Alexandria with their sea and air forces and land a strong Italian unit with panzers and speed units behind the British position. . . .

"And Rommel fell for this foul macaroni fairy tale, as if he never yet had been gyped by those garlic eaters. In him they have found the man they can make drunk with their bombastic shrieks until he sees his name in bold letters in history books of the Gestapo swine. Then there is no stopping his suicidal plunges into battle.

"And when those Italian air acrobats report with impertinence that they have bombed to rubble the ad-

vanced enemy airdromes, Rommel believes it. In his beer eagerness he neglects to have German reconnaissance verify it. . . . Afterwards one of those Italian chiefs, who has not been there, sits himself down and dictates an elegant text which busts with heroic deeds and carried-out orders. This they call a report.

"Naturally, those British airports allegedly destroyed by the Italians were just as little destroyed as the Italian forces ever dared to get at Alexandria. And there is just as little danger of those blown-up polecats landing behind the British lines."

UNDERGROUND REPORTS say that the broadcasts have a terrific audience, perhaps the greatest of any German language program. Slogans like "Victory in the East, scrouged in the West" which the Chief uses sweep across Germany like limericks. The people have learned that the anti-Gestapo broadcasts are extremely reliable, for the Chief often lets out information which the Germans admit much later.

Some of the scoops scored by the Chief were the typhus epidemic last winter on the Eastern front, the cut in the meat ration last spring, and the announcement that Germany would be trying out a new type of U-boat soon. In October, Gustav described how an "entire shift was cooperating as a single man" in sabotage of the Ganze & Dorf factory in Germany, a fact which was later verified.

For awhile, Gustav seemed to have disappeared as mysteriously as he arrived. Through all the American and

British North African operations and Russia's magnificent winter offensive, Gustav said little or nothing. His fans at Princeton's listening station said they had not heard him since the last of October. Possibly Gustav thought the Allied initiative on all fronts was damning enough to the Nazis.

But the Chief is again swearing strong. He continues to give the German people all the dirt and scandal permeating the whole Axis. Some folks in the United Nation's family may not relish the idea of the racy-tongued Chief emanating from an Allied source. They probably want the psychological war carried on in good drawing room conversation.

A propaganda analyst might answer—among other things—that in the

first place it's not exactly *certain* that Gustav is trial balloon stuff for British Intelligence, or that he lives at Gibraltar . . . just as we aren't *certain* that the sun will rise every morning. But that's not important. Gustav has an amazing listening audience in Germany. To these listeners Gustav gives information about the Nazis in language which couldn't possibly be as bad as the horror those same Nazis have foisted on the world.

But just in case anyone who understands German wants to hear for himself, flip on the shortwave receiver seven minutes before the hour. Send the squeamish ladies out of the room, and set the dial about 6.165 megacycles. Gustav Siegfried the First will give you the lowdown on the lowest.

### "What's in a Name?"

¶ SUFFERING from constant depression and unhappiness, the great English Italian clown, Joseph Grimaldi, was persuaded by his friends to consult a nerve specialist.

"To boost your spirits and revive you better than anything I know," pronounced the doctor, "I'd go to see the next performance of Grimaldi." —CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS QUOTED BY JIM TULLY IN *A Dozen & One* (Murray & Gee)

¶ "YOU CALL THIS A PLOT?" laughed a Hollywood producer scornfully as he read aloud the brief synopsis which had just been submitted:

"A rich and powerful man falls in love with his brother's wife, murders his brother and marries her. The son of the murdered man broods and goes nutty. He falls in love with a girl who gets so worried about everything that she goes crazy. Whew!!" scoffed the reader and continued. "'The girl's brother and her lover stab each other to death; the mother takes poison. And her son, just before he dies, stabs and kills his step-father.'" "Bunk! bunk! all bunk!" the motion picture genius roared, slapping the script on his desk. "That's no story. *Nobody* could make a show out of that."

"But it made quite a lot of money on the stage," mildly insisted the author of the synopsis, "under the name of *Hamlet*." —LOUIS RICH

## The Odyssey of Harley Olson

by BERIL BECKER



*This is the tale of a shipwrecked mariner out on an enforced vacation cruise. It's all the more amazing because it's true.*

"Send your distress call. We've caught a fish!"

Radio operator Harley A. Olson jumped out of bed. He hadn't heard the explosion. For five minutes he jiggled the gadgets on both radios, but the power supply had failed. On deck, everyone scrambled into lifeboats.

After a last futile attempt, Olson jumped blindly into the black water and swam with all his might away from the suction of the ship. Suddenly, his fingers struck something solid. In the murk, he distinguished one of the ship's life rafts and pulled himself up on it. They were provisioned for 15 men for several weeks, he seemed to remember.

The whole thing had happened so suddenly that he knew little more than that they had been struck by a torpedo. He wondered where the rest of the crew were, but all his shouts failed to get any response. He settled back to a contemplation of the vastness about him, and that first panicky feeling slowly left him. Once again he was the Robinson Crusoe of his youthful dreams, drifting off to a palm-fringed island on his trusty raft.

As the darkness began to lift, Olson could make out little packages floating by. He scooped one out. They were cigarettes—manna from some modern

god of the sea! He quickly gathered in all that he could see, until there were at least 50 packages scattered about on the raft. What a break!

That seemed to be just the start of Lady Luck's blessings. A little later, another raft loomed out of the dusk, and he paddled over and made it fast to his own. Then he caught sight of a settee floating amidst the other wreckage, and tugged it aboard. Up bobbed another raft, as loaded as the first two. Olson couldn't believe his eyes. Not only was he practically the admiral of a fleet, but he had the beginnings of a bedroom.

That night his dreams were sweet as he slept wrapped in the blankets one of the cases held. In the morning he breakfasted royally on tomato juice, sardines and biscuits. The sea was calm and the weather tropical. There was nothing to worry about. He was confident he would be picked up soon.

When the sun got hotter, he took a swim. Later on, he constructed a kind of house from the cases of food and made a sail from the three sets of distress flags. The raft moved faster now.

Supper was a feast of beans, biscuits and tuna fish. The next day he made a net from the bandages in several first-aid kits and caught some fish. Life was almost too good. He had rigged up a bed from the settee and some of the cases, and over it placed a canopy of blankets. No prince

of the realm could have been more carefree or comfortable.

Each day that passed he marked with a scratch on the mast, but one was so like the last that he lost all sense of time. Always, the daily swim and the leisurely sunbath. After supper, he took a stroll on the two rafts back of his house. His supply of food was decreasing but not enough to cause him any worry.

To help pass the time, Olson tried to remember every song he had ever heard. After all, his calendar showed 28 days and that's a pretty long time not to have anyone to talk to.

On the twenty-ninth day, several ships came slowly up over the horizon. It was a whole convoy and a little sub-chaser was coming toward him. They took him aboard and put in at Key West the next day.

Certainly a lucky boy, you'd say. Few shipwrecked sailors have such carte blanche. But this isn't the end of Harley Olson's story. You see, the skipper of the ship just didn't believe

him. No man could look that healthy after a month on an open raft. Where were the hollowed cheeks, the dazed eyes and subdued mien of the shipwrecked mariner?

So when our smiling young Tarzan walked down the gangplank in Key West the Federal Bureau of Investigation was there to meet him. After their questioning, they were as skeptical as the captain. Obviously, he was a "plant," placed on a raft by a U-boat to be rescued and enter the United States as a saboteur. Three rafts, plenty of supplies—where was the dynamite the Gestapo gave him?

So Olson was held incommunicado in Miami until his fingerprints could be checked with those filed by all radio operators in the FCC archives. A week later, the information came in. To the amazement of the authorities, he actually was an American citizen hired by the Isthmian Line. After all, he was just a guy from Portland, Oregon, who had always wanted to see the sea.

### ***His Obituary Pleased Him***

**I**N 1915, word of the death of the famous violinist, Fritz Kreisler, then an officer in the Austrian army, flashed over the wires. The report was false, but French and American newspapers printed the news with unbiased appreciation of the artist's great talents. Speaking of it later, Kreisler told how he had been seriously wounded and taken to a small overcrowded hospital. When another officer, critically injured, was brought in, Kreisler offered his cot and stretched out on the floor. The man died with Kreisler's name and number above his bed.

"Still," mused the violinist, "it was pleasant to see what nice things the papers said. I have never gotten over the fine things the Paris papers said, even though people were so bitter in those days."

—DAVID W. HAZEN IN *Interviewing Sinners and Saints* (Binfords & Mort)

You and Tomorrow

CITIES IN CRISIS



*Curing the Ailing City*

by WALTER BLUCHER

*Rurbana, A Livable City*

by CHARLES A. BLESSING

*Cities of Tomorrow*

by HUGH POMEROY



# I Curing the Ailing City

by WALTER BLUCHER

**F**OR THE LAST twenty-five years I have been watching the cities of America. I have seen them grow fat in expansion and I have seen them grow lean again. I have seen them grow beautiful—but at the same time I have seen them grow ugly in congestion and obsolescence and decay.

Some of our American cities have deteriorated beyond a job of patch-work repair—for ignorance, carelessness, inefficiency and occasional exploitation have struck hard at our American cities. But we do not have to yield to these forces of decay: most of our American cities can yet, by planned community development, be guided into a productive maturity.

You do not have to be a social scientist—nor even a city planner—to know these things. If you are the strap-hanger struggling in a crowded street car—if you are a mother watching your children weave in traffic in going to school—if you are a city dweller drawing water from a common pump two blocks away—if you are any of these you can see that our cities are decaying, physically, socially and economically. And even if you are not, do not shrug your shoulders in apathy; all of us eventually will be involved unless our cities plan for the future.

- If you do not believe this let me tell you about some things I have seen.

In Baltimore, with many of the elementary schools built while our population was still increasing, hundreds of grade school seats remained empty

when the number of students declined as population leveled off. Planning might have shown how a stringent immigration policy and a decreasing net reproduction rate would affect the need for schools in the future.

In Quincy, Illinois, city officials and townspeople were content when the nation's stove industry centered there. But Quincy didn't stop to think that some day the industry might move, and that the Quincy model couldn't last forever. Quincy had no alternative plan for its economic life. To-day Quincy has lost the stove industry.

In Los Angeles, mecca of the retired business men and farmers of the Midwest, population pushed out recklessly against the city limits. By 1940 people in Los Angeles were scattered over 459 square miles of land. Mass transportation tried to answer their need, but the long hauls were unprofitable. Today, with gas and tire rationing, the city finds itself immobilized—demanding and requiring transit facilities which do not exist and cannot be provided. A comprehensive plan for transportation might have saved the day.

In Newark, New Jersey, no one thought in the period of industrial boom, that park and recreation facilities were necessary components of city living. Now, Newarkans must go elsewhere to picnic and enjoy the quiet relaxation of sunshine and trees and lawns, for their city has only one acre of parks for every 6,237 of its popu-

lation—about a sixtieth of what a planned community could give them.

The examples I have quoted are not unusual. Study them for a minute. Notice that they cover the fields of education, recreation, business and transportation. Now think of your own city—or the regional area in which you live and work and play. Probably you know of similar examples, for these conditions are the rule of life for three quarters of our population residing in metropolitan areas.

You can't afford to sit back and let the forces of municipal deterioration go unchecked. What's happening in your city is happening in other cities, and sooner or later the shadow of urban disease will fall upon you. And you can't escape by fleeing to the suburbs, or to other cities and to their suburbs. Many a new suburbanite finds that he has no sewers, few paved roads, no street lights, and that in a year or two his hard-bought peace is shattered by a near-by roadhouse or factory. The business man finds his investments have declined for the

---

*What's a city planner? A man of practical bent like Walter Blucher, executive director of the American Society of Planning Officials—who, doctor-wise, knows that an ounce of prevention and foresight now is worth a ton of expensive patchwork-cures on the city in the future. Expert-consultant to hundreds of American city planning commissions, he was until 1934 head of the Detroit City Planning Commission and has also served as a special committee member of the National Resources Planning Board. Perhaps his most fascinating job to date, however, was helping locate new towns in the area of the Columbia Basin reclaimed with the building of the Grand Coulee Dam.*

central city can no longer afford to maintain its level of service as ever larger areas degenerate into decay and tax-delinquency.

Well, what then is the solution?

The solution lies in *reclaiming* the city, in restoring to it the pleasure of home-living, of prosperous enterprise, of community spirit and cultural enrichment. Every year more cities are coming to the conclusion that this is possible through a planned program of municipal action. Just this year, Kansas City, Buffalo and Philadelphia have decided that in the interest of self-preservation they can't afford not to plan. Fifty thousand dollars a year, a hundred thousand, is a small price to pay to increase a city's earning power and provide its citizens with those advantages implied in The American Way of Life.

But planning isn't a patch on the roof, a new link in the sewer. Nor refurbishing a city's lakefront so that it wears a collar of parks and boulevard while blocks away its underwear smells from too much living in too little space. Planning is a process that carries on from day to day, from year to year, adjusting its objectives to changing needs, to new technologies, a dedication of the city to the people.

Many critics of the planning process have attacked it as idealistic. It is. But it is not impractical. Long before Detroit reached its present size, the Detroit Plan Commission prevailed upon the city to create the River Rouge Park of 1,200 acres. The excessive subdividing activity of the period might have absorbed it, but today it

serves the recreation needs of thousands. Was that impractical?

Planners know that a dream can't of itself produce the reality. The plan must be backed by a thorough knowledge of where people live and how, what their business is, how they go from home to work and back to home again, what their shopping habits are, how much money they make and where it comes from, whether they have children and how many they have, and a myriad other facts of the city's social and economic life. When the facts are known a pattern of standards can be formulated to guide the actions of men so their building will be in accord with their ideal.

This fact-finding activity is the first step in city planning. It requires no strategic materials, no priority ratings. Any city can start it today. Any city which leaves it until tomorrow may have to decide on the toss of a coin whether its wartime aircraft plant should continue to manufacture aircraft or whether it should convert to some other industry. There are estimates that no more than 25 per cent of our aviation plants will be used to produce aircraft when the war is over. Many of the other 75 per cent are not likely to be needed to meet the demand. Will cities freeze in their civic pride and fail to make an alternative plan? Perhaps their secondary employment opportunities — trades and services—should be exploited. Or perhaps war-born technologies will be bases for entirely new economies.

Analysis of the factual data, then, is the second step and upon its comple-

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in the gatefold on city planning: The Chicago Park District; the Johnson Wax Company; World Pictures, for the use of photographs from the motion picture *The City*; and Arnold Eagle and David Robbins for their photographs entitled *One Third of a Nation*. The background sketch is from the book of *Drawings* by Heinrich Kley, published by the Borden Publishing Company, Los Angeles, California, 1941, \$3.95.

tion you can start to make your plan, the third step. Planning, you see, is not the same as the plan. Roanoke, Virginia, once made a beautiful plan; so did a dozen other cities. But they made their plans for the archives. They forgot that a plan must be more than a set of blueprints.

Based on community-accepted objectives, a plan is not as simple as adding two and two. A plan is adding two and two and x and y and aspirations and economics and intangibles for the betterment of our city's livability. There is no one master blueprint that will fit like a glove on the hand of every city. Each community must have its own approach to its future, but every plan will have to make use of the same basic tools. The best known of these is zoning, through which the land-use pattern is enforced. Land is a city's capital, and it must be used to maximum effectiveness. Proper allocations must be made for housing, industry, recreation and education, transportation. You can see how important this is to the community—and to your health and pocketbook—by looking at blighted areas of the modern city, at vacant lots held with unjustifiable optimism for business uses.

In all the time of their growing—up to the hungry years of the last depres-



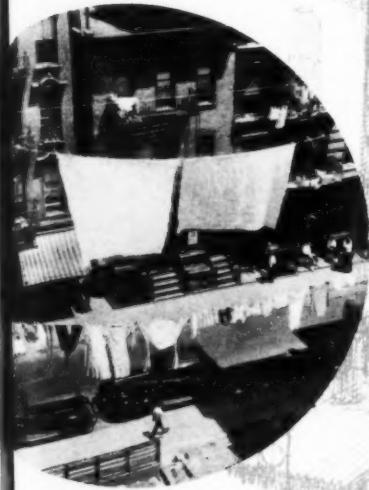
Ped



**Pedestrians and Autos**



**The Work Place**



**The Living Place**



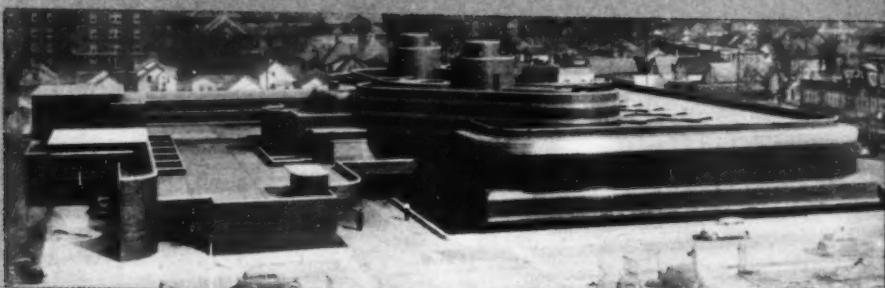
**The Play Space**

*...and a few*

## Solutions



*Pedestrians and Autos*



*The Work Place*



*The Living Place*



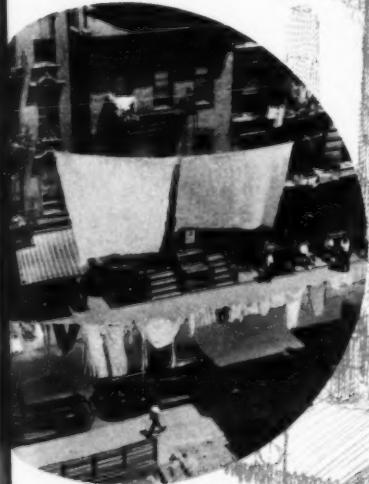
*The Play Space*



**Pedestrians and Autos**



**The Work Place**



**The Living Place**



**The Play Space**

**Some Problems**

**encountered in present  
city living**

*...and a few*

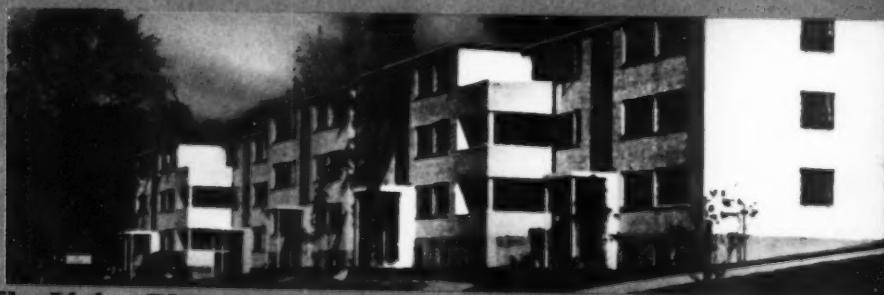
## Solutions



*Pedestrians and Autos*



*The Work Place*



*The Living Place*



*The Play Space*

# RURBANA

*A Livable City for  
200,000 People*

## KEY TO THE SYMBOLS

*Superhighways*



*Parkways*



*Neighborhood Streets*



*Industrial Areas  
and Railroads*



*City Airport*



**Major Park Areas 1-2-3-4-5**



*Neighborhood Parks  
and Playgrounds*



*Business and  
Shopping District*



*Civic Center*



*Elementary Schools*



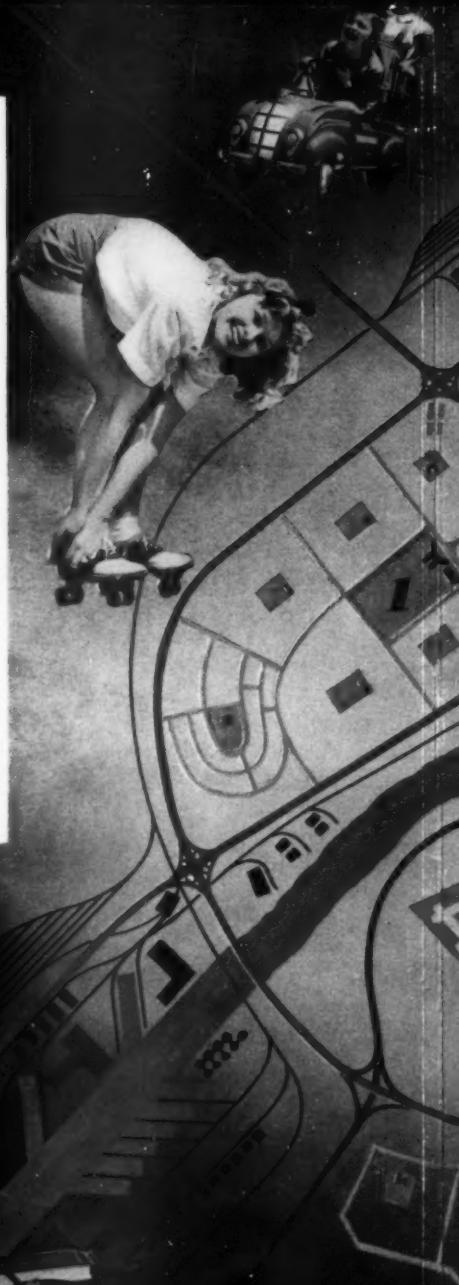
*High Schools*



*The River*



Drawing by Arnold W. Ryan from a city plan  
designed and copyrighted by Charles A. Bless-  
ing, Associate Member of A.I.P., on leave from  
the Chicago Plan Commission.





ha  
co  
ba  
th  
tu  
sa

fa  
in  
se  
w  
an

cu  
hi  
bo  
th  
po

ci  
or  
th



sion—our cities were the handmaidens of speculation. We ignored the use of land because to us the important thing was its increase in value. And because land used for commerce was more valuable than land used for residence we opened up more and more land to business. But business did not need, could not use all this land. New York's zoning ordinance provided enough business and industrial property for 340 million people!

Up to 1930 the movement to the fringes of a city and into its suburbs was not dangerous to maintenance of the urban structure. The farms, foreign immigration, and a rising birth rate provided replacements. But when these stopped as the depression set in, fewer people moved into the central areas. Land values decreased,

tax collections tobogganed. The city was spending more on its blighted areas than taxes yielded from them.

But look what else was happening: people were moving into the suburbs, out of the city's taxation power. Suburbanites, proud of their independence, were nevertheless dependent on the larger city for employment and cultural opportunities beyond the level their villages offered. There were fewer people to pay city taxes and with the growth of modern governmental services public officials discovered that 85 per cent of all homes, scattered in all economic strata, were receiving social dividends in excess of their taxes.

Who then was to pay? Business and industry. The business man dug deep to meet the deficit—then he too began to move out of the city. Continued ad infinitum, this flight to the periphery whipsaws city dwellers to disaster. The city can either charge higher taxes to the remaining population or it can lower the level of governmental service. Either way, you as a city dweller lose in your standard of living and in the protection of your investments. Nor will the suburbs be spared. A new metropolitan governing unit may be created to

## 2 *Rurbana, A Livable City*

Rurbana is a city planner's picture of a livable city. You'll notice first that the green and space of the country have been imported into the town's very heart in a new concept of "rurban" (rural-urban) living. Next, that the basic living pattern of Rurbana is the neighborhood, five of them, each housing about 40 thousand persons. These in turn are subdivided into communities of five to eight thousand persons (enough to support an elementary school).

Each neighborhood services its residents with ample facilities for living, playing and shopping, but *not* for working. Industry is located elsewhere where it can best be served by railways, highways, water routes and airlines, and where prevailing winds blow dust and smoke (if there be any) away from residential sections.

A superhighway circles the outlying areas so you needn't cut through the city to reach the other side of town. Major highways carrying the heaviest traffic surround the neighborhoods but don't penetrate them. Parkways wind through the city's beauty spots—along the river and through the parks, for just plain pleasure driving.

Rurbana isn't an overall blueprint, applicable to all cities, needless to say. But it shows the kind of Master Plan or frame of reference within which city planners work when they go about the job of rebuilding the city.

—CHARLES A. BLESSING

levy regional taxation and suburbanites may find taxes doubling and perhaps even trebling.

This ramifying threat of disaster might have been avoided if in the very beginning the areas surrounding the central district had been zoned for residential and recreational use. Then workers in the central area—perhaps this would have included you—could have walked to work and play. Desolate and profitless districts would never have developed. Now that they are with us, however, we must rezone them in order to yield maximum livability and value.

But the plan itself isn't enough. It must be put into effect, and that is the fourth step in the planning process. During a war, priorities and labor shortages necessarily ham-string community development. It is against the moment when peace is here again that we must work.

Of course, a city can't be razed and rebuilt all at once. After the comprehensive plan has been prepared, various areas can be selected for immediate redevelopment. Begin work on one, finish it, then start on another until your city is finished.

From where will come the power to do this enormous job? There are means: legal, administrative, financial. Some of them exist now. Others must be created. Admittedly this is difficult, but progress is never easy.

It seems impossible to create a new community if land continues to be parcelled out in segments to different owners. Most planners now agree that their projects are feasible only if large

units of land can be controlled by one agency or one individual. You will note that there is no *ipso facto* reason for making a governmental unit the controller of the land; all that is necessary is for some one unit, or a group acting as a cooperative unit, to have the deed.

The city, state or federal government, however, may take over blighted areas through such devices as condemnation of land under the right of eminent domain. With this control, the governmental unit may do the work itself or lease the land to private companies. High taxation for property improperly used or the exercise of police powers may compel owners to use the land in accordance with the city plan. Laws already exist in New York, Illinois, Michigan and Kentucky under which private corporations may redevelop large blighted areas for purposes specified within the comprehensive planning program of the city. In Congress federal legislation is being discussed to make urban redevelopment a national obligation.

Although the post-war world will give us an unprecedented amount of trained workers, industrial capacity, power, metals, materials and creative energy to focus on building new cities, the entire project may bog down in financial problems. The solution?

For one thing, cities will have some surplus funds at the close of the war—although they may not be much—through savings on decreased personnel and an inability to spend municipal funds on public works projects now. Where these funds are inade-

quate to the purpose, some of the cost will have to be shifted to the state and national governments, although cities must pass supplementary revenue acts also. Many planners agree with me that the traditional source of municipal funds—the real estate tax—will not be sufficient to finance the rebuilding program.

But is this work of city planning an end to private building enterprise? Not at all. Consider it this way: if there are large public housing projects in a neighborhood, will there be no private home building? Of course not. Large parts of, and probably the majority of, the city will be rebuilt by private enterprise. Certainly, government, pushed by the pressure of contemporary society, is moving into a greater sphere of activity, but this is not an infringement on business' domain. It is simply an acknowledgment

of greater communal responsibility.

Because community planning is inevitable for self-survival—some of the nation's leading educational institutions are offering courses to train future planners. These include Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cornell, Columbia, the University of Chicago and the University of Southern California. But the men and women trained by these schools are not the only ones who can participate. Engineers, business men, architects, scientists, lawyers and just plain citizens all must do their bit.

Only when the whole community is mobilized for action will our residential and industrial slums disappear. Then once again we shall see cities where people can live secure in the knowledge that their homes, their children, their businesses will flourish and grow strong.

## ③ Cities of Tomorrow

by HUGH R. POMEROY

THIS IS THE STORY of what a properly planned post-war city will be like and how your city—if it is among those planning for the future—will at long last provide you and your family with the maximum in livableness.

Designed for people, the planned city will offer you a pleasant, well-rounded community life, and bring back into the city the quietness and beauty of the home-like communities our forefathers knew. The city will be arranged in neighborhoods, insulated from each other by wide

cushioning park belts, but all of them integrated into a single dynamic community with attractive and efficient industrial and commercial districts.

Mothers who know the astounding health value of fresh air can let their children out to play, content in the knowledge that a moving automobile will never cross their path; yet those same women will be able to reach the downtown shopping district in a minimum of time along superhighways.

Men who want to ease their backs working in gardens can do so; grand-

mother and grandfather can see out the last days of their lives in peace and contentment.

The residential neighborhoods of this city will vary in size, ranging from a few to many thousands in population. There will be no overcrowding, for housing will be arranged so that even in the heaviest apartment house districts there will be a maximum of not more than 100 to 120 persons living on each acre of ground. This thinning out of the population, this decrease in density, will insure you that your family will not suffer from lack of light, sunshine, fresh air, plants and trees, yard space.

Residential homes, whether they are detached homes, row houses or apartment houses, will not cast shadows on one another, and every window will look out on trees and open space rather than blank walls or neighbor's windows an arm's length away. There will be no need to wait, as one soldier wrote that he had been forced to do, for the anonymity of night to give a modicum of personal privacy.

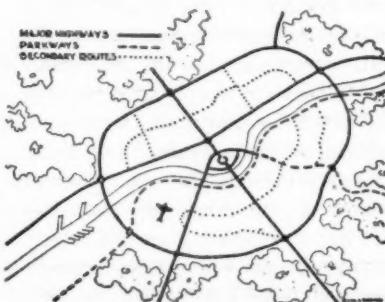
Your dwelling in the neighborhood will be part of a group that has variety, with individual but harmonious designs—not set flush with the street in a dreary progression of monotonous rows. Many people will rent their homes either from a public housing authority or else from a private company leasing land from the city. Your house will be designed for a maximum of living comfort, for architects in building it will consider prevailing winds, the sun exposure necessary, the location of it in relation to

other homes, and how central heat, light and power units can best serve the neighborhood.

Your neighborhood unit will be complete in itself: you won't have to leave it to do your retail shopping, attend school, participate in recreation or meet in assembly halls for worship, civic discussion and dramatics. The neighborhood should be large enough to give privacy to each family, but not so large that it becomes impersonal. Families should be able to know one another and develop a personal interest in the community and its affairs.

While the neighborhoods will vary in many characteristics, they will not be stratified by income or social groupings. Democratically, there will be a greater intermingling of all people.

The city's neighborhoods will be connected by a series of interlinking highways and transportation facilities, but these will not penetrate into the neighborhoods. We will not aimlessly push traffic streets through every residential area. The express traffic highways will bypass neighborhoods, and only service lanes, running either into central parking lots or directly



CORONET

to house service entrances to facilitate deliveries, will stem into the residence sections from the main roads. Your neighborhood's internal system of circulation, in short, is designed for minimum traffic danger. School children can go to their classes without tangling in the traffic, since highways will be crossed into other neighborhoods by using underpasses or viaducts. This segregation of traffic arteries and elimination of needless space now devoted to streets, will diminish the traffic noises and fumes that the automotive age brought into our lives.

Transportation in your planned city will consider the needs of the entire community. There will be, for example, adequate means of reaching your theatres, clubs, stadii, clinics and secondary schools that serve several neighborhoods. Industry will be provided with the canals, streets and railroads that it needs for efficient moving of goods. Railroads will be reorganized to erase now-duplicating and conflicting means of egress and ingress to and from the city, and to make best use of central terminals. Inter-neighborhood transportation will be achieved by whatever means is most efficient and convenient, but largely by streamlined buses and privately-owned automobiles. We will have central airports for cross-country and international passenger travel and freighting, and landing fields for family planes not more than 15 minutes distant from any home in the city.

In the central area of our city, toward which the superhighways will focus, there will be large parking

*When Hugh R. Pomeroy writes of the post-war city-to-come, you can be sure that it's a possibility in our lifetime, not hundreds of years hence, for his profession does the spadework for tomorrow's better cities. President of the American Institute of Planners, a technical society of men actually engaged in city planning, he is a director of the American Society of Planning Officials, and Director of the National Association of Housing Officials. He began his career in Los Angeles as secretary of their regional planning commission, and as a private consultant has since persuaded hundreds of cities and counties to plan for the future.*

---

spaces for business and professional people, shoppers in the downtown stores, patrons of the theatre, arts and libraries, and governmental employes. When you drive downtown you'll come by way of wide streets lined with trees and shrubbery.

The studies of industry and commerce that will enable us to provide the best locations for financial, shopping and governmental buildings in the central area will also show us how to classify industry according to its nature and requirements. Some industries will be isolated in special zones away from residential sections so that you're not aware of the disagreeable aspects of manufacturing. Electricity, clean, powerful, efficient, will supplant coal in many industries, but even those plants, such as steel, that must continue to use coal will not annoy us. We will surround them by parks and bury their noisiest, dirtiest processes in the center of them.

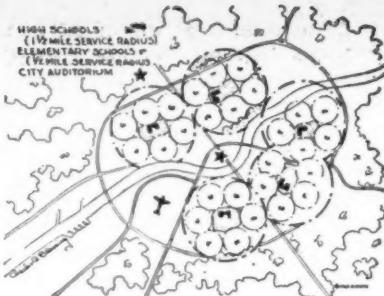
On the other hand, light industry, such as garment work, watch making, printing, food processing, can be

located in close relation to any residential neighborhood area. If you work in one of these—or in any other that can regulate its disagreeable aspects—you may walk across green grass every morning on the way to your office or work bench. This will be possible because the planned location of industry will take housing facilities into account. You won't have to go 10 or 15 miles to work because you can't get housing near your business. And by reducing transportation time to and from work you will have more time for recreation and education—two vital elements of your livable city.

Recognizing the social dividends that recreation pays in health and civic pride and energy, your city will provide play lots close to residences for small children. Children of elementary school age will have at least five acres of playgrounds in every neighborhood unit. Youths and older persons will have access to baseball and football fields, tracks, indoor sports and paths for horseback riding.

The new way of life in the post-war city, it has been said, can best be embodied in the new types of buildings which will be common to the neighborhood—health and welfare centers, “well-baby” clinics, nutrition centers, employment security offices, schools for the young and old—these will look as familiar to you as postoffices.

Schools will be placed in each neighborhood so that no child has to walk more than a half mile from his home to it. Since school attendance will be estimated in advance,



no school need be jammed into portable sections for lack of space.

The neighborhood school building, however, will be more than just a school: you'll use it as a town meeting place to discuss common problems, and for community recreation gatherings. It will offer adult vocational training, and teach women the newest wrinkles in home economics.

Secondary or high schools will serve several neighborhoods. The net effect of this educational system will be to make education a more effective, integral part of city life, and distribute its advantages to more people.

Now, let's see how a specific family—maybe it'll be yours—will live in this environment.

The home of our typical family is not set on a street. There is a service entrance driveway at the rear, but otherwise there is grass on all sides.

After the family has breakfasted in a dining room with a pleasant view, father leaves and goes to work. He walks a short distance to a streamlined car line running in a parked strip, or to an elevated platform giving access to the superhighway on which the bus lines run and within

20 minutes is at the office, located in the downtown business district. In the evening he can be home in plenty of time to play with the children before dinner.

Meanwhile, Sis, who drives a small car, takes it from the central neighborhood parking lot, surrounded by shrubbery, and uses the superhighway to go across the city to her college. Brother walks across the neighborhood, then uses the underpass or overhead walk to cross the superhighway into the recreation and education area serving several neighborhoods.

In the morning, baby is let out to play with other children in the nearby play yard. Attendants will watch them as mother cleans up her house.

When afternoon shopping time comes, mother won't have to carry her bundles very far. She walks across the grass, past the play ground, past the school, and then into the neighborhood shopping zone. Stores there are grouped together for her conven-

ience, and should she decide to relax for a while there is the movie, either in her neighborhood or in the adjoining one, that's reached via an underpass.

In the evening mother and dad can walk through the neighborhood park to the Jones' (second home past the Dillons') for a game of bridge. Brother will be playing baseball on the play yard and sister will be meeting with her sorority friends in the neighborhood school social room.

To guide the family back home after dark there will be good lighting, but no wires will swing overhead. They'll all be underground. By 11 o'clock when the family is reunited again, they will be ready for a sleep unpunctured by noise from the printing plant that's just past the shopping district—for it's soundproof.

Thus, you can see that a planned city is designed in every way to encourage the best in community and family relationships. It is the city of modern democracy—the city livable.

---

### **Use This Coupon for Change of Address**

To assure yourself of prompt and certain delivery of your copies of Coronet if you change your address . . . fill out and send in the blank below. By using this standard change-of-address blank and informing us of your new address as soon as possible, you will help us give you quick and efficient service.

Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:

Please note this change of address and make the adjustment in your files.

*Old Address*

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City-State . . . . .

*New Address*

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City-State . . . . .

(Notices of Change of Address must be received one month before they are to take effect—both old and new addresses must be stated)

## Wee Johnny Gee

by LLOYD SHEARER



SUPPOSE YOU tried to turn in two hundred pounds of scrap metal and the salvage depot wouldn't accept it; that you went to the bank to buy War Bonds and they wouldn't take your money; that you collected a gallon of waste cooking fats and the butcher turned it down . . .

Something of the sort happened to Johnny Giovenco—more often called Johnny Gee. He applied for work in a war plant 49 times, and was refused each time. He was 21 years old, in perfect health, and had graduated from the Brooklyn High School of Automotive Trades as a skilled mechanic. The only trouble with Johnny, from the employers' point of view, was his height. Johnny Gee is only 48 inches tall. When he goes to the refrigerator for a midnight snack, the top of his head is exactly even with the middle ice cube tray.

When Johnny Gee first applied for a defense job in 1941, no angry creditors nor hungry draft boards shadowed him to the employment office. In fact the Army has turned him down three times, the Navy twice, the Coast Guard, Marines and Air Force once each. Johnny is as draft-proof as his baby sister Marie.

As for money—Johnny knew that war work would bring less of it than the entertainment business. His salary was not breathtaking, but for five years it had grown steadily more "re-

spectable." He had sung his boy soprano novelty with the bands of Paul Whiteman and Rudy Vallee; he had appeared with Lou Holtz, Fanny Brice, Al Jolson and many another top-flight Broadway star. He needed no time-and-a-half defense check to make his nest-egg cosier. No, patriotism was his only motive.

Johnny first applied for a war job at the plant of the largest pursuit plane manufacturer in the East. The gate watchman laughed at him and the personnel manager ignored him. He was going out the front gate 15 minutes after he had gone in.

To a midget, ridicule is as commonplace as curiosity. If Johnny Gee hadn't learned to expect it in the 21 years of his midgethood, he might not have applied for defense work 50 different times. His problem was to find a personnel manager who would take him seriously. For the long tussle, Johnny had two weapons: good nature and determination.

His determination never cracked, but on two occasions he would gladly have traded his good nature for brass knuckles. Once, when a personnel expert asked to take him home for dinner because his daughter was "crazy about dolls and here was one in person," Johnny replied in the dialect of Greenpoint, a not too cultured part of Brooklyn, his home town.

And again when a personnel director

named Ben Carver asked to hold Johnny on his lap. Hoping for a job, Johnny obliged by climbing up.

"Makes me feel like J. P. Morgan!" roared Mr. Carver. But there was no job in it for Johnny.

The fiftieth war plant on Johnny's list was the Brewster Aeronautical Company of Newark, New Jersey. Here hiring foreman Mike De-Persian had scarcely heard Johnny's request for work when a smile broke across his face and he fairly shouted: "Hell, son—you're hired! Take off your coat and let's go!"

Johnny's job was to crawl into the wings of the giant flying boats, the PBY-5 Catalinas. While another man worked on the outside of the wing with a rivet gun, Johnny held a piece of steel against the inside end of the rivet to take the punching impact. Brewster had been hiring exceedingly thin men for the job but found the strain of stretching and crawling in

that small space too great for them, and that they needed too many rest periods to work the cramps out of their arms.

But the job was custom-built for a midget. Midgets could clean wings, remove fragments from fuselages, install floating parts where normal men could not fit. And most of all, they could crawl around inside the frames without breaking anything. Following Brewster's lead, United Aircraft, Lockheed, Douglas, Martin and almost every other plane manufacturer sent out emergency calls. Johnny estimates that 90 per cent of all the employed midgets in the country are working on airplanes today.

Pioneer aircraft worker Giovenco has spent two years inside the wings of PBYs. But his success story doesn't end there: Johnny has just been promoted. Now he is an aircraft inspector. In his new job, he supervises the work of 25 other midgets.



### **Penny-a-Ride**

**C**OMMUTERS on the world's shortest, cheapest railway pay one penny to travel its 325-foot length.

This ultimate in brief and thrifty transportation, known as the Angels' Flight Railway, is located in downtown Los Angeles, California. It operates between two street levels on a 33-degree hill and carries about four thousand persons daily.

Two cars, each seating about 32 passengers, run in opposite directions, though geared to the same central cable. The cars travel from the "stations" to the center of the line on the single track, then switch to a double section in the center in order to pass each other.

This elevator-like commuting system was built in 1900 by Colonel J. W. Eddy, and has been operating at a nice profit ever since. Its present owner, R. M. Moore, bought the equipment and the franchise for 82 thousand dollars in 1912.—LE ROY LINCOLN

## Your Other Life

• • • On the morning of April 24, 1856, George Cox, age 7, and his 5-year-old brother Joseph went hunting with their father, Samuel Cox, in the mountain fastness of Spruce Hollow, Bedford County, Pennsylvania.

Somehow, somewhere, their father lost track of them and, after time had passed and the boys did not return, he spread an alarm to neighbors that they were missing.

By nightfall more than 100 men were searching the wilderness for the Cox children. For 15 days they scoured the surrounding forest, and by the time the hunt was in full sway, 2,000 persons were engaged in the search. There were many theories about the boys' disappearance. Some thought they'd been kidnapped by a band of roving Gypsies; others employed the services of an old Negro who was confident he could find the children by using the forked branch of a peach tree as a divining rod. None of the theories proved of any avail.

On the tenth night after the children disappeared, Jacob Dibert, who lived about 15 miles from Spruce Hollow, dreamed of seeing the two young brothers lying under a birch tree. From his dream he also remembered a dead deer, a fallen log, and a birch tree whose top was stunted or broken off.

For three succeeding nights he dreamed this dream. Dibert himself

wasn't familiar with the Spruce Hollow territory but he told his dream to his wife, who was, and she induced her brother to accompany her husband on a private search.

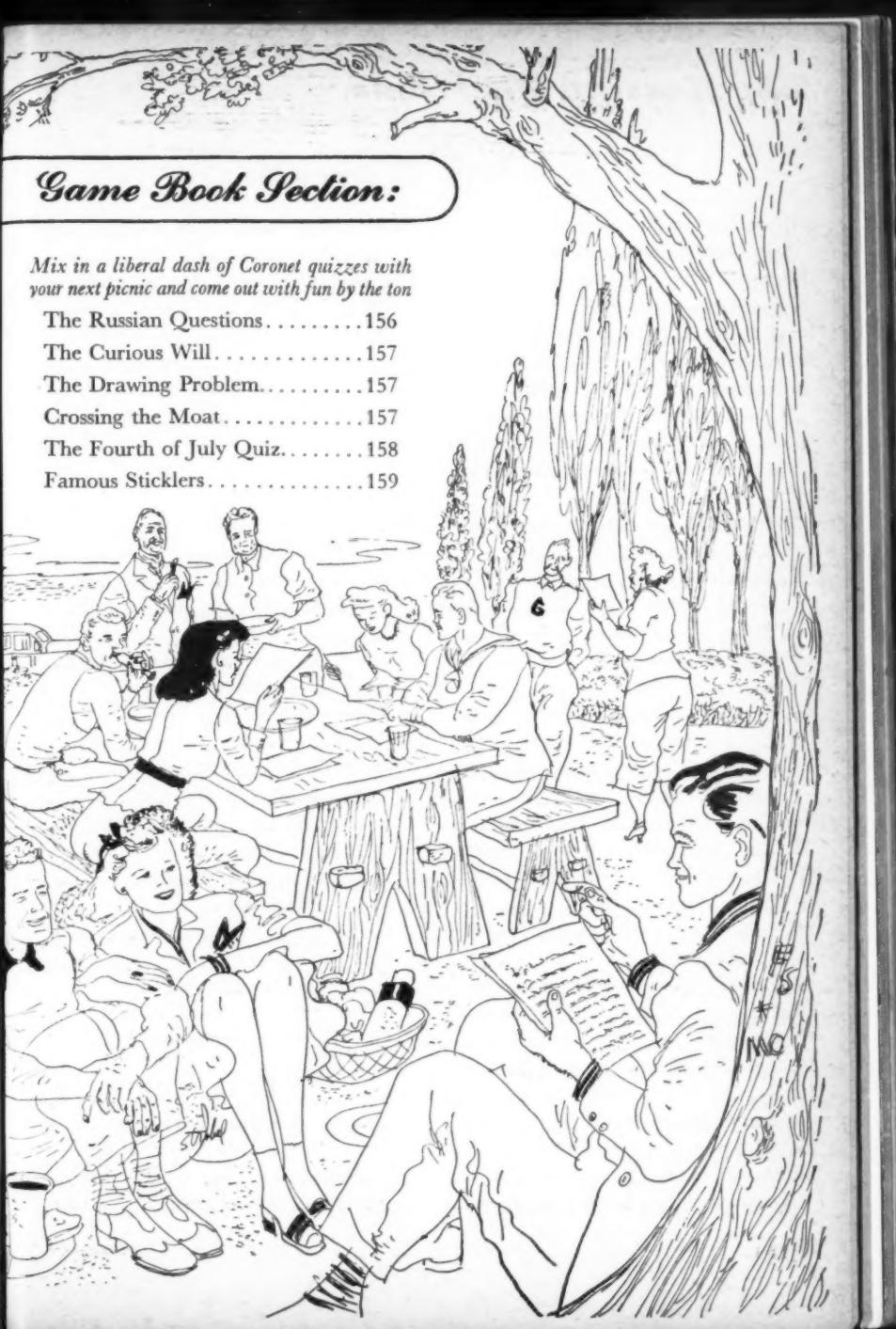
Nobody else heeded him, for the place pictured to Dibert was an inaccessible, desolate spot, six miles distant from Spruce Hollow, across a stream swollen by April rains.

Following the lead Dibert's dream had given him, the two men shortly came across a fallen log, thereafter stumbled across the carcass of a dead deer, and some distance up the hollow saw a tree with a lopped-off top. Under the tree they found the bodies of George and Joseph Cox.

Today the Lost Children of the Alleghenies are buried in old Mount Union Cemetery. Residents of Bedford and Somerset Counties have since raised funds and erected a monument at the site where the children were found through the medium of Jacob Dibert's dream. This is near Pavia, Pennsylvania, and many persons still visit the spot, which even now reflects a certain loneliness.

—MARION DOYLE  
Hooversville, Pennsylvania

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5. will be made for each item accepted. Address "Your Other Life," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.*



## Game Book Section:

Mix in a liberal dash of Coronet quizzes with your next picnic and come out with fun by the ton

- |                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| The Russian Questions .....  | 156 |
| The Curious Will .....       | 157 |
| The Drawing Problem.....     | 157 |
| Crossing the Moat.....       | 157 |
| The Fourth of July Quiz..... | 158 |
| Famous Sticklers.....        | 159 |

## The Russian Questions

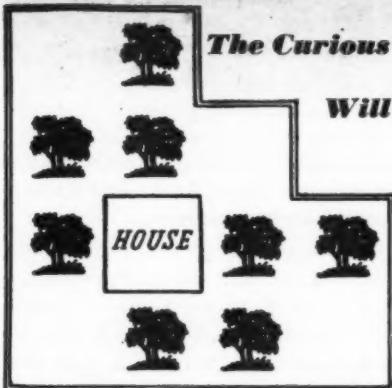
THE COUNTRY nobody knows is the U.S.S.R. That would make it unfair to publish a quiz exclusively devoted to that nation, except that Americans are much more interested in learning more facts about Russia than in getting high scores on quizzes.

Here are 25 flat statements about the U.S.S.R. You are asked to determine whether each is true or false. Regardless of whether you respond correctly, an interesting item of information goes with almost every answer.

Count four points for each correct question. A fair score is 56; 68 or more is good, and anything over 80 is excellent.

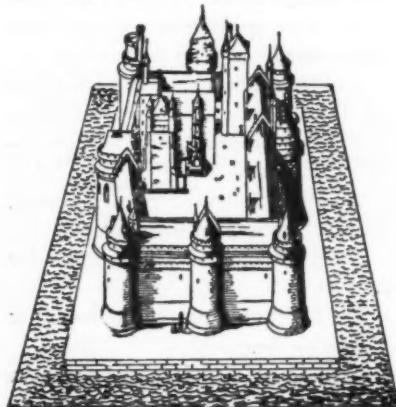
Answers will be found on page 159.

1. John Paul Jones was once an admiral in the Russian Navy.
2. Joseph Stalin is president of the Soviet Union.
3. Mme. Ivy Litvinov, wife of the Russian ambassador to the U.S., is English-born.
4. Pavlov and Pavlova were related.
5. Lenin rose from the ranks of the workers to become the head of the Soviet Union.
6. The Armenians are Soviet citizens.
7. The population of the Soviet Union is approximately that of the United States.
8. The Volga is the longest river in Europe.
9. Russia would not recognize the U.S. Government for many years.
10. Blood donors in Russia are paid.
11. The keys to Berlin are in Russia.
12. Russian War Relief is an American organization.
13. All Soviet citizens speak Russian.
14. Slavery in the U.S. and serfdom in Russia were abolished the same year.
15. The initials U.S.S.R. stand for United States of Soviet Russia.
16. Lemons, grapefruit, tangerines, olives and pineapples are grown in Russia.
17. One of America's finest wheat types originally came from Russian seed.
18. One-third of the world's horses are to be found in Russia.
19. Shakespeare's plays are more widely read and produced in Russia than in England.
20. Tschaikowsky conducted a symphony orchestra in the U.S.
21. Joseph Stalin is a former divinity student.
22. The Russian Navy aided the North during our Civil War.
23. The Germans have invaded Russia five times.
24. The U.S.S.R. encompasses one-sixth of the world's land area.
25. There are less than five million members of the Communist Party in Russia.

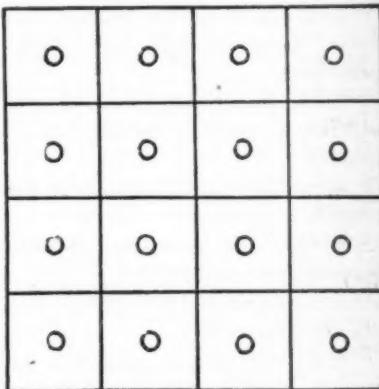


### ***The Drawing Problem***

HERE'S YOUR chance to prove your ability as a super-draftsman and a champion puzzle-solver in one fell blow. The problem proposed is that you join all 16 points with six—and only six—straight lines without removing your pencil from the paper once you start. You are not restricted from crossing lines, but there is a rule against retracing your steps. How would you accomplish this feat of drawing? Answer on page 160.



A N ECCENTRIC FATHER left his four sons a plot of ground on which there were eight trees. The will specified that the house was to be shared by all the sons, but that each was to have a piece of ground the same size and shape with two trees on it. Also, each son's plot was to be so situated that he could step from his land into the house without touching the land of the others. The diagram represents the plot and the house. How would you divide the land? Answer on page 160.



### ***Crossing the Moat***

A COMPANY of soldiers was using an old fort surrounded by a moat as a temporary barracks. Some of the men came in late one night and wished to enter the fort without passing the sentry on the drawbridge. The moat was 20 feet wide and the only possible way they could cross it was by using two planks they had found—both 19 feet long and six inches wide. How did they cross without swimming and using only these boards? Answer on page 160.



## The Fourth of July Quiz

**T**HE MONTH in which we celebrate Independence Day is the time when the colors of our flag most often wave in our streets and from our building-tops. So this is the time to test our red, white and blue reactions.

In the quiz below, one of the words red, white or blue occurs in each of the answers. It's your job to connect up the right color with the correct syllables or words. Credit yourself with four points each time you're right—a perfect score is 120. If you score 104 or above, you're a real Yankee Doodle Dandy; below 80 and the FBI had better start doggin' your trail. Answers on page 160.

1. Members of the brigade that helped Garibaldi win Italy's independence.
2. He didn't believe in divorce courts but wife number eight had his number.
3. Famous natural scenery in the English Channel.
4. This song complains about a stony-hearted woman.
5. Aerial symbol of happiness in a play by Maeterlinck.
6. Favorite parade ground of the Russians.
7. A screen and radio comedian.
8. "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go."
9. This body of water important in biblical times still gets into the news today.
10. A sleepy little musician.
11. This bird has a call like his name.
12. A range of the Southern Alleghenies celebrated in song.
13. A succulent bivalve.
14. You've probably had trouble finding one lately around terminals.
15. A sacred animal in Siam and a drain on one's pocketbook anywhere.
16. A euphemism for street-cleaner.
17. A prize or honor.
18. A signal that the ice is all right for skating.
19. State flower of Texas.
20. He starred in football for Illinois.
21. A symbol of cowardice.
22. "Thou Shalt Not" laws for the Sabbath.
23. Paul Revere roused the countryside against them.
24. A range of mountains in New Hampshire.
25. The composer of this song also wrote the score for *This is the Army*.
26. An English master's most famous painting.
27. What they used to call a woman with pretensions to learning.
28. Everyone loves this waltz by Strauss.
29. Another name for the towering California Sequoia.
30. Long a popular card game in the Army.

## Famous Sticklers

1. A commuter had his chauffeur meet him at the train each day at five o'clock and drive him home. One day the commuter caught an earlier train and arrived at four o'clock. He started to walk home and when part way there was met by his chauffeur who drove him the rest of the way home. They arrived there 20 minutes earlier than usual. How long did the man walk?

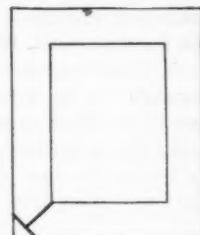
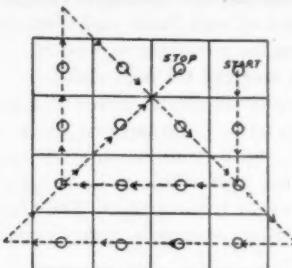
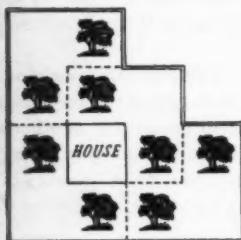
2. Three married couples on a hike arrive at a river. There is only one boat available for the crossing, and it holds but two people at a time. All of the husbands are of a jealous nature, and they decide that no man is to cross with another's wife. Nor is any one of the men willing to leave his wife in the company of either or both of the other men if he is not present. The boat, of course, must be brought back each time. How do all six manage to make the crossing under these conditions?

## Answers to "The Russian Questions"

1. True; he was engaged by Catherine II as rear-admiral in 1788 to fight the Turks on the Liman.
2. False; Kalinin is president. Stalin is chairman of the Council of People's Commissars.
3. True.
4. False. Pavlov was a famous scientist; Pavlova, a renowned dancer; but they were not related.
5. False; he came from a family of moderate means and his background was purely intellectual.
6. True; their republic is part of the Soviet Union.
7. False; the U.S.S.R.'s population is approximately 190 million, while ours is about 130 million.
8. True.
9. True; Russia did not recognize us for many years after our Revolution, because Catherine the Great did not approve of our radical constitution.
10. False; they are volunteers — but every donor receives a supplementary ration card.
11. True; they are preserved in a Russian museum. Russian troops took Berlin in the Seven Years' War and brought back the keys to the city.
12. True; Russian War Relief, formed by Americans, has no connection with the Soviet Government.
13. False; there are more than 150 languages and dialects spoken in the U.S.S.R.
14. False; slavery was abolished in 1863, serfdom in 1861.
15. False; they stand for Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
16. True; these fruits are grown along the Caucasian shores of the Black Sea.
17. True; Turkey Red Wheat was brought here by early immigrants from Russia.
18. True.
19. True.
20. True; during the 1890's.
21. True.
22. True; the Russian Navy in 1863 made good-will trips to the U.S., thus deterring other powers from intervening in behalf of the Confederacy.
23. False; but they have invaded four times—the Teutonic Knights in 1242; with Napoleon in 1812; during the World War; and in 1941.
24. True.
25. True; rigid requirements make it difficult to become a party member.

## Answers . . .

To "The Curious Will" "The Drawing Problem" "Crossing the Moat"



### To "The Fourth of July Quiz"

- |                          |                          |                     |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Redshirts             | 11. Bob White            | 21. White Feather   |
| 2. Bluebeard             | 12. Blue Ridge Mountains | 22. Blue Laws       |
| 3. White Cliffs of Dover | 13. Bluepoint oyster     | 23. Redcoats        |
| 4. St. Louis Blues       | 14. Redcap               | 24. White Mountains |
| 5. Bluebird              | 15. White Elephant       | 25. White Christmas |
| 6. Red Square            | 16. Whitewing            | 26. The Blue Boy    |
| 7. Red Skelton           | 17. Blue Ribbon          | 27. Bluestocking    |
| 8. Snow White            | 18. Red Ball             | 28. Blue Danube     |
| 9. Red Sea               | 19. Bluebonnet           | 29. Redwood         |
| 10. Little Boy Blue      | 20. Red Grange           | 30. Red Dog         |

### To "Famous Sticklers"

1. The chauffeur started from home at the same time he usually did, but as his total drive was 20 minutes shorter than usual, he can be said to have driven 10 minutes less each way. Therefore, as he had timed himself to meet his employer at five o'clock, he must have met him ten minutes earlier; that is, at ten minutes of five. As the commuter started from the station at four o'clock, he must have walked from then to 4:50, or exactly 50 minutes.

Answer—50 minutes.

2. Call the husbands A, B and C, and the wives A-1, B-1 and C-1.

A-1 and B-1 cross over and B-1 brings back the boat. Then B-1 and C-1 cross, and C-1 brings back the boat.

C-1 lands, while A and B cross.

A lands while B and B-1 return to the starting point. B and C cross over, leaving B-1 and C-1 on the bank.

Now A-1 takes the boat back, picks up B-1 and returns to the opposite side with her.

A-1 lands and B-1 goes back for C-1





*Booklette:*

# Headhunting in the Solomon Islands



by GORGONE MYINGER

A CONDENSATION of the original book . . . Two young women invade the jungles of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands on an expedition which may burlesque Byrd but will entertain you. Follow these portrait-painting "headhunters" on an exotic and enthralling junket through the South Pacific.



## ***Headhunting in the Solomon Islands***

ONE DAY THE EXPEDITION set out, quite simply, to paint the portrait of a race of primitive negroids living in the southwest Pacific. I say "quite simply" because we were unencumbered by the usual equipment of expeditions; by endowment funds, by precedents, doubts, supplies, an expedition yacht or airplane, by even the blessings or belief of our friends and families, who said we couldn't do it. We were a staff of two rather young women; myself, the portrait painter, and Margaret Warner, the bedeviled handyman, who was expected to cope with situations like God—if machinery were lacking, then by levitation. Her expedition equipment was a ukulele.

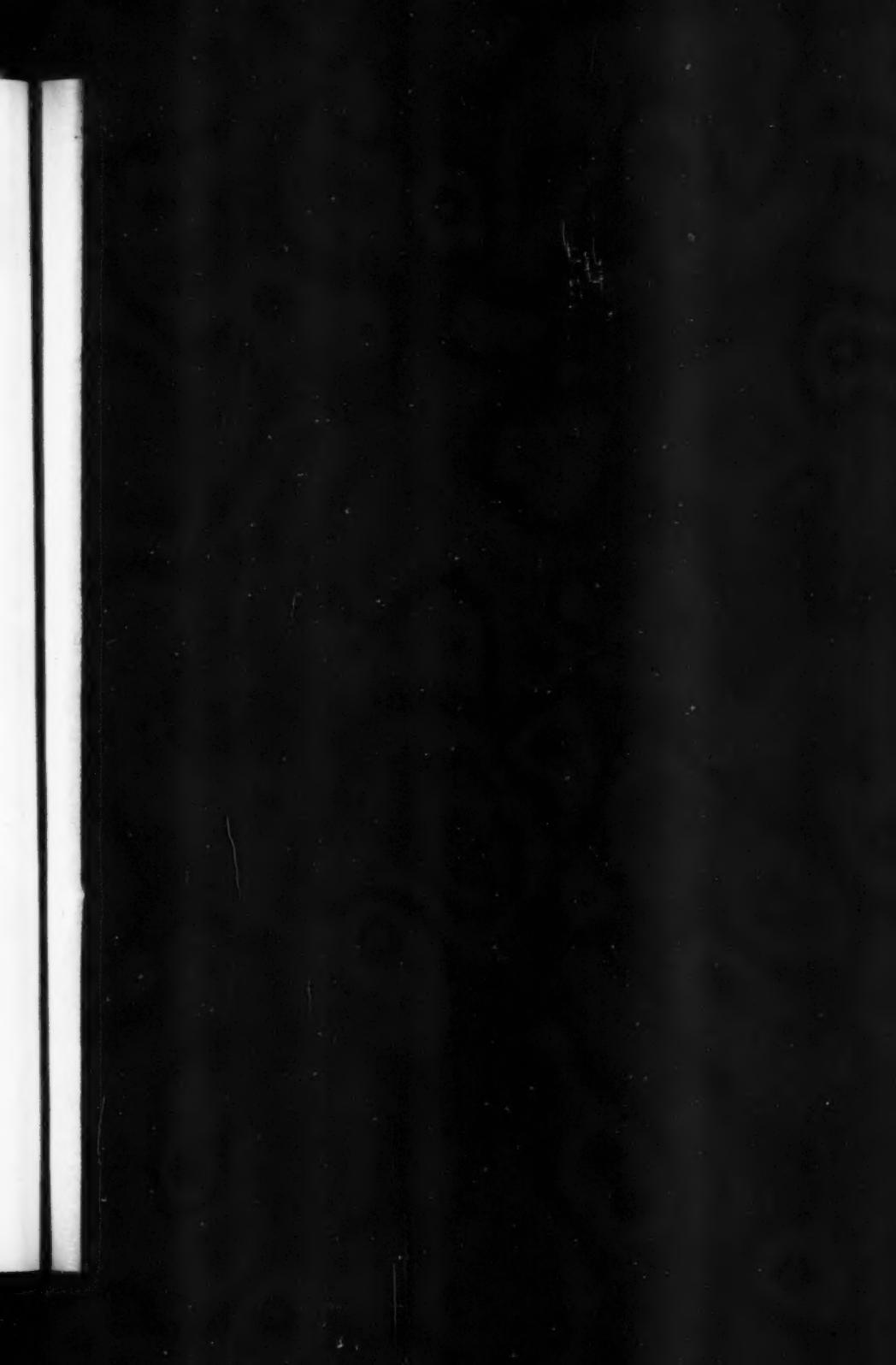
Yet we were an expedition; we had a purpose. The purpose was to make a pictorial record of one of those groups of "backward human beings who are fast vanishing from this earth before the advances of civilization." They were the "black" headhunting cannibals called Melanesians, who inhabit the islands bordering the Coral Sea northeast of Australia. Their territory begins on the mainland of New Guinea in the north and extends through the Solomon Islands clear to New Caledonia in the south. We

planned to paint Polynesians in Hawaii, Fiji Islanders in the Fiji Islands, then nip straight across westward to the New Hebrides for our full-blooded Melanesian models.

It was as simple as that, our plan and purpose.

But possibly those disbelieving friends had a case when they said no female outfit such as ours could go alone to paint headhunters and come back with their own heads. How would we move about, without an expedition yacht? Where would we stay? And what would we do for money?

When we sailed out of Golden Gate that foggy March day of the launching, all we took with us was our holy purpose, 400 dollars and some change, good health and Time. And probably the lack of funds seemed least important. For we also carried, under the heading of Equipment, a battered old cigarette tin which had the magical properties for producing gold. It contained the drawing materials which were to pay our way to Melanesia—and back. The broken stubs of charcoal and wads of dirty eraser in it had already created portrait drawings which had paid our way over a good part of the United States; those draw-





## **by Caroline Mytinger**

ings had bought our present passage to Hawaii, had accumulated the four hundred dollars with which we were launching the expedition. This fund was not intended to take us to Melanesia—it was more a reserve fund "to ship the bodies home." We expected the cigarette tin to keep right on lopping off heads so long as there were still Europeans with heads to draw and purses to pay for the likeness. We hoped. But we did have to admit at last that being on an expedition that was earning its own way was much more like being on a Winnie-the-Pooh "Expotition." Anything could happen.

When Margaret and I entered the dining room of the *Mataaram* bound for Tulagi in the Solomon Islands, our first sensation was one of pleased surprise. For here was a whole covey of white heads—almost a town of them—bound for home in the islands. Neatly trapped, too, on the ship for over a week and unable to escape from any epidemic that started. All we had to do was start one.

The technique was simple. Margaret would ask someone to pose for me "just for fun", and then everyone else, seeing what a remarkable likeness came out of the cigarette tin, would scramble for a sitting. The charcoal masterpieces would cost them three guineas a head—for Art had to be charged for in guineas, not pounds, in this British society of "clawssses".

All might have gone off as hoped if it had not been for the normal peculiarities of the island steamer. The planter returning from his holiday in

the South is no subject for a portrait, either financially, spiritually or physically. He is a broken man. He may go South after the three-year period between vacations so ill or weary from the tropical heat that he can hardly stand on his feet; but after his recuperation in the cool bars of Sydney he can barely sit up.

The return trip to the island is a cruel easing back to reality from fantasy. You can't draw that—and get three guineas for it.

Then malaria, always malaria! Was it inevitable that we get malaria and end up looking like a specimen in alcohol! Then, how to treat it? Already we had found that there were numerous schools of thought among the initiated. Outstanding was the dashing treat-it-like-a-cold group. Then there were the preventive school and the if-you're-going-to-get-it fatalists. The former advocated five grains of quinine daily, starting at least 10 days before going into the anopheles country. We began taking daily quinine. And never having had malaria, we then thought it preferable. I wondered how I was going to paint pictures with a skull full of dripping water and butterflies.

The quinine-butterfly, no-quinine-malaria issue came to a head after we had made a drawing of our Scotch Captain. For he was the only detached and uninhibited model we could find in all those 70-odd heads on board. This drawing was just something to work on, with no idea of profit. Yet unwittingly, bread was

## **Headhunting in the Solomon Islands**

never cast on more profitable waters than when we gave this drawing to the Captain, for the Solomons run of the Coral Sea was the skipper's own, and according to his whim we would sink or swim.

We worked in the Captain's state-room; rather, he posed inside, while I sat outside on deck with my drawing board on a chair. There wasn't room for all of us inside. And as usual I addressed my little prayer to the enchanted cigarette tin as I opened it to begin to work. The cigarette tin performed with its usual objectivity. For one thing it gave the Captain a neck. He had one, but it didn't show when he was sitting down; and then we also let him wear his cap. One thing the tin would not do was to draw hair where none grew, and the Captain hadn't any on the top of his head. We knew full well that the only portion of his face he would recognize anyway was that part he shaved, so what he refused to look at in the mirror would be hidden by the cap in the picture. It was very becoming, too, especially with the neck.

"Rest!" I called weakly. I was so dizzy from the combination of still-rough sea and quinine that I could see nudes descending staircases. "So you're taking quinine to keep from getting sick!" roared the Captain. There was always a storm he had to talk above. "Why, you'll get quinine poisoning and lose all your teeth before a mosquito bites you." He began crumpling his laundry. "Just keep your bowels open," he bawled, "drink

all the best Scotch that's offered you, and you'll still be healthy enough to enjoy your weddings by the time I've got you married off." It was the Captain's claim that he had brought many a virgin to the islands but never returned one South.

"Now let's see what you've done to me," he said on the final rest. We waited, not being sure whether we even dared offer him the drawing as a present. Finally he left off looking and busied himself mixing what he said was a Mataram Special which he served to us in cocktail glasses, not taking one himself. "That admits you to my faminil," he said, and he was glowering blacker than ever.

Down in our cabin we resumed the malaria-quinine debate. The final word of the Captain, that one about getting quinine poisoning and losing all our teeth, was all I needed in the way of an excuse to discontinue it. Besides, would I not get more work done by being sick only part of the time than by being giddy all of the time? With so many opinions, we thereupon decided to settle the matter by becoming experimental guinea pigs. Margaret would continue her daily doses, and I would drop them.

WHEN I WOKE THAT first morning in the Solomon Islands it was out of a comatose state bordering on death. It took me at least 15 minutes to discover I was alive. When I got my eyes open I saw that the round hot shaft of sunlight drilling into the cabin was a mass of buzzing insects.

## by Caroline Mytinger

I staggered dizzily to the porthole, grasped it to help my head outside, and promptly ungrasped. The metal frame was burning hot. And the glare of the scene beyond blinded me. Everything that was happening—all the clamor, the drum thumping, the blood-curdling yelps and running—was in the foreground between the warehouse and the loading deck. There was a large black hole where the cover was off the hold, and another large black hole in the doorway of the warehouse, and between these two was speeding a double line of human-sized brown beetles. Those who galloped out of the black opening in the warehouse were bent almost double under huge hundred-and-fifty-pound sacks of copra—more than the carrier weighed himself. As each beetle bumped up the gangplank, he swung his sack to the deck and with a wild yelp, straightened up and became human. Then he thrashed back down the plank, thumping his big flat feet in time with each other.

So there were our Melanesian models, the heads we had come across the world for.

The steamer was to be loading all morning and the manager of the hotel had offered us a model from his labor line who, he said (with a glance at the Captain), would make a nice savage picture. We were to go up to his residence to work and the boy would be sent to us just as soon as he had removed some of the scale of the years from his hide.

So this was a Solomon Island. We

could see little of it because the long winding path which led to the residence was bordered by bushes and, above them, all we could see were the crisscrossed fronds of coconut palms.

At the end of it we came to the plantation house, as near like a house in a temperate climate as the homesick exiles could make it. Here we found the cool-palmed "missus" of Guvutu entertaining house guests. It was only nine o'clock but they were having tea—not iced tea, but good, strong, piping hot English tea. "Oh, you *must* have tea," said our hostess. "You must have lots of liquids. See, you've lost a quart of your own liquid just coming up from the wharf. You'll find yourself losing weight if you're planning to stay. And stuff yourself with food; more than you want."

By 11 o'clock no model had appeared. We began the smothering trip back through the hedged tunnel. There was not a sound. The *Mataram* must have finished loading. "We'll have to hustle . . ." Margaret stopped speaking, and her jaw slowly sagged. As it was sagging, the world was filled with the most harrowing sound we had ever heard. It was human voices, a mob howl shrieking one long piercing note. Afterwards I remembered and could still feel acutely the way my scalp had pulled up, raising every pore and



## Headhunting in the Solomon Islands



hair, and stayed there while the freezing scream continued. It was only a second or two; then it died away leaving us with our ears pulled back—and an even less pleasing sound coming to them.

This was the crunch-crunch of running feet on the path ahead of us.

If from imagination I should try to paint a picture of a savage bent on slaughter, I could not create anything so convincing as the snorting, dripping apparition that suddenly bounded into view. His huge mouth was hanging open and the wide nostrils flared above a long white nose bone. The whites of his black eyes were glinting wildly in a big-boned face smeared with white paint. The whole vision was flapping with branches of yellow croton stuck in arm bands and leg bands. But it was the bundle of five-foot barbed spears in the hand of this creature which made him the most unpromising fellow I had ever met.

I suppose the adrenal glands can stand just so much and then they give up. I did not run as I had planned if this horror should come to us. In the face of my Maker, I leaned over and unswallowed hot tea and biscuits! And in the face of *her* Maker, Margaret stood by.

But so did the savage. When I could raise my head again he was still standing before us; he was still vibrating and panting. But now he was scratching his head, and it was with the point of one of the vicious looking

spears. This was reassuring enough because anyone dead set on a massacre cannot itch. But the lack of any other action was not. The native remained in the middle of the path. We had the choice of retreating, crawling under the hedge to get out, or walking calmly around him, and then having him behind us. It was the *Mataram* which decided everything for us. It gave a resounding blast—indication that someone on board was alive enough to make a tootle. At the sound of it, all three of us leaped into the air, and as the blood-thirsty savage landed to one side of the path, the Expotition made a dash for it.

We ran and the cannibal ran after us, whooping, to the water front!

And he was still maintaining a respectful distance behind us when we came in sight of the *Mataram* with, of all unfortunate things, the Captain, very much alive, standing on the bridge watching for us. Even at a distance we could see the obnoxious man shaking. And he was still shaking when we got to the dining room. "Oh, you intrepid headhunters!" he bawled happily. "Only an American would run for exercise in a country like this." He knew very well why we had been running; we had been making material for one of those island yarns which never die. "Did you ever hear that one about those two American girls. . . ?"

The unusual thing about this yarn was that none of it was plotted to give the new chums the wind-up. Our savage pursuer was merely the

## **by Caroline Mytinger**

model promised us, but no one had ordered him to dress up like a whooping Iroquois. He had been told to clean up for a "pic-a-ture" and he had done his native best which had taken him two hours.

The harrowing howl we had heard had an even more commonplace explanation. This was the daffiness of the normal Melanesian kind. Whenever steamer loading is finished, the loaders are permitted just one magnificent bellow of relief.

FROM THE VERANDA of Berande, where we had been unceremoniously dropped by the Captain that morning, we watched the sunset spectacle in the eastern sky. He had simply announced that we had been invited to Ruavatu, not to tea, but to *stop*. Translated, that means to stay. We were advised to take advantage of the invitation because Ruavatu had a "bawth." Everything seemed to have been arranged for us behind closed doors. And we were swollen with gratitude for such luck.

Dinner, when we had finished our Scotch and warm water "sundowners", might be compared to the old-fashioned hazing of a college fraternity. Berande was a bachelor household and the "mastah" had been in the islands long enough merely to exist wearily between his holidays South. The dinner table, consequently, was rather interesting. Something suspiciously like a sheet had been used for a cloth, and spread over it was an array which looked as if it had been

taken from a delicatessen shelf. There were half-used bottles of catchup, chili and Worcestershire sauces, curry, pickles, mustard, onions, salad dressing, vinegar, several kinds of jam and some things we did not recognize; all the seasoners and appetizers with which the desperate islanders drench their tinned food in an effort to give it flavor. And as the room was unscreened and a blazing lamp stood in the middle of the table, the entire banquet board was under a cloud of insects. They swarmed to meet us, snarling in our hair; they dashed at our teeth when we bared them in chatter; they expired in the jams or, mortally scorched, finished their death agony on our plates.

But these insects, at least, we could see. It was the invisible hordes of mosquitoes in the dark under the table, and those working down our thinly clad backs that absorbed our attention. We were alternately stamping our feet as if at a football game and ducking down to scratch our legs with one hand while rescuing a bat from the soup with the other.

Between the dozens of courses there were long mysterious waits. Something terrific was going on beyond the door from whence issued half-naked boys. They were probably throwing our food at one another. There was a crashing of china, a battery of kettles and cutlery, and a continuous yipping and thumping of bare feet on bare wood floor.

Over the uproar our host was trying to get our attention above the

## **Headhunting in the Solomon Islands**



table by shouting that his aunt was an artist, she painted china—and in the middle of the word his face got suddenly purple and he bomed, "Boy!" Boy catapulted through the screen door: "Yas, Mastah!" "God-dam," said the Mastah in an apoplectic rage, "fetch-em pickaninny palm leaf. Quick time. All right," said the Mastah, "now fight-em mosquito 'long table strong fella." The boy took the frond and proceeded around the wall of the room swiping the air. "'Long table!" bawled the poor man. The boy closed in, slapping our back hair. We ducked, trying not to get hysterical, but the Mastah had snorted to his feet; he now had the palm frond and was crouching around the table flapping it at the dark shadow underneath. After one round the Mastah handed his frond to the boy and roared, "All-a-same!" and rose with a veined scarlet face. As he reseated himself at the table he wiped off the perspiration with his napkin, spat out a bat, and said evenly, "You shouldn't scratch your bare legs; you'll have a crop of island sores if you do."

Then at last to bed.

The guest room was filled with trunks and every odd and end except furniture. There was our bed standing in the exact center of the room, looking like a hearse covered by mosquito netting. The mosquito net was gray with age and looked as if it had undergone machine-gun fire. Inside the net

the bed smelled of the tomb, dank and moldy with the years of undried moisture. The mosquitoes followed us in. The first half hour we spent romping around the coop, slapping the nimble little fellows, and the next we spent hairpinning the rents, until neither entrance nor mosquito was to be seen.

That was just the beginning of the night. For the bed filled up with a new itch. This was the bite of the sandfly, famous for having the most efficient sucking system of any insect in existence, and for being able to get through anything more porous than alligator hide. They, further, have a neat disappearing act. They are all over you sucking up your life blood and then are nowhere to be seen after they are slapped.

When dawn came I was surprised to see Margaret standing over by the door, *not* admiring the sunrise. She was *cutting swollen mosquitoes off her arm with the manicure scissors!* This is what one night in the islands had done to a lass too gentle to squash the poisonous spiders that threatened to drop down our necks in Hawaii.

By eight o'clock we were beginning to understand why the Captain had guided us past other hosts because Ruavatu had a "bawth." Our hosts were already off on the tract and we were left to the mercy of two wild-eyed houseboys. There was no bathtub in the house, and as the houseboys refused to understand either bath or "bawth," I began a search, leaving Margaret happily shearing off mosquitoes. I finally found a black cubby

## by Caroline Mytinger

hole, about the size of an upright coffin which I identified as the bath by the evidence of a wet floor with a fragment of soap on it. There was nothing else; no tub, no basin, pipes nor towels. "Boy!" I screamed toward the house cook in a good imitation of the Mastah's voice. A boy came thumping out, shuddering at sight of me. "Water!" I bawled. "Missus wantem-bohimhefixemwashwash?" he asked, with a sort of death rattle deflection. I caught the final "wash" and said, "Yes." The boy tore for his life and immediately there were watery sounds coming from the house cook.

When the bath finally came it was water in a bucket hoisted to a cross-beam of the "coffin" by a pulley. There was a string hanging from the bottom of the pail which I pulled. The string did not break as many a subsequent valve chain did; instead it released a freshet of steaming water on my surprised hide—for bath water must boil to prevent fever chills. I sprang back into a wall of nails onto something squashy, and fled sweating in a drenched bathrobe.

There were two native settlements near Ruavatu, one, a French Catholic school for native girls, and the other, a

village, about three miles east of us on the coast. And it was this village we chose as our objective.

When we arrived after a hot three-mile walk down the beach we found the clearing running in circles. Scores of little yellow dogs with wrinkled foreheads and long ears tore to meet us, screaming an unwelcome, and then scuttled away still screaming. The milling villagers, men, women and children, paid not the slightest attention to us, even though they could not have missed the canine announcement of our arrival.

Only one person did not gallop off on some urgent business as we approached, and he was unmistakably the "luluai," the government-appointed headman of the village. And his costume reached a climax of sartorial confusion. On top of his close-cropped woolly hair was the badge of his office, the uniform cap; below that he was parson in a black surplice, and he stood on bare native feet with splayed toes, and with the white scars of old yaws up his ankles. Without waiting to hear what we had come for, he broke into a flood of pidgin English from which we later extracted one sound fact. *The Ark of God*



## Headhunting in the Solomon Islands

was due at the village. This is a schooner which makes the rounds of the South Sea Islands cheering on the good work at its stations and taking promising converts South to train them for the cloth. The excitement at the prospect of its annual visit could have been produced by no other stimulus; we never again saw a village in such an uproar. Until its departure there was not the slightest chance of getting a model here.

We then returned to Ruavatu and waited for the *Ark* to depart and the village to return to normal.

It was not until we were idling at Ruavatu that the real reasons behind this expedition to Melanesia came to us. Deeper than the lofty wish to record for posterity a vanishing race, was an old yearning to get enough shredded coconut to eat. I know exactly when that yearning started. It was at the age of eight, when I discovered, after weeks of frenzied search, that they were keeping the cake-icing coconut in a coffee tin in the pantry. My almost-feast coincided with the discovery by those in power over me that my mouth was stuffed with coconut. So that what might have been the satisfaction of my yearning at an early age was terminated by my being swung out of the pantry by the neck, spraying coconut. Thus the yearning became a subconscious urge, which finally blossomed into this expedition to paint primitives in Melanesia.

Second to the shredded coconut urge was another good reason for having fought our way these hundreds

of miles to the Solomon Islands. It was a secret yearning of many Americans in this driven span; the wish to relax, to be beautifully ambitionless—but with an excuse that the Puritans would approve of. Isolated on some tropical islet one would be forced to lie on the soft warm sand where he need exert himself only to open his mouth and let the necessary vitamins drop in.

Then there was another matter we had to look into. This was to get numb on betel nut.

So, with three good excuses, we set out down the beach one morning, supplied with betel-nut makings and no worthwhile ambitions. We advanced toward this "soft warm sand" of the island picture we had formed from books, clad in sandfly-proof breeches, mosquito-proof woolen socks, shirts buttoned up to the throat and down to the wrist, cork tanks over our precious brains, dark glasses over our eyes, and every remaining inch of exposed skin smeared with pungent "Buzzoff." The place we chose to sit was shaded by a very picturesque tree and there were several safaris of ants around us which we could contemplate. We went right to work getting numb on our betel nut.

We had been told there was no need to sterilize any of these betel-nut makings for dysentery, and the minute we got them in our mouths we understood why. They almost ex-



## **by Caroline Mytinger**

ploded. First (as instructed) we stuffed a leaf inside the lower lip in front of the teeth, and on top of this went a quarter-section of betel nut, the pack then liberally sprinkled with lime. It was a quid the size of a golf ball and to keep it in our mouths we had to hold the lip up with our hand.

As anyone knows who has had a dentist's hands in his mouth, the very fact that one is supposed not to swallow them immediately sets up a freshet of saliva. Our golf-ball quids started a deluge which flowed onto the lime and began fizzing and foaming like Seidlitz powders. We were supposed to hold the torrent because it is the action of the wet lime on the nut and leaf that extracts their corrupting juices. So, all but strangling, we held our mouths shut.

We could hear the stuff foaming inside our heads and the taste was puckery, the sensation on the membranes of the mouth about like a peroxide mouthwash. This was still only the lime, however, and I am sorry to report that we could not hold on long enough to get any other reaction. We began spitting very conservatively at first, hoping to save the situation, but the more we spat the more there was. At the end of a half hour we were not even spitting pink—the ideal is a cadmium red—and we felt far from numb anywhere except the actual spot the quid was scorching. If the experiment decided anything it is that the habitual betel-nut chewers of the world must be almost as desperate and hardy as

we were during Prohibition, and that an American has to be a little sick to get the best out of doing nothing.

We were down at the labor quarters early Sunday morning taking photographs with a camera which had no film in it. It was our excuse for spying, and the fact that there were not films made us moan. All these big-muscled savages, about whom we had heard such awesome tales, were sitting on the ground primping. Most of the boys had oblong shaving mirrors clasped between their knees and were bent over them, earnestly plucking out the sparse beards, hair by hair, using little bivalve shells for tweezers. But it was the hair on the head, the male primitive's crowning glory, that received the most loving attention. This was no coiffure that merely followed the skull line. There were great round balls of wool, and points and peaks and knobs and pompadours, all with the back of the head trimmed close and all the attention directed toward the front—that portion which could be seen in the mirror. Our model of Monday, possibly in preparation for the pic-a-ture, had achieved a monumental peak "do" which took him two hours.

The sittings, which began on Monday morning and lasted until Wednesday, were uneventful except as an education in painting tame savages. The boy, after the first half hour of sitting still without his friends to talk to, had gone into an upright coma. All his bulging muscles and the tough salt-water expression had melted to-

## **Headhunting in the Solomon Islands**



gether in a heap of formless brown lava. Margaret could usually wake up sleepy sitters by asking questions and she plied this one; but he answered in his sleep, "Yes, Missus."

We were on our way to a hill village to work and the Exposition at last had the appearance of a genuine safari—but only the appearance. Leading the column was our escort, a neighboring planter, mounted on a white charger, and wearing two wide-brimmed felt hats one on top of the other—the equivalent of a pith topee. Margaret and I had got "all gussied up" but before we had reached the border of the plantation our immaculate white breeches were caked with sweat, black grease, and parts of the old saddles whose stirrups dropped off even as we mounted. They were wired on again but the moisture-rotted straps kept breaking above the wiring until we were seated more like jockeys than lady explorers.

Now we came out on an upward-sloping expanse of tiger grass. So far as we could see there was no opening of any trail into it. The façade was a solid mass with even the patterns swallowed up in the flat morning light. We followed it along for some distance, and then suddenly we saw the planter duck forward and he and his horse disappeared straight into the wall. Only an animal could have smelled out that trail. The opening was overgrown with a thin curtain of

leaves, but just behind it was a dark tunnel exactly horse size.

Gradually our eyes became adjusted to the gloom, and then we pulled up awed, enchanted. We were in a cave, going up a hillside, complete with stalactites and stalagmites. There was no thicket, no underbrush, and not one robust green thing growing anywhere on the surface. There were just gigantic tree trunks rising absolutely straight and branchless to 80 or more feet above us.

A storm was coming up. We could hear the roar of it over the treetops far away from us, and long before we felt the first gusts of wind. Wave on wave passed over the roof and then finally the whirlwind hit. The sound has no parallel. It was howl, roar and moan together with unearthly volume. Our roof split open in flashing gaps of light. The terrified colt dashed off into the dark and my own animal tore frantically at his bridle and then stood stiff with his flesh quivering. Our carrier, Friday, was helpless. He would not come near the frantic animals.

Then came the rain. It came in a deafening roar and fell, not in drops, but in streams from the high branches and vine loops, and in bucketfuls when the roof split open.

And still I felt hot. Even while I was shaking with cold my nose was hot. Something had happened to the back of my neck; it felt as if it had been hit with a club. My eyeballs must be on rubber bands hitched to sore places in my brain, for every

## **by Caroline Mytinger**

time I moved my eyes I could feel the stretch clear to the back of my skull. And I felt very tired and hot and cold—and utterly miserable.

I had "it"—malaria.

The planter had malaria, Friday had malaria, and my kangaroo had it. Only the colt and Margaret, who had been taking preventive quinine, escaped. We were a miserable little safari that returned to the coast—without ever reaching the village.

My malaria turned out to be the favorite kind: intermittent. It was intermittent in 48-hour attacks for about a week and then quiescent until I caught another chill.

I went to bed with a bottle of Scotch sarsaparilla and a peck of quinine, while native models, thinking I had died, disappeared into limbo. However, I even began to look forward to a scorching fever. After the attacks were definitely over, there was a period of curious elation and energy when I got more work done than in any normal time.

In any case, after this first attack on Guadalcanar,\* I was indisputably an old-timer, initiated, while Margaret was still a new chum. And somehow the siege restored us temporarily to the dignity of an expedition: we had got on the "inside" of the islands.

Now completely recovered, I was as full of urge as an excavating shovel. The village was four miles from us, but the planter had left horses for our use and lent us Friday to hand us things. Our first mistake was in letting

our man Friday survive even his introduction to us. He should have been murdered on sight. He was as terrified of horses as any Melanesian and so succeeded in catching only the colt because he was bigger than it. That, however, brought in the mare, but my alligator-bitten kangaroo was chased to the far end of the plantation, and in the end I had to sweat down after it with a bucket of precious oats. We should have murdered the horses too.

It was eleven o'clock before we came to the edge of the village clearing, and we entered in a state of riot. The colt tore out of the bush path, swooping past my brittle animal. I had been walking ahead of him and at the shock he bolted past me, raked Margaret's leg and snorted into the clearing in high. Two leaps and he stepped on his bridle and crashed into the banana trees and a hut, squashing its bamboo wall.

The most unpromising feature of this situation was that no native came



\*More commonly called Guadalcanal.

## **Headhunting in the Solomon Islands**



out of a hut so that we could apologize and perhaps pay for some of the damage with tobacco. We took out several sticks and strolled down the

clearing. "Hello!" we called to the blank village, trying to strike a nice balance between a white overlord and apology. Getting no response we tried the British, "I say"; then "Boy stop 'long village?" No answer.

"How about charming them out with music?" Margaret suggested. We took up a place in the center of the clearing and Margaret's ukulele rang through the air and we sang everything from American tom-tom to Russian dirges, and through it all the invisible audience made neither sound nor sign of interest. There was nothing we could do but retreat.

However, back we came the next morning and I spent the day on a consolation picture of the village, resigned to a program of waiting and stalking. With our animals of destruction absent from the clearing I could not guess what made me so revolting to the community. Conscious suddenly of being watched, I was aware of the utter idiocy in the motions of an artist finding his picture view. But painting at last! And this was the fun end of the picture; the first unafraid hour when one slaps on the big color patterns. Tired, I stretched out flat on a palm frond for a spell and I must have dozed off, for when I opened my eyes

the whole village was out! The women were sitting in the shade about six huts down and their brown naked bodies against the brown shaded earth were pretty well camouflaged except as silhouettes. They were apparently working on something and it was maddening not to go down frankly and see what. But I stuck it out bravely and started to work, or pretended to, and very soon got results. Two of the women rose to a crouching position and scuttled to the next nearest hut, and after about 10 minutes three more joined them. I stuck my small pocket mirror onto my painting with a wad of lead white and tipped the easel so as to have a better view. One of the women with a baby in a sling walked up quite brazenly to the second hut behind me and then not being able to see well enough there, she made a detour and the next I saw of her was two dark eyes and a woolly, closely cropped head peeking out from behind the thatching of the nearest roof. I had to pretend to keep on painting, but I did such a poor job of entertaining while watching her that in five minutes she had gone. And that was the nearest I got to the women that day.

It made us weary to have to do it, but there did not seem to be any other way out. The Exposition, an independent female expedition, had to let a man help. The planter was called in and listened and laughed and said he knew all the answers. He could get us a model in five minutes. We were to meet him at the village the next morn-

## by Caroline Mytinger

ing and were to wear skirts instead of slacks so that there would be no doubt as to our gender and we were to tether Friday with the horses some distance from the village, for the villagers were afraid of horses. But why tether Friday? Then the planter explained. So it was Friday! Friday the wicked Malaitaman, flash boy with the ladies, and boogieman to the husbands!

We rolled our slacks up above our knees, rolled our skirts down to the same point, and set off for the village. The clearing was alive with natives. We stayed back in the path to wait and to watch until the planter appeared. To our surprise, instead of leaving his horse outside the settlement, as we had been instructed to do, he rode straight to the guv'men rest house. The village luluai voluntarily identified himself and approached the planter. The bait was easy to see. The stick tobacco which we had given the planter to pay the natives for the havoc of our first visit was held up conspicuously. About three quarters of the tobacco was for the village in general to cover the ruined banana trees and the rest was for the owner of the battered hut. Then an additional handful of sticks was given to and accepted by the luluai without explanation or thanks. This was the usual present given when some favor is expected of the recipient.

We looked back of us expecting to point out the model we wanted in the crowd. There was no crowd! Unnatural



humans. The men were still sitting in the sun scratching and the women were still picking up and putting down, but now with that preoccupied expression so familiar to other women. It's the listening look. I got panicky lest these women should start off to the gardens before the planter "produced." "I'll take that woman for a model," I said, entirely at random, pointing to a group of five or six Maries. We were ignored. The women, however, could be reached only through their husbands.

The Expotion found a husband.

The planter kept on talking and oiled his palm with more tobacco sticks. "We expect to *pay* for posing," we declared loudly and we saw a new light in a native husband's eye. We were delighted when the avarice of the brute moved him to speak to his wife. He called to her. But she neither looked up nor slowed her aimless movements, nor changed her expression of martyred womankind. She fired, in transit, a fusillade of whining screams. No one blanched except ourselves. The brute of a husband occupied himself stuffing our tobacco into his clay pipe, looking unembarrassed and seeming to have forgotten the whole thing.

No less than five individual husbands were tried, with the same results, before the planter, very red in the face, admitted that getting a Marie to work for one was a little "different." The only thing we could rely on now to get women models was that superior female knowledge of females, which

## **Headhunting in the Solomon Islands**

the Exposition happily possessed.

We held a council of war that night and the result was the "bitich bokkis," instituted just for Melanesian Maries. Actually it was a new copra sack and it contained everything one would find in a trash barrel around Flappers' Acres. There were some defunct rubber girdles, an entire garter belt with six exciting metal fasteners; the last of our silk lingerie, three unmatched earrings, some stubs of colored pencils, some pearl beads, which were to be paid out about three at a time because they were so large. Margaret threw in her evening slippers and I added some tarnished gold shoes. We reflected on the power and wealth in a rubbish heap at home and felt sad like many an exploiter before us.

We sailed into the clearing the next day and prepared to work on the canvas until the citizenry settled down. But no such delay was necessary.

A Marie approached us!

I heard behind me a "Cheerio-missus!" and turning saw a little sandy-brown wren of a Marie. She was even grinning and had her hand out as if to grasp tobacco.

"Margaret," I croaked, "cigarette!" But Margaret had been watching the woman and had everything from rubber girdles to a cigarette lighter ready. While we stood gaping, the little woman poked a cigarette in the exact center of her mouth, lit up from Margaret's lighter and blowing out like an old war horse, jerked her hand toward the picture and said, "Missus savvy plenty too much."

There was a sudden yip of laughter from the near-by women. She struck a pose and this brought another shriek of laughter from the villagers. We began to think we had acquired the village idiot.

The woman (whose name was Dogaru) was a joke in the community but not because she was a halfwit. It was simply because she was too much of an individual in a community where the idea is to be exactly like everyone else. Years ago she had been the "housekeeper" for a planter and hers was the usual end of such alliances. After bearing three children the planter left her and Dogaru had to return to the village and re-establish herself as best she could.

This community was all bound up with endless clan taboos and observances and our prodigal daughter on her return was greeted with cackles from the start. She was an odd figure, a woman with no husband. Dogaru must have a husband to keep from being laughed at, and being a spunky little woman, she proceeded to earn the wherewithal for one herself; she became the village prostitute. She was successful. Our poor heroine, scorched on all sides by cackles, worked and worked and finally had enough shell money to buy some pigs; and now that she had the pigs, all was ready for the wedding feast, for a husband auto-



## **by Caroline Mytinger**

matically materialized with the wealth. Something made her attach herself to us; perhaps she was showing off her familiarity with Europeans or possibly we were just a source of cigarettes. She posed quite willingly and our first portrait established our reputation in the village. We left it outside the guv'men hut so that it could "work while we slept." We got models—

For the next few weeks the Exposition progressed somewhat like a "borderline case," with moments of complete sanity and even loftiness. I painted—there were models galore. I was a sausage machine grinding out on canvas whatever Margaret and Dogaru put before me.

At last it was time to pack the battered old cigarette tin, our portrait drawings and board the *Mataram*. There the Exposition would retreat to its stateroom and—probably bawl. However, during the last tense hour we changed our minds like the minute

hand of a clock. We decided to stay and went to the Captain's stateroom to say goodbye. He said nothing, just glowered, as usual, and after examining us for a minute he took out the bottles and began mixing us our second *Mataram Special*. When he finally handed us our glasses, he had one too. It was the first time we had ever seen him with a drink on board. "To the headhunters!" he said simply and his eyes were very gentle. We gulped; and then choked, for at that minute there was a shout over the water and cries of *Sail-o* on board. Then it was goodbye. "To the Scots" we toasted back, "May we always meet them on the high seas." We left the steamer throwing handfuls of blessings and the Captain took them, standing with his glass raised and the sun making a strong highlight on his pink bald head. He stood that way until the *Mataram*, anchors aweigh, slowly turned westward. Without the Exposition, praise be!

### **Extra Money Comes Easy!**

If you've been looking around for a profitable way to put your spare time to good use, write today for information about soliciting Coronet subscriptions.

It's easy to sell Coronet . . . and you'll really be surprised at how much money you can make by simply devoting off-and-on moments to this pleasant work.

For all of the details write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**April  
Round Table  
Roundup**

The question "Should Teen-Agers Be Allowed to Vote?" was hotly debated on both sides, but the "pro's", who wrote 58 per cent of the letters, had a slight edge in number.

The teen-agers themselves were the heaviest contributors. Strangely enough, many of the 18- and 19-year-olds did not want the vote. They felt they were not yet prepared to take on such a serious responsibility.

One of their teachers noted that "the young disciplined mind might too easily cast the vote which relin-

quishes the privilege of independent thought and brings the goose step."

The "yes" letters were of the opinion that the young voters would give the electorate a much-needed shot in the arm. The pressure of bold, red blood, they said, might recently have prevented many a tragedy by balancing the vote of our older, more reactionary voters.

The fact remains, of course, that a person's own maturity is the determining factor. If it is true that there is a lag in our laws, then our teenagers are the ones to persuade Congress by their own accomplishments.

**WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR APRIL**

For the best letters on the question "Should Teen-Agers Be Allowed to Vote?" first prize of \$25 has been awarded to Virginia Ewart, Wilmington, Delaware; second prize of \$15 to Sergeant Marshall Sanger, Governor's Island, New York; and third prize of \$5 to Patty Grattan, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

***The Coronet Dividend Coupon***

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



**READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 30**

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,  
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of each gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, *Sinking Sun*, as my free July reprint dividend by checking the box next to it. For either, or both, of the alternate dividends I have checked I have enclosed 10c to cover the cost of production and handling.

- Sinking Sun*: Painting by Lt. Com. Griffith B. Coale (no charge)
- Break, Break, Break*: Color Photograph by Fred Bond (enclose 10c)
- Rurbana, A Livable City*: Designed by Charles Blessing (enclose 10c)

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City..... State.....

**Note:** Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid to July 25, 1943

## *The Coronet Round Table*

### **Should We Bury Japanese Dead with Honor?**

*A personal opinion by Dr. John Haynes Holmes  
of New York's famous Community Church*

COMMANDER COALE'S excellent painting, reproduced elsewhere in this issue, is not the product of an artist's imagination. This scene actually took place. Our men decided of their own free will to bury these dead Japanese aviators with honor.

Now, if the men who face those terrible perils choose to so honor their enemies, who in God's name are we—sitting safely thousands of miles behind the front lines—to say they must do otherwise? In the wisdom and compassion that come of battle, they perceive better than we that the brave antagonist who mistakenly fights in a



monstrous cause is not therefore himself a monster.

Some say, "The idea of burying a Jap with honor! Tear his body to pieces and feed him to the sharks!" If that be done, someone will have to perform the evil deed. But it will be himself that he is desecrating. And a hatred so venomous that it is visited upon the dead is emotional poison that can corrode the soul, making peace and good will among men forever impossible.

Surely we can afford to respect our enemy after we have slain him. What we cannot afford is to compete with the Japanese or the Nazis in bestiality.

#### **200 Dollars for the Best Letters on This Subject!**

Through our readers' growing participation in the Coronet Round Table, we have discovered that the reading public is eager to express its viewpoint on the thought-provoking questions discussed on this page each month. Because of the ever-increasing interest in the Round Table, Coronet has decided to offer 100 dollars for the best letter of two hundred words or less; 50 dollars for the second best letter; 25 dollars for third best; and 5 dollars each for the 5 next best. Do you agree with Dr. Holmes, whose opinion is presented above, or do you concur with Senator Tom Stewart, who last April said before Congress: "Show me a Jap and I will show you a person completely full of treachery and deception!" Send your letter by July 25 to Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



**Edw. R. Stettinius, Jr. (p. 55) Caroline Mytinger (p. 161)**



**Walter Blucher (p. 138) Arthur H. Vandenberg (p. 3)**

## *Between These Covers*

• • • Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Lend-Lease administrator, resigned from the United States Steel Company in 1940 to devote his full time to his new duties in Washington . . . An artist as well as a writer, talented Caroline Mytinger has specialized in portraits of primitives drawn from human models . . . As executive director of the American Society of Planning Officials, Walter Blucher continues his career as an expert in the field of city planning . . . Arthur H. Vandenberg, Michigan's senator, has represented his state in Washington since 1923. He is on the Committee on Foreign Relations.

